00061203

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.
13 CLASS

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

WHISTLE-BINKIE.

EDINBURGH . . OLIVER & BOYD.
PAISLEY . . . ALEXANDER GARDNER.
LONDON . . . SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.
MELBOURNE . . GEORGE ROBERTSON.
TORONTO . . JAMES CAMPBELL & SON.

WHISTLE-BINKIE

OR

THE PIPER OF THE PARTY

BEING

A Collection of Songs for the Social Circle

VOL. II.

61203
ac.

GLASGOW
DAVID ROBERTSON & CO.
1878

00061203

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

CONTENTS.

...TAI
...DOMM...
...BRA...
...OF TH...

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

	PAGE
BALLANTINE, JAMES	xix
FOSTER, W. A.	xxx
MILLER, WILLIAM	xxvii

WHISTLE-BINKIE.

A bonnie Bride is easy buskit	*Ballantine*	277
A bonnie wee Lassie	*Sloane*	157
A December Ditty	*Ainslie*	83
Ae gude Turn deserves Anither	*Ballantine*	268
A Highland Mother's Lament	*Stewart*	45
A Highland Pilgrim's Progress	*Vedder*	153
Ah no!—I cannot say	*Rodger*	113
Alla Mia Sposa	*Kennedy*	174
An Auld Man's Love Song	*Manson*	142
Arniston	*Ballantine*	264
A Scottish Welcome to H. Beecher Stowe	*Ballantine*	256
As the auld Cock craws	*Ballantine*	260
Auld Eppie	*Laing*	70
Auld Johnny to young Maggy	*Mercer*	94
Auld Nannie Crummie	*Ballantine*	110
A Voice from Holyrood	*Ballantine*	135
Awa' wi' your Wisdom	*Malone*	194
Away, while yet thy Days are few	*Kennedy*	290
A' wear the Masks	*Gray*	51

		PAGE
Bad luck to this Marching	*Lever*	16
Baith Sides o' the Picture	*Rodger*	274
Bauldy Buchanan	*Rodger*	80
Bonnie Bessy Ballantine	*Blair*	171
Bonnie Bonaly	*Ballantine*	275
Bonnie Coquet-Side	*White*	188
Bonnie Mary Jamieson	*Gilfillan*	88
Bonnie Nelly Richardson	*Sloane*	253
Can't you be asy?	*Lever*	84
Cauld Winter is come	*Malone*	249
Come, Billies, let's steer for our Hammocks	*Rodger*	236
Crabbed Care	*MacLaggan*	107
Creep afore ye gang	*Ballantine*	98
Cuddie Willie	*Ballantine*	207
Daft Days	*Ainslie*	39
Dinna forget	*Rodger*	288
Dinna greet for me	*Murray*	200
Dreamings of the Bereaved	*Thom*	3
Dreams of Absence	*Grant*	159
Drucken Tam, the Baker	*Latto*	99
Duncan Dhu's Tribulations	*Vedder*	13
Fie! fair Maiden	*Hedderwick*	193
Flown awa' are Frosts an' Snaws	*Manson*	127
Gi'e my Love Gear	*Fergusson*	215
Glenorchy	*Young*	61
Hame is aye Hamely	*Malone*	148
Happy the Hearts	*MacLaggan*	37
Heaton Mill	*Foster*	225
He courted me in Parlour	*Motherwell*	267
Heigh ho!	*Ballantine*	288
He that tholes owercomes	*Crawford*	232
I ance was in Love	*Rodger*	41
If to thy Heart I were as near	*Motherwell*	278
I ha'e lost my Heart	*Ballantine*	196
Ilka Blade o' Grass keps its ain Drap o' Dew	*Ballantine*	240
I never will get Fu' again	*Fisher*	169

		PAGE
I pluck'd the Berry	*Motherwell*	286
I said I loved the Town	*Conolly*	48
I'se rede ye tak' Tent	*Fisher*	213
It speaks to my Spirit	*Kennedy*	40
Jeanie Kelly	*Oliver*	73
Jeanie's Grave	*Thom*	34
Jeanie's Welcome Hame	*Vedder*	204
Jean Munro	*Finlay*	68
Jock	*Fergusson*	21
John Buchan	*Laing*	7
Johnny's grey Plaid	*Laing*	216
Kate Macvean	*Clark*	180
Lady Cockpen	*Imlah*	198
Lament for Abercairnie	*Latto*	206
Lament for the Ettrick Shepherd	*Murray*	155
Last Week as I sat	*Fergusson*	233
Lay of the Broken Heart	*Motherwell*	261
Lord Spynie	*Laing*	98
Luff her up	*Denovan*	158
Madie's Schule	*Smart*	235
Maniac Song	*Riddell*	184
Mary's Flittin'	*R. P. M.*	258
May Morning Song	*Telfer*	35
Mortal Happiness	*Græme*	241
My ain Fireside	*Stewart*	46
My ain Hame at E'en	*Frame*	7
My ain Wife	*Laing*	209
My Auld Aunty Lizzie	*Mather*	162
My Auld Guidman	*MacLaggan*	201
My Granny's Fireside	*Smart*	179
My guid Coat o' Blue	*Paterson*	128
My Hame	*Nicoll*	167
My Heart's 'mong the Heather	*Fergusson*	217
My Heather Land	*Thom*	89
My Mary and Me,	*Paterson*	171
My Mother, can I e'er return?	*Crawford*	197
My own Marion	*Gilfillan*	23

		PAGE
My Wifie an' Me	*Latto*	5
My Willie an' Me	*Ballantine*	287
Naebody kens ye	*Malone*	131
No—come not, my Life	*Kennedy*	266
No Season this for Glooming	*Fergusson*	57
Now rosy Summer laughs in joy	*Latto*	152
Now Sandy maun awa'.	*Blamire*	85
O come awa', Jeanie	*Kemp*	50
O follow her not	*Kennedy*	110
O for the merry Moonlight Hour	*Kennedy*	58
Oh! gin I were to wed again	*Fergusson*	160
O! Hope's like a Minstrel	*Grant*	230
Oh the dreich Days o' Winter	*Ritchie*	210
Oh! why left I my Hame?	*Gilfillan*	31
O Jeanie, why that look sae cauld?	*Rodger*	11
Old Father Time	*Park*	175
O leeze me on Thee, tidy Wifie	*Oliver*	42
O list the Mavis' mellow Note	*Foster*	75
O meet me, love, by moonlight	*Rodger*	20
On a sweet lovely Isle	*Turnbull*	71
One of the Heart's Struggles	*Thom*	147
O say not pure Affections change!	*Motherwell*	270
O Thou Ocean!	*Denovan*	115
Ould Murphy the Piper	*Ritchie*	255
Our ain Burn Side	*Gilfillan*	12
Our Auld Uncle John	*Rodger*	218
O, We'll keep our Hearts aboon	*Telfer*	72
Ower a' the sweet Maidens	*White*	156
Peggy Penn	*Anderson*	65
Pity me! what I dree	*Rodger*	222
Polly Cushane	*Ritchie*	69
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin	*Vedder*	64
Requisites for a Love Lyric	*Roy*	186
Rosy Cheekit Apples	*Ballantine*	1
Sandy Allan	*Hume*	76
Sandyford Ha'	*Park*	63
Scotch Serenade	*Sloane*	195
Shean M'Nab	*Fisher*	56

		PAGE
Sly Widow Skinner	*Latto*	82
Song of the Bee	*Cameron*	191
Song of the little Foam-Bell	*Cameron*	103
Song of the Sea-bound Mariner	*Cameron*	177
Song of the Ship	*Motherwell*	284
Song of the Spirit-Lyre	*Cameron*	139
Song of the wandering Sea-Breeze	*Cameron*	227
Spirit of Love and Beauty	*Calder*	27
Spring	*Miller*	120
Spunk Peter	*Smart*	130
Star of the Evening	*Young*	18
Sweet Seraph of the Peaceful Brow	*Turnbull*	90
Tell me, Dear, etc.	*Latto*	93
Texan Camp Song	*Kennedy*	121
The Auld Emigrant's Fareweel	*Finlay*	224
The Auld Man's Lament	*Anon.*	118
The Bard of Armagh	*Ritchie*	285
The Battle of Preston	*Gray*	104
The Bonnie keel Laddie	*White's MSS.*	55
The Bonny Tweed for Me	*Foster*	173
The Breton Home	*Lever*	17
The Broken Heart	*Maxwell*	187
The canty, couthie Chiel	*Ritchie*	26
The Childless Widow	*Ballantine*	282
The City Guard	*Ballantine*	176
The Dawtie	*Anderson*	106
The Drygate Brig	*Rodger*	246
The Falcon's Flight	*Foster*	143
The Flower of Banchory	*Ballantine*	254
The Flower o' Donside	*Watson*	30
The Flower o' the Ayr	*Latto*	60
The Gathering	*Imlah*	86
The Gowden Ring	*Stitt*	189
The Happy Mother	*Laing*	265
The Highlander's Welcome to the Queen	*Rodger*	134
The Hunter's Well	*Motherwell*	276
The Impatient Lassie	*Anderson*	145
The Knight's Return	*White*	9
The Lads and the Land far awa'	*Ainslie*	150
The Land of my Birth	*Foster*	102
The Lark hath sought his grassy Home	*Denovan*	151

		PAGE
The last Look o' Hame	*Ainslie*	238
The Linties' Wooing	*Manson*	238
The lovely Lass of Inverkip	*Rodger*	44
The Lyart an' Leal	*Crawford*	141
The Maid that I adore	*White*	92
The Marled Mittens	*Watson*	91
The Mermaiden	*Motherwell*	281
The Miller of Deanhaugh	*Ballantine*	252
The Minister's Dochter	*Latto*	208
The Mitherless Bairn	*Thom*	117
The Moon shone calmly bright	*Imlah*	48
The Nameless Lassie	*Ballantine*	271
Then mount the Tackle and the Reel	*Foster*	59
The Ocean Chief	*Denovan*	114
The Otter Hound	*Foster*	262
The Pearly Brow	*Ballantine*	273
The Queen o' Bonny Scotland	*Miller*	137
The Raven	*Laing*	272
The rough Kiss	*MacLaggan*	53
The Salmon Run	*Foster*	123
The Season of Love	*Malone*	269
The sleepy Wee Laddie	*Miller*	2
The Song of the Danish Sea-King	*Motherwell*	32
The Southlan' Breeze	*Fergusson*	119
The Troutin' Day	*Foster*	243
The Trysting Tree	*Ballantine*	79
The Wander'd Bairn	*Crawford*	220
The Warrior's Home	*Park*	112
The Wee, Wee Flower	*Ballantine*	52
The Wee, Wee Man	*Macdonald*	251
The Wells o' Wearie	*Ritchie*	4
The Wifie outwitted	*Smart*	25
The Winter has set in, Lads	*Finlay*	138
They speak o' wyles	*Thom*	43
This Night ye'll cross, etc.	*Thom*	97
Thochtfu' Love	*Buchanan*	164
Time's Changes	*Ballantine*	292
'Tis nae to Harp	*Thom*	229
To speak to me	*White*	150
Wat o' the Howe	*Ballantine*	15
Watty, the Poacher	*Marshall*	244
Wee Annie o' Auchineden	*Macdonald*	279

		PAGE
We'll a' be Brawly yet	*Crawford*	125
We twined our Hearts in Ane	*Fergusson*	109
When her Minnie disna ken	*Blair*	133
When I beneath the cold red earth	*Motherwell*	248
When the Bee has left the Blossom	*Smart*	38
When we were at the Schule	*Latto*	211
Whistlin' Tam	*Watson*	165
Who'll go with me?	*Ballantine*	291
Wife o' Willowdenha'	*Laing*	28
Willie's away	*Murray*	10
Winter	*W. T.*	74
Woman's Wark will ne'er be dune	*Allan*	77
Woman's Witchfu' E'e	*Stitt*	163
Ye dinna ken yon Bow'r	*Thom*	190
Ye may talk o' your Learning	*Mercer*	182
Young Maggy to Auld Johnny	*Mercer*	96

SONGS FOR THE NURSERY.

NOTICE FROM THE PUBLISHER		297
A Mother's Cares and Toils	*Fergusson*	321
A Mother's Farewell	*Crawford*	371
A Mother's Joys	*Fergusson*	356
A Mother's Song	*Smart*	362
A Mother's Welcome	*Fergusson*	370
Bairnies, come Hame	*Malone*	317
Be a comfort to your Mother	*Rodger*	336
Castles in the Air	*Ballantine*	318
Cheetie Pussie	*Donald*	361
Chuckie	*Miller*	352
Cockie-leerie-la	*Miller*	331
Creep afore ye gang	*Ballantine*	314
Cur-rook-i-ty-doo	*Donald*	359
Dinna fear the Doctor	*Smart*	315
Errand-rinning Mary	*Smart*	322
Gang to your Beds	*Smart*	347

		PAGE
Gi'e as ye wad tak'	*Rodger*	327
Gree, Bairnies, gree!	*Miller*	307
Hairst	*Miller*	346
Happy Harvest	*Crawford*	344
Hogmanay	*Smart*	332
John Frost	*Miller*	350
Johnny on his Shelty	*Donald*	367
Kindness to Servants	*Smart*	348
Lady Summer	*Miller*	340
Learn your Lesson	*Smart*	311
May Morning	*Smart*	337
Mother's Pet	*Crawford*	310
My ain kindly Minnie	*Malone*	313
My Bairnies, you're a' the wide World to me!	*Donald*	373
My Doggie	*Donald*	368
My Dragon	*Donald*	357
My Laverock	*Donald*	372
Nursery Scarecrows	*Rodger*	302
O leese me on thee, bonnie Bairn	*Rodger*	330
O this is no my ain Bairn	*Smart*	360
Our ain Fire-end	*Miller*	326
Pace Eggs	*Smart*	336
Petting at Food	*Smart*	340
Rosy cheekit Apples	*Ballantine*	309
Spring	*Miller*	335
The A, B, C	*Laing*	354
The absent Father	*Ballantine*	341
The bashfu' Bairn	*Smart*	320
The Bird's Nest	*Smart*	324
The blind Beggar-Man	*Malone*	351
The bonnie milk Cow	*Smart*	308

		PAGE
The Buds now open to the Breeze	*Crawford*	334
The Dreaming Child	*Ballantine*	362
The Family Contrast	*Rodger*	305
The Father's Knee	*Ballantine*	313
The Herd Laddie	*Smart*	329
The Idler	*Smart*	328
The New Comer	*Ballantine*	304
The Orphan Wanderer	*Ballantine*	353
The scarlet Rose-Bush	*Donald*	364
The selfish Laddie	*Smart*	303
The silent Child	*Ballantine*	323
The sleepy Laddie	*Miller*	309
The Spring Time o' Life	*Donald*	369
The sunny Summer Months	*Crawford.*	338
The Truant	*Smart*	312
The Washing	*Rodger*	343
The Watch Dog	*Smart*	319
The Way-Side Flower	*Laing*	365
The Widow to her Bairns	*Crawford*	324
The wild Bee	*Gardiner.*	366
The Winter's come at last	*Crawford*	349
The wonderfu' Wean	*Miller*	316
Uncle Jamie	*Smart*	358
Wee Nanny	*Smart*	357
Willie's awa'	*Smart*	333
Willie Winkie	*Miller*	301
Ye maun gang to the School	*Miller*	355
Ye maunna scaith the Feckless	*Ballantine*	363
Your Daddy's far at Sea	*Rodger*	342

SCENES AND PIECES SUITED TO THE NURSERY—

A noisy Nursery	*Smart*	374
Brothers Quarrelling	*Smart*	384
John Howard	*Manson*	379
Precept and Example	*Smart*	383
The auld Beggar-Man	*Manson*	377
The Candlemas King	*Donald*	381
The Mitherless Bairn	*Thom*	382
The self-willed Boy	*Smart & Rodger*	387

WHISTLE-BINKIE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

JAMES BALLANTINE.

THIS collection of Scottish Songs, illustrative of forms of national life, thought, and speech which are quickly passing away, may be said to have owed its origin to the late David Robertson, the genial and well-known Glasgow bookseller. It was begun nearly fifty years ago, a time when the conditions of life were more favourable than they now are for the production of songs, and when, consequently, the country was much richer in simple song-makers. *Himself* one of the most kindly and loveable of men, full of dry wit and humour, and passionately fond of everything that was peculiarly Scottish, David Robertson had a wide acquaintance with the best singers of his time. They were wont to gather around him in his place of business in the Trongate, which by and by became the familiar and favourite haunt of all who could tell a good story or make or appreciate a good Scottish song. A good song is a national treasure. The nation is the richer for it in all after time. Not a few of our humbler poets who have sung to purpose, whose lyrics have struck the national ear and heart, and are enshrined in our Scottish minstrelsy, were encouraged in their early efforts by the kindly sympathy and judicious advice of David Robertson.

It was his happy idea to gather together the fugitive

rhymes and lyrics of his day which were floating about, many of which might otherwise have passed into oblivion, and to present them to the world under the name of Whistle-Binkie. In a collection so large and formed with such an aim, the insertion of pieces of very indifferent literary merit was, perhaps, unavoidable; but even these will be found to justify their presence by some local allusion, or some illustration of life and manners which it was thought desirable to preserve.

Of that cluster of gifted men who contributed to Whistle-Binkie, one of the last survivors and one of the best known was JAMES BALLANTINE, the warm admirer and life-long friend of David Robertson, who was among the first to discover and to foster his poetic power. It was chiefly to Ballantine's suggestion that the present issue of Whistle-Binkie is due. It is a melancholy reflection to the publisher that these volumes, which were to have been enriched by a preface from his pen, have to record his name among the other genial contributors who have gone, but happily not "gone like the singing birds of that time which now sing no more." The death of Ballantine broke another of the few remaining links which bound the Edinburgh of the past to the Edinburgh of the present. In his younger days he was familiar with the forms that figure in the "Noctes." He was the contemporary, and in many cases the friend, of the great men and the great wits of the day that is gone. Jeffrey and Cockburn, Robertson, Ardmillan and Neaves, Wilson and Aytoun, Hugh Miller, D. Moir, Robert Chambers, and, towering head and shoulders above them all, the colossal form of Chalmers. These are men who have left few representatives behind them. In the departure of men like these there has passed away much of the social grace and literary sparkle that brightened up the "grey metropolis of the North," and left it clad in a quieter and soberer grey.

To use the words of one who knew Ballantine well, "In the midst of all this genial life the minor bards of

the time sprang up like the ground flowers of Wordsworth. There was Robert Gilfillan of Leith, David Vedder of Newhaven, Cap. Charles Gray, retired from the Royal Marines and resident in Edinburgh, together with Thomas Smibert, Erskine Conolly, William Cross, busy with his tale of 'The Disruption,' and sundry others who had succeeded in making their mark; while Blackie and Aytoun and Theodore Martin were just beginning to show themselves above the literary horizon. Nor must we forget in this enumeration Peter M'Leod, on whose original melodies many of the new songs floated, William Donaldson, who sang them as few other men could, and Peter Fraser,—wit, mimic, and vocalist—the most brilliant and entertaining society man of the period. The subject of our sketch was known to most of these, and mingled in their coteries."

James Ballantine was born on the 11th June 1808, at the West Port, Edinburgh, one of the quaintest parts of the quaint old town. We can see from his writings that the external features and historical associations of his birthplace were not without their effect in the formation of his literary tastes. Apart from the solid education which was the birthright of every Scottish child the boy had few advantages. His father, a brewer, died when he was about ten years of age, leaving him and three sisters older than himself dependent on his widowed mother, of whom up to the latest year of his life he used to speak with unbounded devotion and respect. There is nothing specially noteworthy in connection with his early days. In common with multitudes like him he fought his way upwards through adverse circumstances to an honourable competence. He seems to have employed every opportunity which presented itself of improving his mind, and gave early evidence of artistic taste in the trade which he had chosen. In the same humble profession of decorative painter David Roberts, R.A., who was some ten years older, was his fellow craftsman. Between the two young men, both of whom were

destined to fame, an intimacy sprang up which ripened into a friendship which lasted with life.

In 1830 he commenced business as house-painter under the firm of Ballantine and Allan. At an early period Mr. Ballantine turned his attention to an important branch of art in connection with his profession, which had almost died out in Scotland—the art of glass-staining. His successful competition for the stained-glass windows in the House of Lords at once indicated the proficiency which he had attained in this department of art, and gave a stimulus to the deeper study of its principles, and to laborious and unwearied exertions in carrying these principles into practice. His views on this important subject were embodied in a work of considerable merit which, in addition to a pretty wide circulation in this country, had the distinction of being translated into German. The work which Mr. Ballantine then successfully began has been carried to a much higher state of perfection under his accomplished son, whose masterly work in stained glass is well known not only throughout Scotland and England, but in almost every quarter of the world. The improvement which is happily taking place in the church architecture of Scotland has created an increasing demand for work of this kind which may be said to be essential to church adornment. It is satisfactory to know that in this, as in other branches of art, our native artists are taking a foremost place.

It is chiefly, however, with the literary work of Ballantine that these brief notes are concerned. Some of the first efforts of his muse were given to the world in the pages of Whistle-Binkie, the first series of which began in 1832, when he was twenty-four years of age. From first to last he contributed some fifty pieces: among these are some of his very choicest gems, such as "Ilka blade o' grass," "Castles in the air," "Rosy cheekit apples," etc. His first considerable literary effort was "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet," which made its appearance anonymously in monthly numbers, and was published in a completed

form in 1843, being admirably illustrated by Alex. A. Ritchie. The idea of the "Wallet" was, on the whole, a happy one for the purpose which its writer had in view. That purpose was to provide a setting for his songs, and a medium for their circulation. This he found in a story, or rather a series of stories, illustrative of Scottish life and manners, in which the principal speaker and actor is the gaberlunzie, one of the old blue-gowned beggars, the aristocracy of the wandering class, whose visits were ever welcome to the humbler Scottish homes. The homely narrative, the accurate description of scenery and character, the touches of humour and pathos, and above all the fine lyrics imbedded in it like sparkling gems, secured for this work an extensive and well-merited reputation, and made the name of Ballantine known wherever the Scottish tongue was spoken. But the plan was not without its draw-backs and defects. The chief of these is the frequency of abrupt and unnatural transitions from the prose to the poetry, as when the company at Kelpie Cleuch, who had sat up all night in consequence of the death of feckless Phemie, are cheered by the gaberlunzie reciting the ballad of Mary Hay, a pretty enough ballad in its way, but utterly out of place in the circumstances. The wonder is that the song and the narrative are, on the whole, so well wedded together.

It is a striking proof of Ballantine's literary vigour and fertility that, amid the labours and distractions of an extensive business, he was able to give to the world, in the year immediately following the publication of the "Wallet," another work of a somewhat similar aim, the well-told story of "The Miller of Deanhaugh." Apart from the conception and working out of the story, of which different opinions might be entertained, this work, like its predecessor, has the important merit of preserving specimens of the rich Scottish vernacular, with which its author was so familiar, and which is unhappily fast passing away.

In 1856 his principal poems were collected into a

handsome volume, published by Messrs. Constable and Co., and dedicated to his friend Charles Dickens.

In 1866 he issued another volume of one hundred songs "selected," as he says, "from a large number written during five and twenty years. Several of the airs have been contributed by eminent composers, others have been adapted from ancient national melodies, and in the words I have endeavoured chiefly to embody and illustrate the maxims and manners of dear auld Scotland."

His last original work was published by William Blackwood and Sons in 1871. It contains "Lilias Lee," a tale, in the verse of Spenser, extending over five cantos, "illustrative of Scottish manners in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and embodying some incidents in the life of James IV. of Scotland;" "Malcolm Canmore," an historical play in three acts; and fifty-five miscellaneous poems, the last of which are—"Ode for the Birthday of Robert Burns," "Ode for the Inauguration of the Ettrick Shepherd's Monument, St. Mary's Lake," and "Song for the Centenary of Sir Walter Scott."

These are the works on which the reputation of Ballantine rests. They do not, however, exhaust his literary labours. Like all true Scotsmen he was a passionate admirer of Burns. As secretary of the committee who had charge of the preparations in celebrating his centenary in 1859, he undertook the principal part of the work. In addition thereto he took upon him the enormous labour of compiling the reports of no less than 872 similiar meetings held all over the world. The result of his labours was presented to the public in a large volume bearing the title—"The Chronicle of the Hundredth Birthday of Robert Burns." In this connection it is worthy of notice that to his persistent efforts the country owes the restoration of the Burns' Memorial on the Calton Hill, and the enrichment of its Museum with many precious MSS., and relics of the great poet. Nor should it be here forgotten that he was one among many to whose earnest advocacy and artistic skill Edinburgh owes its richest architectural treasure, that wondrous poem in

stone, the Scott Monument, in whose recent completion by the filling up of the niches with characteristic statuary he also had an influential voice.

It will complete this notice of his literary labours to say that he more than once produced dramatic work which was performed on the Edinburgh stage, and that in 1866 he wrote a "Life of David Roberts, R.A.," his early and life-long friend.

Up till a comparatively recent period Mr. Ballantine enjoyed the blessing of vigorous health. The death in 1875 of his accomplished daughter, the wife of John Hutchison, R.S.A., to whom he was devotedly attached, told seriously upon his already failing strength. In 1877 he had a slight shock of paralysis, from which he never wholly recovered. The cheerfulness, the kindly humour, the thoughtfulness for others, the trust in the love and mercy of God in Christ which he manifested through life, and which are ever showing themselves in his songs, remained with him unbroken till the end. He died on the 18th December 1877, in the 70th year of his age, leaving behind him a widow and two sons.

It is not difficult to estimate the character and works of such a man. Ballantine will live and sing when many higher names than his are utterly forgotten. They who are familiar with his writings, and who knew the man in the flesh, are struck with the accuracy with which he has portrayed himself in his songs. They are the faithful outcome and reflex of the man. The round, full, sunny face, with the massive brow, and the humour flashing round the lips, told of a strong and cheery nature disposed to look at the bright side of things. His social qualities, his fund of anecdote, the simplicity and transparent truthfulness of his character, the strength of his domestic affections, his love of the right and scorn for the wrong, greatly endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his friendship. Perfect simplicity, truthfulness to nature, healthiness of tone, are the great charm of his songs, as they were the great charm of his character. There is no effort, no forced sentiment. He sang as the

birds sing, because he must. There breathe throughout his writings, whether poetry or prose, an unfailing trust in God and in His kind providence, faith in the right, contempt for the unreal, hatred of the mean and wrong, pity for the weak, and sympathy for the suffering.

It is these things, more than any depth of thought, or any profound insight into the subtler workings of the human mind, or high literary finish, which give to many of the songs of Ballantine their perennial charm. The range of his powers was neither a high nor a wide one, but he spoke to the common needs of common men; and the line that lightens a heart, that dries a tear, that makes a burden easier to bear, has a right to live. His kindly nature is ever coming out in such songs as "Ilka blade o' grass," "Ye maunna scaith the feckless," "A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the steepest brae." For tender pathos, for purity and simplicity, for the exquisite rhythm with which it runs limpid and clear like a Highland burn, there are few lyrics that surpass "Rosy cheekit apples." In common with all our songmakers, from the days of Barbour downwards, he had a passionate love for everything that was peculiarly Scottish, and his enthusiastic patriotism is ever breaking out in his songs. The reverence of his nature is shown in his love of children and insight into their hearts, and in his singular freedom from a common failing of modern times: in no line he ever wrote will you find a sneer at the religion which he professed in life, and which supported him in sickness and death.

Among the last verses that came from his pen were the following, in memory of the beautiful and gifted daughter of his early friend David Robertson, the much loving and much loved wife of the writer of this notice:—

'How can a simple songster sing,
Worthy of her who tunes his lay!
He cannot back the darling bring
Who from the earth hath passed away,
To heaven, where ever shall endure
Her angel charms so heavenly pure.

"One child had died, another child
She left, as if our hearts to cheer,
But soon our hopes were all dispelled—
The left one sought her mother's bier:
And now above, as once below,
The three hearts mingle in one glow.

"Her husband, who became my guide
In other paths than that of song,
Thrust every crook and knoll aside
That made the path to heaven seem long,
And showed me all, around, above,
That heaven and earth are filled with love.

"Her father first encouraged me
To sing the songs of humble life,
And urged me aye to keep them free
From aught to gender guile or strife.
Read David's genial "Whistle-Binkie;"
To all that's kind and pure 'twill link ye.

"Her mother, who still lives and hopes
To meet her daughter in the sky,
Mingles with ours her tearful drops,
And wishes that the time were nigh
When we may hope to meet again,
And with our darling aye remain."

WILLIAM MILLER.

WILLIAM MILLER, the subject of the following biographical sketch, was born in Glasgow in August 1810, but spent most of his boyhood days in the village of Parkhead. His inclinations lay in favour of surgery as the profession to which he would apply himself, and all the arrangements were completed for that purpose, but a serious illness prevented this intention from being carried out. He was ultimately apprenticed as a cabinet turner, and became a very skilful workman, and at this trade he continued till laid aside by illness some months before his death.

At an early age he contributed several pieces to the *Day*, and other newspapers, but was brought more prominently before the public on the publication of "Wee Willie Winkie," "Gree, Bairnies, gree," "The Wonderfu' Wean," etc., all of which attained great popularity. When the MS. of "Wee Willie Winkie" was sent to the late Mr. David Robertson as a contribution to "Whistle-Binkie," he sent it to Mr. Ballantine of Edinburgh, the most extensive contributor to the publication, to get his opinion of its merits. It was returned at once as being "a first-class song, and likely to be the gem of the collection." Since its first publication it has had a most successful career, and nothing gave its author more genial pride than to hear that it had been translated into several languages, and was as popular in German as in Scottish nurseries, and was well known all over America.

On the appearance of a number of Mr. Miller's poems, they were highly appreciated, and received the most favourable notice of Lord Jeffrey and other eminent literary critics.

In 1863 he published a small volume of "Nursery Songs and other Poems," which had a wide circulation, and, to use the words of a celebrated author, "has earned for its Author a reputation that will never decay." Almost all his pieces were written after the labours of the day, forming a pleasant recreation during his leisure hours.

He was laid aside in November 1871, with an ulcerated leg, but, although unable for bodily labour, he still was vigorous in intellect, and wrote some poems which appeared in the *Scotsman* and other newspapers.

It has been remarked that "as a master of the Scottish lyrical dialect, he may fairly be ranked even with Burns and Tannahill, and that few poets, however prosperous, are so certain of their immortality.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, in an article which appeared in *Saint Paul's Magazine*, on "The Laureate of the Nursery," as he felicitously termed the subject of this

sketch, says :—"I can scarcely conceive a period when William Miller will be forgotten, certainly not until the Doric Scotch is obliterated, and the lowly nursery abolished for ever. His lyric note is unmistakeable, true, deep, and sweet; speaking generally, he is a born singer, worthy to rank with the three or four master spirits who use the same speech; and I say this while perfectly familiar with the lowly literature of Scotland, from Jean Adams to Janet Hamilton, from the first note struck by Allan Ramsay down to the warblings of 'Whistle-Binkie.' Speaking specifically, he is (as I have phrased it) 'The Laureate of the Nursery,' and there, at least, he reigns supreme above all other poets, monarch of all he surveys, and perfect master of his theme. His poems, however, are as distinct from nursery gibberish as the music of Shelley is from the jingle of Ambrose Phillips. They are works of art, tiny paintings on small canvas, limned with all the microscopic care of Meissonier. The highest praise that can be said of them is, that they are perfect 'of their kind.' That kind is humble enough, but humility may be very *strong*, as it certainly is here."

Mr. Buchanan, before writing the article from which we quote, had just heard of Mr. Miller's illness, so that he continues, "Were my power equal to my will, this master of the *petit chef d'œuvre* should be transported forthwith to some green country spot,—some happy Scottish village, where within hearing of the cries of children, he might end his days in peace, and perhaps sing us ere he dies, a few more songs such as 'Hairst' and 'Spring.' Then might he say again, as he said once in his own inimitable manner :—

'We meet wi' blithesome and lithesome cheerie weans,
Daffin' and laughing far adoun the leafy lanes,
Wi' gowans and buttercups busking the thorny wands,
Sweetly singing wi' the flower-branch waving in their hands.'

"There might the Laureate of the nursery enjoy for a little while the feeling of real fame, hearing the cottar's

wife rocking her child to sleep with some song he made in an inspired moment, watching the little ones as they troop out of school to the melody of one or other of his lays, and feeling that he had not lived in vain—being literally one of those happy bards whose presence 'brightens the sunshine.'"

As already stated, he was incapacitated from bodily labour in November 1871, but though all was done that affectionate solicitude or medical skill could suggest, his ailment gradually developed into a paralytic affection.

His friends had him taken to Blantyre for change of air, where for a time he seemed to rally, but it became at last too obvious that his time was near at hand, and at his own request he was brought back to Glasgow, where in his son's house he died, surrounded by those to whom he had always been united in the closest bonds of affection,—August 20th 1872, having thus completed his sixty-second year. His remains were laid in the burying-ground in Tollcross, whither they were followed by his relations and a number of his admirers. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory in the Glasgow Necropolis, by a number of the admirers of his poetic productions.

He was a man of singularly gentle disposition, always cheerful, which he remained till the last, and it can be said of him, what cannot be said of every poet, that he never wrote anything which would have been better unwritten, and shortly before his death he himself remarked that he did not think he had a single enemy in the world.

W. A. FOSTER.

W. A. FOSTER was born in the year 1801 at Coldstream on the Tweed. He was early brought into contact with all classes when these were engaged in the Border sports. He himself was a distinguished champion in all games,

especially in archery, in which he had no rival at the time. The scenery, the life, and the sports of the borders, form the theme of his songs, most of which are marked by a peculiarly minute descriptive power, and by touches drawn from the life, a very good example of which is the "Salmon Run," published in this work.

He was an intimate friend of the Ettrick Shepherd, for whom he had a great admiration, and who greatly encouraged his poetic fancy, and in whom he met a congenial spirit, as the Shepherd was a keen angler and used often to spend a week or two at his father's house in Coldstream, from which they had many a fishing excursion; indeed, he celebrates with great vigour the taking of a salmon by Hogg in one of his unpublished poems, entitled the "Otter Hunt."

He removed to Glasgow in 1842, where he was heartily welcomed by the local poets of the time, among whom were particularly James Ballantine, William Miller, Alexander Rodger, indeed mostly all the contributors to Whistle-Binkie, in whose society he formed some of the strongest friendships of his life. They often met at each other's firesides, but more frequently still in the *sanctum* of the late Mr. David Robertson, Trongate, where many a pleasant hour was spent.

Few of his writings have been published, with the exception of the songs in "Whistle-Binkie," and a few in the "Book of Scottish Songs." His more sustained efforts, which are not a few, he preferred to keep for the recreation of his friends and family. He died at Glasgow in 1862, much regretted by a large circle of friends, for his kindliness of heart, and ready sympathy for all.

WHISTLE-BINKIE.

ROSY CHEEKIT APPLES.

AIR—"*What's a' the steer?*"

COME awa', bairnie,
For your bawbee,
Rosy cheekit apples
Ye shall hae three;
A' sae fu' o' hinny,
They drappit frae the tree;
Like your bonny sel'
A' the sweeter they are wee.

Come awa', bairnie,
Dinna shake your head;
Ye mind me o' my ain bairn,
Lang, lang, dead.
Ah! for lack o' nourishment
He drappit frae the tree;
Like your bonny sel',
A' the sweeter he was wee.

Oh! auld frail folk
Are like auld fruit trees;
They canna stand the gnarl
O' the cauld winter breeze.

But heaven tak's the fruit
Tho' earth forsake the tree ;
An' we mourn our fairy blossoms,
A' the sweeter they were wee.

Come awa', bairnie,
For your bawbee,
Rosy cheekit apples
Ye shall hae three ;
A' sae fu' o' hinny,
They drappit frae the tree ;
Like your bonny sel',
A' the sweeter they are wee.

James Ballantine

THE SLEEPY WEE LADDIE.

ARE ye no gaun to wauken the day, ye rogue ?
Your parritch is ready and cule in the cog ;
Auld bawdrons sae gaucy, and Tam o' that ilk,
Wad fain hae a drap o' the wee laddie's milk.

There's a wee burd singin'—"get up, get up !"
Losh ! listen it cries, "tak' a whup, tak' a whup !"
But I'll "heat a wummil"—a far better plan—
Or pouther his pow, wi' a waterin'-can.

There's claes to wash—and the house to redde,
And I canna begin till I mak' the bed ;
For I count it nae brag to be clever as some,
Wha, while bakin' a bakin, can soop the lum.

'Tis nine o'clock ! and father, ye ken,
Has scrimpitly time a minute to spen' !

But a blink o' his wifie and bairn on her knee,
Aye lightens his toil, tho' sair it may be.

So get up to your parritch ! and on wi' your claes !
There's a fire on might warm the Norlan braes !
For a parritch cog, and a clean hearth-stane
Are saut and sucker in our town-en'.

William Miller

DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

AIR—"*Lochaber no more.*"

THE morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain an' stream,
An' troubles the hallowed breath o' my dream ;
The goud light of morning is sweet to the e'e ;
But ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me :
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
An' fairer creations arise to the night ;
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,
Then bright are the visions awaken'd to me !

O ! come Spirit-Mother—discourse of the hours,
My young bosom beat all its beatings to yours ;
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell
On ears—how unheedful prov'd sorrow might tell !
That deathless affection—nae trial could break,
When a' else forsook me ye wouldna forsake ;
Then come, O my mother ! come often to me,
An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee.

An' thou shrouded loveliness ! soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen !
'Twas kind—for the lowe that your e'e kindled there,
Will burn—ay, an' burn—till that breast beats nae mair.

Our bairnies sleep round me, O bless ye their sleep!
Your ain dark-e'e'd Willie will wauken an' weep;
But blithe in his weepin', he'll tell me how you
His heaven-hamed mammie was "dawtin his brou.[1]

Tho' dark be our dwelling—our happing tho' bare,
And night creeps around us in cauldness and care,
Affection will warm us; for bright are the beams
That halo our hame in yon dear land of dreams:
Then weel may I welcome the night's deathy reign—
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then!
The goud light of morning is lightless to me,
But O for the night wi' its ghost revelrie!

William Thom.

THE WELLS O' WEARIE.

AIR—"*Bonny house o' Airlie.*"

SWEETLY shines the sun on auld Edinbro' toun,
And mak's her look young and cheerie;
Yet I maun awa' to spend the afternoon
At the lanesome wells o' Wearie.

And you maun gang wi' me, my winsome Mary Grieve,
There's nought in the world to fear ye;
For I hae ask'd your minnie, and she has gien ye leave
To gang to the wells o' Wearie.

O the sun winna blink in thy bonny blue een,
Nor tinge the white brow o' my dearie,
For I'll shade a bower wi' rashes lang and green,
By the lanesome wells o' Wearie.

[1] Patting his forehead.

But Mary, my love, beware ye dinna glower
At your form in the water sae clearly,
Or the fairy will change ye into a wee wee flower,
And you'll grow by the wells o' Wearie.

Yestreen, as I wander'd there a' alane,
I felt unco douf and drearie,
For wanting my Mary a' around me was but pain
At the lanesome wells o' Wearie.

Let fortune or fame their minions deceive,
Let fate look gruesome and eerie;
True glory and wealth are mine wi' Mary Grieve,
When we meet by the wells o' Wearie.

Then gang wi' me, my bonny Mary Grieve,
Nae danger will daur to come near ye,
For I hae ask'd your minnie, and she has gien ye leave
To gang to the wells o' Wearie.

MY WIFIE AN' ME.

AIR—"*Toddlin' but and toddlin' ben.*"

THE laddies now laugh at my wifie and me,
Tho' auld aboon countin', yet kanty are we;
They scarce can believe me, when aften I say
My Kate and her jo were ance blithesome as they.
My wifie an' me, my wifie an' me,
What gars them a' laugh at my wifie an' me?

Now wither'd an' cripple, an' maistly as frail
As the wa's o' our housie that rock i' the gale;

Wha ance wi' the lasses could jig it wi' me,
Or shaw'd sic a leg, an' wha loupit sae hie?
My wifie an' me, etc.

Though my pow is now bel' as the howe o' my han',
An' the crap on my chin's like the down o' the swan,
The day's been my haffets fu' richly were clad,
When the e'en now sae dim could be match'd wi' the gled.
My wifie an' me, etc.

An' Kate! my auld lassie, it seems like yestreen
Sin' ye were run after frae mornin' to e'en;
Then happy the lad frae ye're e'e could beguile
What his fancy might count as the gift o' a smile.
My wifie an' me, etc.

A' day what a steer did ye mak' in my breast;
Night fauldit her wings, but she brought me nae rest;
My blude galloped wild as a cowte ower the green,
An' my heart it gaed duntin' the lang simmer e'en.
My wifie an' me, etc.

But Katy, my dawtie! tho' auld we hae grown,
The love's but the firmer sae early was sown:
As canty's we've speel'd it we'll slip down life's brae,
An' we'll creep aye the closer the langer we gae.
My wifie an' me, my wifie an' me,
Just let them laugh on at my wifie an' me!

Thomas C. Latto

JOHN BUCHAN.

AIR—"*The Deil amang the tailors.*"

HE'S a douce-leukin', fair-spoken carle, John Buchan—
But nane i' the parish maun thraw wi' John Buchan;
He has power o' the laird, o' the parson, an' people,
The keys o' the kirk, an' the tow o' the steeple!

Do ye want a new tack? are ye ca'd to the session?
Hae ye quarrell'd wi neebours, an' i' the transgression?
Hae ye meetin' to haud i' the kirk, or the clachan?
Do ye want the bell rung? ye maun speak to John Buchan!

There's weight in his word! do ye wonder what's made it?
I'll tell ye that too, though its nane to our credit;
He keeps the braw shop at the cross o' the clachan,
An' we're a' deep in debt to our merchant, John Buchan!

An' the fear an' the terror o' poindin' an' hornin',
An' turnin' us out at the bauld *beagle's*[1] warnin',
Without bield or bannock, wi' scarce rag or rauchan,
Mak's the hail parish wag at the wind o' John Buchan!

Alex Laing

MY AIN HAME AT E'EN.

AIR—"*And sae will we yet.*"

LET the drouthy, boozin', tipplin' loon, that doesna loe his hame,
Wha throws awa' his wits an' gear wi' ilka gill-house dame—

[1] A sheriff's-officer.

E'en let him a' his pleasures fin' in the nightly revel scene ;
But mine lies a' in Maggie, an' my ain hame at e'en.
My ain hame at e'en, O my ain hame at e'en ;
Where sweetest smiles hing o'er me, at my ain hame at e'en.

How gladsome pass my hours wi' my bonnie Meg sae leal !
An' to see our tender pledges rompin' roun' our cozie biel' ;
Where, i' their gleesome faces, ilka mither-feature's seen,
For we live an' love thegither at our ain hame at e'en.
My ain hame at e'en, etc.

Tho' o' this warld's gear we can boast but little share,
We're contented aye, an' happy, sae we wish for naething mair ;
I wadna change for kingly ha', or pearl-muntit Queen !
Sae dear to me is Maggie, an' my ain hame at e'en.
My ain hame at e'en, etc.

Should the chiel wi' the shearin' hook, and chafts sae lank an' thin,
Come an' steal awa' my Maggie fair, an' leave puir me behin',
Nae mair would cheerie smiles ever welcome me, I ween,
But a' be douf and drearie at my ain hame at e'en.
My ain hame at e'en, etc.

I'd rather, when he comes, he'd lay a paw on ilka pow,
'Twould save the carle a tramp, an' hae twa for ane, I trow ;
Gin he'll gi'e's a bit respite, syne, guid day to ilka frien',
We'll tak' the road thegither to our lang hame at e'en.
Our lang hame at e'en, to our lang hame at e'en,
"Hand in hand" we'll toddle on to our lang hame at e'en.

Thos. Trume

THE KNIGHT'S RETURN.

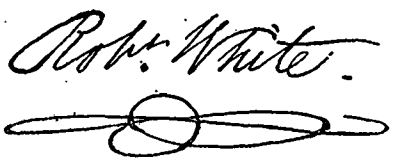
FAIR Ellen, here again I stand,
All dangers now are o'er;
No sigh, to reach my native land,
Shall rend my bosom more.
Ah! oft, beyond the heaving main,
I mourned at Fate's decree;
I wish'd but to be back again
To Scotland and to thee.

O Ellen! how I prized thy love,
In foreign lands afar!
Upon my helm I bore thy glove
Through thickest ranks of war.
And as the pledge, in battle-field,
Recall'd thy charms to me,
I breath'd a prayer behind my shield
For Scotland and for thee.

I scarce can tell how eagerly
My eyes were hither cast,
When, faintly rising o'er the sea,
These hills appear'd at last.
My very heart, as on the shore
I bounded light and free,
Declared by throbs the love I bore
To Scotland and to thee.

Thro' all the days it has been mine
In other climes to roam,
I've seen no lovelier form than thine,
No sweeter spot than home.
The wealth is much, the honours rare,
That Fortune shower'd on me;

And these, belov'd ! I come to share,
'Midst Scotland's hills, with thee !



WILLIE'S AWAY !

Music by Mr. M'Leod.

THE last wreath o' winter has fled frae the hill—
The breeze whispers low to the murmuring rill—
The spring smiles around me, and ilka thing's gay,
But what shall delight me?—my Willie's away !

I smile as they bid me, when neebors are nigh—
I joke as I dow, when the jest circles by—
I tell them I'm cheery, but sighs tell them—nay—
I canna dissemble—my Willie's away !

I busk me wi' claes that it pleased him to see—
I wear the love token that Willie gae me—
The sangs he lo'ed maist I wad sing a' the day,
But saut tears prevent me—my Willie's away !

When the bright star o' gloaming climbs up in the sky,
I start, ere I wist, to our trysting to hie ;
Alake ! my puir heart's fa'n to sorrow a prey,
There's nane there to meet me—my Willie's away.

The same leaves that sighed where my faither was laid—
The autumn wind strewed o'er my mother's cauld bed—
They left me in childhood, and ah! well a-day!—
My last joy's departed—my Willie's away.

James Murray

O JEANIE, WHY THAT LOOK SAE CAULD?

"O JEANIE! why that look sae cauld
And withering to me now?
And wherefore scowls that cloud o' gloom
Upon thy bonnie brow?
What hae I said, what hae I done,
To draw sic looks frae thee?
Is this thy love—thy fond regard,
Sae lately pledged to me?"

"O Jamie! spier na that at me,
But guess the cause yoursel',
Ye thocht, yestreen, ye werena seen
Alang wi' bonnie Bell?
Your arm enclaspit round her waist,
Your cheek to her's was laid,
And mony a melting kiss she gat
While row'd within your plaid."

"O lassie dear! why vex yoursel'
Wi' jealous thochts and mean,
For I was twenty miles and mair
Awa' frae hame yestreen?
I gaed to see my sister dear—
A gift she sent to thee;
And see—thou maun this necklace wear
That day thou'rt wed to me."

"And are you then still true to me?
I'll ne'er forgi'e mysel';
O what could tempt me to believe
You'd quit your Jean for Bell?
But there's my hand—I'll never mair
Dream foolish thochts o' thee,
But love wi' a' a woman's love,
Till light forsake mine e'e."

OUR AIN BURN SIDE.

AIR—"*The Brier Bush.*"

OH! weel I mind the days, by our ain burn side,
When we clam the sunny braes, by our ain burn side,
When flowers were blooming fair,
And we wandered free o' care,
For happy hearts were there, by our ain burn side!

Oh! blithe was ilka sang, by our ain burn side,
Nor langest day seemed lang, by our ain burn side;
When we decked our woodland queen
In the rashy chaplet green,
And gay she look'd, I ween, by our ain burn side!

But the bloom hath left the flower, by our ain burn side,
And gathering tempests lower, by our ain burn side;
The woods—no longer green,
Brave the wintry blasts sae keen,
And their withered leaves are seen, by our ain burn side.

And the little band is gane, frae our ain burn side,
To meet, ah! ne'er again, by our ain burn side;
And the winter of the year
Suits the heart both lane and sere,
For the happy ne'er appear, by our ain burn side.

DUNCAN DHU'S TRIBULATIONS.

AIR—"*Killicrankie.*"

NAINSEL was porn a shentleman,
An' wadna work ava, man!
Sae ribbans till her ponnet preen'd;
An' shoin'd the Forty-twa, man.
Ta sergeant was a lawlan' loon,
An' kick'd her like a pa' man;
Her Heelan' stamack no like tat,
An' sae she ran awa', man.

She shanged her name frae Duncan Dhu
To, *what*, she winna tell, man;
But Donald Gun or Ranald Mhor
Shust sair'd her turn as well, man.
Syne teuk ta tramp wi' a' her speed
Beyond Glenocher fell, man,
An' wi' a pand o' pretty men
She wrought ta ouskie stell, man.

She gather'd gear frae year to year,
An' made ta pot play prown, man;

But SHORGE TA TIRD gat in a rage,
An' swore he'd put her down, man;
Syne sent ta local volunteers,
Led by ta gauger loon, man,
An' crush'd her stell, and proke her worm,
An' crack'd her very croon, man.

They pu'd her wee bit bothie down,
Her maat prunt on ta fluir, man;
They dang her parrels a' to staves,
They were sae curst an' duir, man.
They teuk her ouskies, stoup an' roup,
An' och! she was a puir man;
There wasna sic a fell stramash
Sin' days o' Shirra Muir, man!

At last the gauger's colley[1] cam'
An' spoked a lang oration,
How "SHORGE was no to haud nor bind,
An' greetin' wi' vexation;
An' she'll maun pay ta fifty pound
To cover her transgression,
Or gang to Inverara shail
For leecit instillation."

Ochone! Ochone! they lodged her deep
Into ta Massymore, man,
Ta rattonses an' mices danced
Shantreuse about the floor, man;
But Donald Oig, ta shailor-laad,
Forgot to lock ta door, man—
An' noo she works ta pigger stell
Nor e'er she wrought pefore, man!

[1] The sheriff's-officer.

WAT O' THE HOWE.

AIR.—"*The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

WHA e'er cam' ower Soutra kenned Wat o' the Howe,
Wi' the smooth sleekit tongue, and the béld shining powe,
A' the Tweed and the Gala, fra Kelso to Stowe,
Had a' some giff gaffin' wi' Wat o' the Howe.

His wee house stood lown in the neuk o' the hill,
Sae couthie, that nane e'er cam' out on ae gill;
E'en the snell-nebbit priest ne'er could win bye the lowe,
But he'd step in to pree wi' auld Wat o' the Howe.

The drappy, he said too, he brew'd it himsel',
He said sae, tho' whaur ne'er a bodie could tell;
They whiles smell'd some peat reek ayont the whin knowe,
Yet ne'er found the stell o' auld Wat o' the Howe.

He dealt in nick-nackets, tho' a' on the sly,
Gin he'd what they wanted nae wifie gaed bye;
They gat tea an' 'backo for hamilt-made tow,
An' a wee drap to tak' it frae Wat o' the Howe.

The cadgers' an' colliers' carts aye at the door,
In a cauld winter day ye might countit a score,
An' the naigs they might nicher, the collies bow wow,
But they ne'er liftit early frae Wat o' the Howe.

'Twas strange that the gaugers could ne'er fin' him out;
'Twas strange that nae smugglers were e'er gaun about;
'Twas strange that e'en red-coats the loon couldna cowe,
Nor find out the slee howff o' Wat o' the Howe.

Yet aiblins ye'll guess how a' this cam' to be,
Wat couldna be seized, for nae smuggler was he,
But smuggled gear's cheap (sae a' puir bodies trow),
Though they gatna great gaffins frae Wat o' the Howe.

Wat livit ere his time, like a' ither great men,
The tree that he plantit has flourish'd since then,
Yet I ne'er hear Cheap John, wi' his roupin' bell jowe,
But I think on the slee tricks o' Wat o' the Howe.

James Ballantine

BAD LUCK TO THIS MARCHING.[1]

AIR—"*Paddy O'Carroll.*"

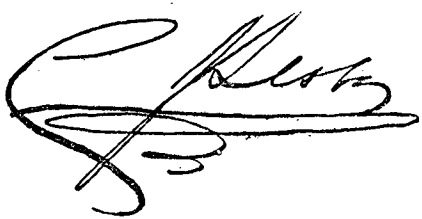
BAD luck to this marching,
Pipe-claying and starching;
How neat one must be to be killed by the French!
I'm sick of parading,
Through wet and cowld wading,
Or standing all night to be shot in a trench.
To the tune of a fife,
They dispose of your life,
You surrender your soul to some illigant lilt,
Now I like Garryowen,
When I hear it at home,
But it's not half so sweet when you're going to be kilt.

Then though up late and early,
Our pay comes so rarely,
The devil a farthing we've ever to spare;
They say some disaster,
Befel the paymaster;
In my conscience I think that the money's not there.

[1] The publisher begs to acknowledge his deep obligation to Messrs. Currie and Co., publishers, Dublin, for their kind permission to take this and the following song from "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon."

And, just think, what a blunder;
They won't let us plunder,
While the convents invite us to rob them, 'tis clear;
Though there isn't a village,
But cries, "Come and pillage,"
Yet we leave all the mutton behind for Mounseer.

Like a sailor that's nigh land,
I long for that island
Where even the kisses we steal if we please;
Where it is no disgrace,
If you don't wash your face,
And you've nothing to do but to stand at your ease;
With no sergeant t'abuse us,
We fight to amuse us,
Sure it's better beat Christian than kick a baboon;
How I'd dance like a fairy,
To see ould Dunleary,
And think twice ere I'd leave it to be a dragoon!



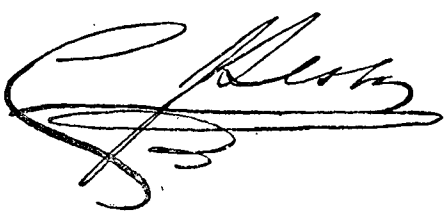
THE BRETON HOME.

WHEN the battle is o'er, and the sounds of fight
Have closed with the closing day,
How happy, around the watch-fire's light,
To chat the long hours away;
To chat the long hours away, my boy,
And talk of the days to come,

Or a better still, and a purer joy,
To think of our far-off home.

How many a cheek will then grow pale,
That never felt a tear!
And many a stalwart heart will quail,
That never quailed in fear!
And the breast that, like some mighty rock
Amid the foaming sea,
Bore high against the battle's shock,
Now heaves like infancy.

And those who knew each other not,
Their hands together steal,
Each thinks of some long hallowed spot,
And all like brothers feel:
Such holy thoughts to all are given;
The lowliest has his part;
The love of home, like love of heaven,
Is woven in our heart.



STAR OF THE EVENING.

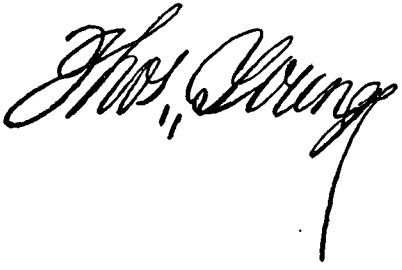
STAR of the lover's dream!
Star of the gloaming!
How sweetly blinks thy beam,
When fond ones are roaming!

Pure in the heavens blue
Like crystal gem lightly;
When comes the even's hue
Thou shinest forth brightly.

Know'st thou of toil and care,
Sorrow and anguish;
Bosoms left cold and bare,
Lonely to languish?
Has misery's bitter blast
Crush'd every flower,
O'er which thy young heart cast
Hope's sunny shower?

Has blighted affection
E'er sear'd thy fond heart,
While sad recollection
Could never depart?
Star of the even mild,
I invoke thee in vain!
Useless my wish and wild,
Thou speak'st not again!

Other eyes will gaze on thee
When I cease to be;
True hearts walk beneath thee,
When I cannot see!
Thy beams shine as clearly
On ocean's cold breast,
When the heart that lov'd dearly
Is hushed into rest!



O MEET ME, LOVE, BY MOONLIGHT.

AIR—"*This is no mine ain house.*"

O MEET me, love, by moonlight,
By moonlight, by moonlight,
And down the glen by moonlight,
How fondly will I welcome thee!
And there, within our beechen bower,
Far from ambition's giddy tower,
O what a heart-enthrilling hour,
My Mary dear, I'll spend with thee!
Then meet me, love, etc.

Reclining on our mossy seat,
The rivulet rippling at our feet,
Enrapt in mutual transport sweet,
O who on earth so blest as we?
Then meet me, love, etc.

Our hopes and loves each sigh will speak,
With lip to lip or cheek to cheek,
O who more heartfelt joys would seek,
Than such, at eve, alone with thee?
Then meet me, love, etc.

To clasp thy lovely yielding waist;
To press thy lips so pure and chaste;
An' be in turn by thee embraced,
O that were bliss supreme to me!
Then meet me, love, etc.

Not worldling's wealth, nor lordling's show,
Such solid joys can e'er bestow,
As those which faithful lovers know
When heart to heart beats fervently.
Then meet me, love, etc.

Alex Rodger

JOCK.

THE laird's son said to Jock—"Jock!
When ye gang to the mill,
Can ye no shouther your pock
Without gaun to the yill?
Is't needfu' that the miller and you,
Twa drucken sots,
Drownin' your groats,
Should aye get roarin' fou'?"
"It's a stoury place the mill,
Master mine," quo' Jock;
"I never pass the kil',
But aye I'm like to choke!
And sae to clear ane's craig, I think,
There's nought can match a waught o' drink."

The laird's son said to Jock—"Jock!
When ye gang to the town,
I'm tauld ye snoove, an' stare, an' rock
Alang the causeway crown,
Until ye meet some weirdless wight,
Just like yoursel';
And syne pell-mell
Ye fuddle awa' wi' a' your might."
"It's a queer place the town,
Master mine," quo' Jock;
"For daunderin' up an' down,
Ane's sure to meet kent folk:—
And aye when auld friends forgether, I think,
It's unco cauldrife no to drink."

The laird's son said to Jock—"Jock!
When ye gang to the fair,
What cause ha'e ye to treat and troke
Wi' ilk loon and limmer there;

Is't needfu' ye should guzzle a'
Your towmond's fee,
Now tell to me,
In ae short day awa'?"
"The fair's a place for fun,
Master mine," quo' Jock:
"And when we're ance begun
We aye spin aff the rock;
For when folk's merry, somehow, I think,
To keep them sae there's nought like drink."

The laird's son said to Jock—"Jock!
When ye gang to the kirk,
Can ye no, like decent folk,
Come hame afore it's mirk?
Is't needfu' ye should sit sae late
The change-house in,
Till dais'd and blin',
Ye tine your hameward gate?"
"The kirk's a cauldrife place,
Master mine," quo' Jock;
"Aiblins I'm scant o' grace
(Forbid! that I should mock),
But cauld at kirk or field, I think,
To warm ane weel there's nought like drink."

The laird's son said to Jock—"Jock!
I fear you'll never mend;
I fear your drouth it winna slock
While you've a plack to spend:
At fair or kirk, at town or mill,
It makes na where,
Nor late, nor ear',
You'll drink your greedy fill!"
"It's but the truth ye tell,
Master mine," quo' Jock;

"For sin' I broke the shell,
My fau'ts I couldna cloke;
Sae haud your whisht, whate'er ye think,
And let me tak' my wee drap drink."[1]

W. Ferguson

MY OWN MARION.

Music by Mr. Peter M'Leod.

My own, my true-loved Marion,
No wreath for thee I'll bring;
No summer-gathered roses fair,
Nor snowdrops of the spring!
O! these would quickly fade, for soon
The brightest flowers depart;
A wreath more lasting I will give—
A garland of the heart!

My own, my true-loved Marion!
Thy morn of life was gay,

[1] Our temperance and tee-totalling friends have found fault with us for inserting an undue proportion of songs of a convivial nature, in the preceding portions of this work. We have not given these with the desire of encouraging the abuse of stimulating liquors; on the contrary, we have always advocated their moderate use. Let those who have never transgressed the rule of sobriety, and yet abstain for the sake of example, content themselves with pressing their views on those who have become the slaves of intemperance; for, if they cannot succeed with fair argument, they must just leave these unfortunate Jocks "to tak' their wee drap drink"—to attempt more, would, we humbly think, be to interfere with the liberty of the subject.—ED.

Like to a stream that gently flows
Along its lovely way !
And now, when in thy pride of noon
I mark thee, blooming fair,
Be peace and joy still o'er thy path,
And sunshine ever there !

My own, my gentle Marion !
Though this a world of woe,
There's many a golden tint that falls
To gild the road we go !
And in this chequered vale, to me
A light hath round me shone,
Since thou cam'st from thy Highland home
In days long past and gone !

My own, my true-loved Marion !
Cold, cold this heart shall be,
When I shall cease to love thee still—
To cheer and cherish thee !
Like ivy round the withered oak,
Though all things else decay,
My love for thee shall still be green,
And ne'er will fade away !

THE WIFIE OUTWITTED.

TUNE—"*The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

A CUNNIN' wee carlie was auld Robbie Young,
A sly pawky body that wadna be dung;
Though tied till a wifie,
The plague o' his lifie,
His tricks were a match for the wifikie's tongue.

A grocer was he, in our auld borristoun,
An' he coupt up his caupie, night, mornin', an' noon;
Aye watchin' an' joukin'
Whan she wasna lookin',
He winket an' leugh as the drappie ran down.

And aye whan the wee drap wad biz in his pow,
It set a' his couthie auld heart in a lowe;
Sae kind to the bairns,
Wha ran bits o' erran's,
A snap or a parlie he aye wad bestow.

But the wifie bethought her, sae crafty an' crouse,
An' removed the temptation to sell't ben the house;
Her pressie she lockit,
The key in her pocket,
While Robbie sat watchin' as mum as a mouse.

"Tak' warnin', ye auld drunken carlie," quo' she,
"Ye'll ken late or soon what the drinker maun dree;
Ae drap to your weazen,
Although it should gizen,
For fechtin' or fleechin' ye'll getna frae me!"

How customers gathered she couldna weel tell,
The bonny auld greybeard now ran like a well;
The change aye increasin',
She thought it a blessin',
But kentna it cam' frae auld Robbie himsel'!

O Robin was mair than a match for her still—
The whisky she took, but she left him the *till;*
He ga'e the weans siller,
An' sent them ben till her,
An' never ance wantit a glass or a gill!

An' syne how the bodie would laugh in his sleeve,
An' drink without speerin' the wifikie's leave;
It sweeten'd the drappie,
An' made him sae happy,
To think he sae weel could the wifie deceive![1]

THE CANTY, COUTHIE CHIEL.

GANG hame, ye glunchin' grumblers, gae to your beds and sleep,
Till ilk head is like a mummy, or as fozzy as a neep;
Or sit glowrin' in the ingle, seeking forms wad fley the deil,
But you'll never find the visage o' a canty, couthie chiel;
O, a canty, couthie chiel, a canty, couthie chiel,
You'll never find the visage o' a canty, couthy chiel.

We dinna like the wily loon wha slinks about sae sly,
Wi' a sneer for the laigh and a smile for the high;
For on his neebour's neck to favours he would speel,
He's spurned frae the friendship o' a canty, couthie chiel.

[1] Robbie may blame us for moralising, but we would advise him and all his drouthy successors to be moderate in their mirth, and bear in mind our national proverb, "Ne'er let the nose blush for the sins o' the mouth."—ED.

We canna thole the foplin thing, vain fashion's tinsel toy,
Our boon o' sociality he never can enjoy;
Hauding native grace as "vulgar," and freedom "ungenteel,"
He's look'd and he's lauch'd at by a canty, couthie chiel.

But wed me to the lassie kind, wha tries to humour a',
She's thrifty in the kitchen, and she's honour'd in the ha';
She can lauch at a bit joke, at a tale o' sorrow feel,
She'll mak' a right gude wifie for a canty, couthie chiel.

When the toil and the trouble o' the weary day is past,
We poker up the ingle, steek the shutters on the blast—
Sit down to our bicker, and our scones o' barley meal,
And spend the night sae merry, wi' a canty, couthie chiel.

SPIRIT OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

SPIRIT of Love and Beauty,
That breathest o'er the earth,
Where'er thou roamest, lovely flowers
Are springing into birth;
The daisy's crimson curtains,
The violet's starry eyes,
Are opening up in silent joy
And gazing on the skies.

Old Winter flies before thee,
With surly downcast looks,
As from his icy barriers
Thou free'st the murmuring brooks.
The feather'd tribe, from hedge and grove
Pour forth their grateful lays,

And lambkins on a thousand hills
Are bleating in thy praise!

And still to hail thine advent,
Far from the noisy town,
The toil-worn artisan goes forth,
Ere health and strength are flown;
In the silence of the evening
A lonely hour to pass,
Where the gowan peeps wi' modest e'e,
Frae out the dewy grass.

Sweet as the precious treasure
Within the honeycomb;
And fresh and sparkling as the dews
From morning's fruitful womb;
O'er hill and plain thou fliest,
With gladness on thy wing—
O, tarry with us yet awhile,
Sweet spirit! gentle Spring.

William Calder.

WIFE O' WILLOWDENHA'.

ORIGINAL AIR.

THE waefu' Gudewife o' the Willowdenha'
Was ance the beauty an' toast o' the parish;
Her daddie had deet and left her his a',
Her uncle had siller, an' she was his heiress—
Sic comin' an' gangin',
An' wooin', an' thrangin',
An' tynin', an' winnin',
Was ne'er i' your kennin'—

But the laddie that carry't the lassie awa',
Was Johnny Gilfillan o' Willowdenha'!

The lassie was bred in a braw borough-town,
Whar fouth o' gude manners she learn'd fu' ready;
Whar a' the new fashions frae Lon'on cam' down,
Whar a' the young misses are fine as my lady,
Wi' ribbons an' ruffles,
Wi' feathers an' muffles,
Wi' fringes an' laces,
An' pearlins an' braces—
Wi' ilka thing bonny, an' ilka thing braw,
She dazzle't the folks o' the Willowdenha'!

His daddie was vauntie, his minnie was vain,
They gied to their Johnny the house an' the haudin';
An' mickle was gotten, an' plenty was gaun,
For the back an' the belly, the day o' the waddin'—
Wi' dautin' an' kissin',
Wi' keekin' an' dressin',
Wi' jauntin' an' callin',
An' rantin' an ballin',
The day slippet ower, an' the nicht flew awa',
An' a' was fu' happy at Willowdenha'!

But wae to the wane o' the blithe hinnymoon;
The luve o' the bonny young lady miscarry't;
When the daffin was done, she gaed a' out o' tune,
An' she thocht it an unco thing now to be marry't—
An' thinkin' and ruein',
An' wishin' an' trewin',
An' frettin' an' sighin',
An' sabbin' an cryin'—
The country was dull, an' the haudin' was sma',
An' sair did she weary o' Willowdenha'!

Tho' Johnny was young and had siller fu' rife,
A braw plenish'd house, an' a weel stocket mailin';

Yet a' wadna pleasure his gentle gudewife,
An' happiness never wad enter his dwellin'—
Sae broken an' blearie,
An' daivert an' dreary,
An' gloomin' and grievin',
An' dauntet an' driven—
He sought i' the houff—whar the drouthy loons ca'—
For the peace that had fled far frae Willowdenha'!

At morning an' evening, at nicht an' at noon,
They wasted, they wair'd, an' they wrangl't wi' ither;
Till the siller, the gear, an' the credit gaed done,
An' auld uncle's penny was gi'en till another;
Then waefu' an' wearie,
An' wilfu' an' eerie—
Wi' poverty pressin',
An' a' thing distressin'—
His honour the laird he cam' in wi' the law,
An' roupet the haudin' o' Willowdenha'?

Alexander

THE FLOWER O' DONSIDE.

AIR—"*The lass wi' the bonny blue e'en.*"

OH! ken ye sweet Chirsty, the Flower o' Donside,
She's fair as the morning, and modest beside;
Sae sweet and sae sylphlike—the delicate flower
Is like her soft beauty, in summer's fair hour.
When the dim mists o' eve curtain Don's pleasant vale,
I'll pour in her chaste ear my love-burthen'd tale;
As we stray by the river's soft silvery tide,
I'll fondly caress the sweet Flower o' Donside!
Oh! ken ye sweet Chirsty, etc.

There are moments of bliss, when we feel the pure joy
And transport of loving, without grief's alloy,
Such moments as brighten sad life's weary way,
When o'er the brown heath-flower at gloamin' I stray,
And the light arm that links in my own makes me feel
A thrill of delight, which I cannot reveal—
May heaven grant me this, whate'er else may betide,
To twine with my fate the sweet Flower of Donside.
Oh! ken ye sweet Chirsty, etc.

Arch^d. A. Watson.

OH! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?

Oh! why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie.

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian maid
The bulbul[1] sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom,
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie.

Oh! here, no sabbath bell
Awakes the sabbath morn;

[1] The Nightingale.

Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn ;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slavery ;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie.

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea,
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie.[1]

THE SONG OF THE DANISH SEA-KING.

Our bark is on the waters deep, our bright blade's in our hand,
Our birthright is the ocean vast—we scorn the girdled land ;

[1] The exquisite effusion of Mr. Gilfillan, which reminds us of the "Babel Streams" of the captive Jews, we have taken, with permission, from "Original National Melodies of Scotland," by Peter M'Leod. Had our pages admitted music, the melody to which these verses are married, would have been given ; it is one of the finest of modern compositions, and comes with heart-melting pathos on a Scottish ear.—Ed.

And the hollow wind is our music brave, and none can bolder be
Than the hoarse-tongued tempest, raving o'er a proud and swelling sea!

Our bark is dancing on the waves, its tall masts quivering bend
Before the gale, which hails us now with the hollo of a friend;
And its prow is sheering merrily the upcurled billow's foam,
While our hearts, with throbbing gladness, cheer old Ocean as our home!

Our eagle-wings of might we stretch before the gallant wind,
And we leave the tame and sluggish earth a dim mean speck behind;
We shoot into the untrack'd deep, as earth-freed spirits soar,
Like stars of fire through boundless space—through realms without a shore!

Lords of this wide-spread wilderness of waters, we bound free,
The haughty elements alone dispute our sovereignty;
No landmark doth our freedom let, for no law of man can mete
The sky which arches o'er our head—the waves which kiss our feet!

The warrior of the land may back the wild horse, in his pride;
But a fiercer steed we dauntless breast—the untam'd ocean tide;
And a nobler tilt our bark careers, as it quells the saucy wave,
While the Herald storm peals o'er the deep the glories of the brave.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the wind is up—it bloweth fresh and free,
And every cord, instinct with life, pipes loud its fearless glee ;
Big swell the bosom'd sails with joy, and they madly kiss the spray,
As proudly through the foaming surge the Sea-King bears away !

William Motherwell

JEANIE'S GRAVE.

I SAW my true love first on the banks of queenly Tay,
Nor did I deem it yielding my trembling heart away ;
I feasted on her deep dark eye, and loved it more and more,
For, oh ! I thought I ne'er had seen a look so kind before !

I heard my true love sing, and she taught me many a strain,
But a voice so sweet, oh ! never shall my cold ear hear again.
In all our friendless wanderings—in homeless penury—
Her gentle song and jetty eye were all unchanged to me.

I saw my true love fade—I heard her latest sigh—
I wept no friv'lous weeping when I closed her lightless eye ;
Far from her native Tay she sleeps, and other waters lave
The markless spot where Ury creeps around my Jeanie's grave.

Move noiseless, gentle Ury ! around my Jeanie's bed,
And I'll love thee, gentle Ury ! where'er my footsteps tread :

For sooner shall thy fairy wave return from yonder sea,
Than I forget yon lowly grave, and all it hides from me.[1]

William Thom.

MAY MORNING SONG.

ARISE, fair maids, the east grows bright,
The ocean heaves in lines of light,
The earth is green, the lift is blue,
Arise, fair maids, and gather dew;—
'Tis May morning, as you must know,
When merry merry maids a Maying go,
A Maying go, a Maying go;
When merry merry maids a Maying go.

There's Marjory mild, and Marion meek,
And bonny Bell with her dimpling cheek;

[1] "Three mountain streamlets brawl separately down their breakneck journey, and tumble in peace together at the woods of Newton, just by Old Rayne, Aberdeenshire. This quiet confluence is the Ury. Like worn-out racers, these boisterous burns take breath, gliding along in harmonious languor some two miles or so, when the peaceful Ury is, as it were, cut through by the Gadie, a desperately crabbed-looking rivulet, raging and rumbling from Ben-na-chie. From this last annoyance Ury moves onward in noiseless sweetness, winding and winding as if aware of its own brief course, and all unwilling to leave the braes that hap the heroes of Harlaw. By and by it creeps mournfully past the sequestered grave-yard of Inverury, kisses the "Bass," and is swallowed up in the blue waters of the Don, its whole extent being only ten miles."

William Thom.

There's Grace the gay can love inspire,
And 'Liza, too, with the lily lyre,
And Fan and Nan, in gleesome row,
All merry merry maids a Maying go,
A Maying go, etc.

There's simple Ciss so soft and sweet,
And Mary mild with her milk-white feet,
There's Judith trig, and Janet trim,
And Madeline with her waist so slim!
There's Sall, and Mall, and all heigho!
All merry merry maids a Maying go,
A Maying go, etc.

There's Jill and Jen, and jinking Jean,
And winsome Win, they skiff the green,
There's blithe young Bess with her locks so brown,
And kindly Kate from the borough town,
There's Sue, and Prue, and many moe,
All merry merry maids a Maying go,
A Maying go, etc.

Then away, fair maids, in the dawning's prime,
Away and gather the dews in time,
Ev'n so shall your roses bloom more bright,
Your eye reflect more heavenly light;
'Tis May morning, as all do know,
When merry merry maids a Maying go;
A Maying go, a Maying go;
When merry merry maids a Maying go.

James Telfer

HAPPY THE HEARTS.

HAPPY the hearts that did not beat
In the gloomy old guard room,
Where many a weeping maid and wife
Bewailed a hopeless doom.
There fast, fast, fell my own hot tears,
When they told me I must stay,
With a breaking heart, in a homeless land,
And my true love far away.

The route came to our warlike camp;
I sought our chieftain's hall,
I found the proud one, and before
His dark stern face did fall:—
"Oh! part not me and mine!" I cried;
But coldly answered he—
"Weeper, away! we may not take
Such silly things as thee."

The marching hour, it came at last,
How gaily their banners flew;
Loud rolled the mighty thundering drum,
And wild the bugles blew;
Whilst thousands to their windows rush'd
The stirring sight to see,
Shouting "Success to Britain's arms!"
Oh! mournful sounds for me!

Loud shouted still the multitude,
As played the merry band,
Until they reached the strong war ship
Beside the stormy strand;
There, then, amidst their ranks I rush'd,
My last farewell to take,
To kiss his manly cheek, and breathe
A prayer for his dear sake.

How close unto his heart I clung!
How much I had to say!
When loud amidst the mustering ranks,
The bugles sang, "Away!"
And away they bore him—O! my soul!
That long, that farewell cheer,
Rung like the knell of a thousand deaths
Deep in my startled ear.

I saw no more—I felt no more
For one long day and night;
Till, waking from a dreadful dream
Of death and cruel fight,
I called on him I loved to hear;
But he I loved was gone,—
And I a wretched mourner was,
In tears, and all alone.

A Macleggan

WHEN THE BEE HAS LEFT THE BLOSSOM.

ORIGINAL AIR.

WHEN the bee has left the blossom,
And the lark has closed his lay,
And the daisy folds its bosom
In the dews of gloaming grey;
When the virgin rose is bending,
Wet with evening's pensive tear,
And the purple light is blending
With the soft moon rising clear;

Meet me then, my own true maiden,
Where the wild flowers shed their bloom,
And the air, with fragrance laden,
Breathes around a rich perfume,
With my true love as I wander;
Captive led by beauty's power,
Thoughts and feelings sweet and tender
Hallow that delightful hour.

Give ambition dreams of glory,
Give the poet laurell'd fame,
Let renown in song and story
Consecrate the hero's name.
Give the great their pomp and pleasure,
Give the courtier place and power—
Give to me my bosom's treasure,
And the lonely gloaming hour.

DAFT DAYS.

"THE midnight hour is clinking, lads,
An' the douce an' the decent are winking, lads,
Sae I tell you again,
Be't weel or ill ta'en,
It's time ye were quatting your drinking, lads."

"Gae ben an' mind your gantry, Kate,
Gie's mair o' your beer, an' less bantry, Kate;
For we vow whar we sit,
That afore we shall flit,
We'll be better acquant wi' your pantry, Kate.

"The daft days are but beginning, Kate,
An' we've sworn (wad ye ha'e us be sinning, Kate?)
By our faith an' our houp,
We shall stick by the stoup,
As lang as a barrel keeps rinning, Kate.

"Through spring an' through simmer we moil it, Kate,
Through hay an' through harvest we toil it, Kate;
Sae ye ken, whan the wheel
Is beginning to squeal,
It's time for to grease or to oil it, Kate.

"Then score us anither drappy, Kate,
An' gi'e us a cake to our cappy, Kate;
For, by spigot an' pin,
It were mair than a sin
To flit when we're sitting sae happy, Kate."

Hew Ainslie

IT SPEAKS TO MY SPIRIT.

It speaks to my spirit the Voice of the Past,
As I listlessly move on my way;
And pleasures, that were far too pleasant to last,
Shine again as they did in their day.
In an isle of the West, there's a tangled retreat,
Which the sweet sun looks bashfully on,
And my soul has flown thither, in secret to meet
With the feelings of years that are gone.

Across the broad meadow, and down the green lane,
I have sped on the light foot of love,

And I stand, as I stood long ago, once again,
By the old mossy seat in the grove.
Ah! yonder's the oak-tree, and under its shade
One with looks full of welcome I see;
Yes—Yes—'tis my Ellen, in beauty arrayed,
As she was, when she first met with me.

Remembrance is rapture—nay, smile if you please,
While you point to my thin locks of gray,
Yet think not a heart, with emotions like these,
Ever knows what it is to decay.
The furrow lies deep in my time-stricken cheek,
And the life-blood rolls languidly on,
But the Voice of the Past has not yet ceased to speak
With the feelings of years that are gone.

Will. Kennedy

I ANCE WAS IN LOVE.

I ANCE was in love—maybe no lang ago—
And I lo'ed ae sweet lassie most dearly;
I sought her wee hand, but her daddy growl'd "no!"
Which stung my young heart most severely.
For he, wealthy wight, was an auld crabbit carl,
Wha held fast the grip he had got o' the warl';
So the poor plackless laddie got nought but a snarl,
For lo'eing the lassie sincerely.

But love wadna hide, and the lassie lo'ed me,
And oh! her black e'en tauld it clearly,
That she'd tak' and wed me without a bawbee,
Although she had twa hundred yearly.
So ae winter night, when her dad was asleep,

And the wind made the doors a' to rattle and cheep,
Frae out the back window she made a bit leap,
And my arms kepp'd the prize I lo'ed dearly.

Auld GRIPSICCAR wasna to haud nor to bin',
He tint a' his wee judgment nearly;
He stormed, he rampaged, he ran out, he ran in,
And he vowed we should pay for it dearly;
But time wrought a change when he saw his first *oe*,
Nae langer was heard then, the growl, and the "no!"
Our house now is Gripsiccar, Goodsir, & Co.,
While our labours are prospering yearly.

Alex Rodger

O LEEZE ME ON THEE, TIDY WIFIE.

O LEEZE me on thee, tidy wifie, canty wifie, couthie wifie,
Thou'rt the charm that binds me still
To life and a' the cares that's in't;
Never sighin', aye sae merry, aye sae winsome, aye sae lifie,
Thy laughin' heart is free frae ill,
And far thou leav'st a' cares ahint.

O lucky day when first I saw thee sittin' singin' at the cow,
The bluid a' swater't through my heart,
And I forgat to gang, I wat;
And when I cam' an' spak' awhile, and wad hae preed your bonny mou',
And swore ye war a bit divert,
Right weel I mind the skelp I gat.
O leeze me, etc.

They tell'd me how ye sune wad change, and sune wad
turn baith douf and douce
(But oh, the fules! they little kenn'd
The leal, the kindly heartie o't),
That ye wad sune forget your claes, and be a sackless
slut and sour;
Instead o' that ye darn and mend,
And ne'er an inch unseemly o't.
O leeze me, etc.

We now hae tried it mony a day, and still thy heart is
light and free,
On ilka heart that's seen warld's waes
The balm o' kindness pourin' yet,
Cares whiles keeks by our hallan cheek, and gi'es a
canker'd glower at me,
But when he sees thy happy face,
It sets him aff a stourin' yet.
O leeze me, etc.

THEY SPEAK O' WYLES.

AIR—"*Gin a bodie meet a bodie.*"

THEY speak o' wyles in woman's smiles,
An' ruin in her e'e—
I ken they bring a pang at whiles
That's unco sair to dree;
But mind ye this, the half-ta'en kiss,
The first fond fa'in' tear,
Is, heaven kens, fu' sweet amen's,
An' tints o' heaven here.

When twa leal hearts in fondness meet,
  Life's tempests howl in vain—
The very tears o' love are sweet
  When paid with tears again.
Shall sapless prudence shake its pow,
  Shall cauldrife caution fear,
An' drown that lowe, that livin' lowe,
  That lights a heaven here?

What tho' we're ca'd a wee before
  The stale "three score an' ten:"
When "Joy" keeks kindly at your door,
  Aye bid her welcome ben.
About yon blissfu' bowers above
  Let doubtfu' mortals speir,
Sae weel ken we that "Heaven is love,"
  Since love makes Heaven here.

William Thom

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERKIP.

O'ER Cowal hills the sinking sun
  Was bidding Clutha's vale guid-day,
And, from his gorgeous golden throne,
  Was shedding evening's mildest ray,
As round the Cloch I bent my way,
  With buoyant heart and bounding skip,
To meet my lass, at gloaming grey,
  Amang the shaws of Inverkip.

We met—and what an eve of bliss!
  A richer, sweeter, never flew.
With mutual vow, with melting kiss,
  And ardent throb of bosoms true:—

The bees, 'mid flowers of freshest hue,
Would cease their honeyed sweets to sip,
If they her soft sweet lips but knew—
The lovely lass of Inverkip.

Her ebon locks, her hazel eye!
Her placid brow, so fair and meek,
Her artless smile, her balmy sigh,
Her bonnie, blushing, modest cheek—
All these a stainless mind bespeak,
As pure as is the lily's tip;
Then, O, may sorrow's breath so bleak
Ne'er blight my bud of Inverkip.

Alex Rodger

A HIGHLAND MOTHER'S LAMENT.

OCH! you hafe left us a',
You're teat's a stone now, Dannie;
Ta cauld toor's on your heat,
In ta krafe wi' your krannie,
Och! ish O! Och! ish O!
Sair's ta heart o' your mither,
She would not be so fex
Hat you left put a prither.

Och! prawlie she'll hae mint
Whan ye'll ran 'mang ta heather,
Ant ta kyes ant ta sheeps
Ye'll prought hame to your mither.
Och! ish O! etc.

Ant no more will you play
"Gillie Callie" at ta wattin,

Or Shuke Corton's strathspey,
From ta kreen to ta pettin.
Och! ish O! etc.

Yesh! you nefer sait a swear,
Or a cursh to your mither;
Ant you ne'er lift your han'
All your tays to your father.
Och! ish O! etc.

Your skin was white's a milk:
Your hair was fine's a moutie;[1]
Your preath was sweeter far
Than smell of putter't croutie.
Och! ish O! etc.

Put och! noo you are teat—
Nefer more will she sawt you;
Ta cauld toor's on your heat—
Your mither's tarlin' dawtie.
Och! ish O! etc.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

TUNE—"*When the kye come hame.*"

O ASK me gin ye will where maist happy I hae been,
O ask me gin ye will where maist beauty I hae seen—
O ask me gin ye will where baith peace and joy abide?
What answer could I gie but—at my ain fireside—
At my ain fireside,
At my ain fireside,
What answer could I gie but—at my ain fireside.

[1] Mole.

I've been in touns a' round about, and places far awa',
I've seen baith courts and palaces, and royalty and a';
I've been in foreign countries, across the stormy tide,
But there's nae place in the warl' like my ain fireside,
Like my ain fireside, etc.

My ain happy hearth is the wale of a' hearth-stanes,
Surrounded by my wifie and my rosy laughing weans;
My kingdom and my throne, and my pleasure and my pride,
A heaven upon earth is my ain fireside.
Is my ain fireside, etc.

The warrior may fight, and the potentate may rule,
The philosopher may preach, and the tyrant still may snool,
The million may applaud, or the million may deride,
But I'm king aboon them a' at my ain fireside.
At my ain fireside, etc.

I would that folk were wise in the race for earthly bliss,
And value, as they ought to do, domestic happiness,
For of a' the spots on earth throughout this warl' wide,
There's nane can pleasure yield them like their ain fireside.
Like their ain fireside, etc.

My ain happy hearth is the wale of a' hearth stanes,
Surrounded by my wifie and my rosy laughing weans;
My kingdom and my throne, and my pleasure and my pride,
A heaven upon earth is my ain fireside.
Is my ain fireside,
Is my ain fireside,
A heaven upon earth is my ain fireside.

I SAID I LOVED THE TOWN.

I SAID I loved the town—and I felt the tale was true—
Beyond the spreading lawn, with its daisies dipt in dew;
For I never sought the breezy hill, the woodlands or the plain,
But my heart with rapture bounded to the busy town again.

I said I loved the town—and I thought the tale was true,
Till Jessie thence had gone, then my fancy flitted too;
The spell dissolved, like boyhood's bliss before the eye of age,
As fades before the glare of day the tinsel of the stage.

I said I loved the town—but I doubted if 'twas true,
Yet felt ashamed to own the longing strange and new,
That sighed for rural landscapes in all their varied dyes,
Exulting in the golden gleam of sunny summer skies!

I said I hate the town—and, alas! the tale was true,
It's only charm had flown when Jessie's smile withdrew;
Oh! I could love the bleakest spot on yonder mountain bare,
Beyond all else, if Jessie's eye were beaming on me there!

E. CONOLLY.

THE MOON SHONE CALMLY BRIGHT.

THE moon shone calmly bright
Upon the slumb'ring scene,
Ten thousand stars shone out that night,
Around their placid queen;
A ship hath left the shore,—
Where shall that good ship be,
Ere fill the moon one bright horn more?—
Deep—deep in the booming sea.

"Hark!—heard ye not, but now,
A wild unearthly cry?"
They ask with troubled breast and brow
And startled ear and eye—
"Was't the water-spirit's shriek?
What may that boding be?"
And a moment blanch'd the brownest cheek,
On the deep and booming sea.

"What fear?—the breeze to-night
Can scarce a ripple wake,
And slow moves our ship with her wings of white,
Like a swan o'er a moonlit lake!"
Ah! little dreamt they then
The change so soon to be,
And arose the songs of jovial men
On the deep and booming sea!

'Tis morn—but such a morn
May bark ne'er brave again,
Through vaulting billows—tempest-torn,
Toils the reeling ship in vain!
The waves are hushed and blue,
But where—oh! where is she,
The good ship with her gallant crew?
Deep—down in the booming sea!

John Gardiner

O COME AWA', JEANIE.

Music by Peter M'Leod, Esq.

O COME awa', Jeanie, and hearken to me,
Wi' the sweet winning smile o' your daddie's blithe e'e;
I'll gi'e an advice o' the best I can gi'e,
Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen to me.

O Jean, bide awa' frae that son o' the laird's,
Things sacred and virtuous he naething regards;
It is no for aught your auld minnie can name,
That he sees ye, an' e'es ye, an' follows ye hame.

Now sit ye down, Jeanie, and hearken to me,
Wi' your daddie's brent brow and your daddie's dark e'e,
I'll gi'e ye an advice o' the best I can gi'e,
Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen to me.

There's douce Johnny Lowrie, the minister's man,
But his graces and face is a wee thing ower lang,
He woo'd and beguiled a young maiden before,
O gi'e Johnny Lowrie the back o' the door.

But sit ye down, Jeanie, and hearken to me,
Your minnie can see what her bairn canna see;
I'll gi'e my advice, and it's a' I can gi'e
Sae sit ye down, daughter, and listen to me.

There's young Hughy Graham o' the Windlestrae dell,
He's blooming, and guileless, and gude, like yersel';
The Laird and John Lowrie can court ye mair free,
Without the pure lowe o' his kind loving e'e.

A' WEAR THE MASKS.

AIR—"*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

WILL SHAKSPEARE, in his witty page,
Declares that "all the world's a stage,"
And we as players a' engage,
To—whistle ower the lave o't.
The Priest humility will teach—
To poverty contentment preach—
Place rank and wealth within his reach,
He—whistles ower the lave o't.

The Doctor, wi' his drap and pill,
May, as it happens, cure or kill;
If he contrive his pouch to fill,
He'll whistle o'er the lave o't.
The learned Lawyer pawkilie,
In gown and wig, will press your plea;
But, win or lose, has fobb'd his fee,
Sae—whistles ower the lave o't.

The Actor, he "plays mony a part,"
Wi' comic shrug, or tragic start,
To glee, or grief, he bends the heart,
And—whistles ower the lave o't.
The Fiddler, wi' his magic bow,
O'er mortals, too, his spell can throw;
He screws his pegs to joy or woe,
Syne whistles ower the lave o't.

The Landlord, wi' his beer sae sma',
Nae final reckoning fears ava';
Instead o' ane he'll score you twa,
Then—whistle ower the lave o't.
The Soldier, though he drills a' day,
And right and left maun face away,
At night makes merry wi' his pay,
And—whistles ower the lave o't.

The Gangrel, on his timmer pegs,
Wha, through the day, for awmous begs,
At night will dance on twa gude legs,
And—whistle ower the lave o't.
In human life, we thus may see,
A' wear the mask in some degree;
This ane will cheat, that ither lee,
A' whistle ower the lave o't.

Charles Gray.

THE WEE WEE FLOWER.

Air by Peter M'Leod, Esq.

THE wee wee flower, the wee wee flower,
Shrinks frae the droukin' midnight shower,
But opes its leaves in sunny hour—
Slee type o' life—the wee wee flower.

The wee wee flower begins to blaw
When early draps o' spring dews fa',
But snell April aft gars it cower—
Ah! silly thing, the wee wee flower.

When opening buds a' lang for light,
The wee flower peeps wi' gowd-e'e'd sight;
An', O! it's Nature's richest dower
To deck ance mair the wee wee flower.

When elfin fairies trip the green,
Wi' dew-stars blobbin' in their e'en,
They lay them down, a' happit ower,
A' nestling in the wee wee flower.

The wee flower decks nae garden gay,
But blooms in neuks that's far away ;
It canna stand ae wild e'e's glower—
Ah ! blate young thing, the wee wee flower.

'Mang trees the wee flower rears its stem,
Cheer'd by the juice that nurtures them ;
Yet a' it tak's ne'er stints their power—
It lives on love, the wee wee flower.

But O ! the wee flower dwines an' dees,
When nither'd by the norland breeze ;
As Passion plucks frae Nature's bower,
An' leaves to dee, the wee wee flower.

James Ballantine

THE ROUGH KISS.

O ! WOMAN'S wit, O ! woman's wiles—
I would that I were free—
Far frae the magic o' your smiles,
Your winning witchery :—
Yet did I vow the fair to flee,
Their favours sweet to scorn,
I meikle doubt that I should die
A sinner sair foresworn.

Yestreen the new hairst-moon rose bright,
And ilka star, that beamed
In beauty on the brow o' night,
An angel's spirit seemed.
My weary naigs were fed and clean,
Safe hame were kye and sheep ;
Thick cam' my nightly thoughts o' Jean,
Till I fell sound asleep.

And syne I dreamed—as fools will dream—
O' wandering near a bower,
Beside a merry chaunting stream,
Wi' green banks a' in flower.
There, fairer far than bowers or brooks,
Or flowers in summer sheen,
In ane o' Nature's rosy nooks,
I met my true-love Jean.

A herdin' crook held ae white han',
A silken leash the ither,
Wi' whilk she led, frae upland lawn,
A wee lamb and its mither..
How could my heart be passion-proof
When love brought us thegither?—
The sunny sky our chamber roof,
Our couch the balmy heather.

Then—as I breathed my love—my sighs,
My words grew warmer, dearer;
And, somehow, 'tween her kind replies,
We nearer crept and nearer.
But when I preed her mou', to prove
The raptures o' my faith,
I thought the loupin' throes o' love
And joy had been my death.

Alas! soon fled the vision sweet,
The joys o' each embrace,
And I awoke, methought to meet
Auld Satan face to face:
My rosy bed, beside the brook,
Proved but a couch o' thorns;
And high, instead o' Jeanie's crook,
Towered twa lang crooked horns!

And close, instead o' Jeanie's waist,
For beauty's model meet,
I faund my twining arms embraced
Twa cloddy, cloven feet!

And what I deem'd the sweets that sprung
Frae Jeanie's honey mou',
Were lappings frae the lang rough tongue
O' auld Tam Tamson's cow!

A Macleggan

THE BONNIE KEEL LADDIE.[1]

THE bonnie keel laddie, the cannie keel laddie,
The bonnie keel laddie for me, O!
He plies at his wark, in his blue woollen sark,
An' he brings the white money tiv me, O!

Throughout the hail raw, he's the nicest iv a'
An' sey sharp is the glance iv his e'e, O!
Sey tight an' sey toppin', sey smart ay an' strappin'—
Ah! dearly he's welcome tiv me, O!

Frev his hat tiv his showe—when he's dressed braw an' new—
He's gentility's sel' tiv a tee, O!
His hue is sey bonnie, there's nane like my Johnny,
Ower a' the wide world, tiv me, O!

The cannie keel laddie, the bonnie keel laddie,
The cannie keel laddie for me, O!
My heart aye loups leet, when he comes hame at neet,
Tiv his cozie hearthstane, an' tiv me, O!

R. WHITE'S MSS.

[1] On the Tyne, the large boats are called *keels*, in which coals are conveyed down the river to the coasting vessels. *Raw* is applied to the long range of low houses erected near a colliery, for the accommodation of its workmen.

SHEAN M'NAB.

AIR—"*Lord Balgonie's Favourite.*"

Of Shean M'Nab she'll want to sing,
Ant all ta ponny flowers of Spring,
To make compare wi' Shean, she'll pring;
My tearest! sweetest Shean M'Nab!

Ta primrose, in ta tew of morn,
Ta woods ant mossy panks atorn;
But not a primrose e'er was porn
Is half so sweet as Shean M'Nab!

You'll surely hafe ta fiolet seen!
Se motest hite from kazers' e'en!
Ant blushing sweet, shust like my Shean,
My ponny, pretty Shean M'Nab.

Gran' is ta smell come from ta rose,
Ponny's ta pud she early shows,
Her plooming colour sweetly blows
Upon ta sheek of Shean M'Nab.

Ta lily is poth sweet ant fair,
Naething can wi' her compare;
Put shust ta posom of my tear,
My ponny, pretty Shean M'Nab.

Melting sweet's her tark plue e'e,
Like hare-pell on ta sunny lea,
Ant, och! ta plink is tear to me,
Ta klance of ponny Shean M'Nab.

Her preath's more sweet as meatow hay,
Or frakrant wilt thyme's flower in May,
Och! she could lif for efer aye
Upon ta lips of Shean M'Nab.

Shean's tall ant stately as ta pine,
Her form is kraceful, most tifine;
All other maitens she'll outshine,
My ponny, pretty Shean M'Nab.

Happy to pe, she coult not fail,
If nainsel' coult on Shean prefail
To shange her name to Shean M'Phail,
Ant nefer more pe Shean M'Nab.

Allen Fisher

NO SEASON THIS FOR GLOOMING.

No season this for glooming,
No season this for sorrow,
The blithe old earth is blooming,
Sweet flowers the air perfuming,
And birds sing loud, "good morrow!"

Lo! where the clouds are breaking,
And, from their fleecy bosoms,
The jovial sun awaking,
His morning draught partaking—
The dew that gems the blossoms!

Then let old Care go slumber
While here, with blue-eyed Pleasure,
Devoid of thought or cumber,
As time's hours slowly number,
We dance a jocund measure!

W Ferguson

O FOR THE MERRY MOONLIGHT HOUR!

O FOR the merry moonlight hour!
O for the hearts that warmest glow!
O for the breath of the summer flower,
Far floating in the vale below!
Hail to the clime where Beauty's power
Is stamped on every plant and tree;
Joy's rosy throne—Love's wedding bower—
Land of our choice, fair Italy!

O for the dance!—the dance at even!—
Woman's smile is loveliest then;—
O for the notes which came from Heaven,
Which came—but ne'er returned again.
Blessed be these notes! they long have striven
To keep the young heart warm and free;
And never was boon to mortals given,
Like the song of fervid Italy.

O for the morn! the glorious morn!
When souls were proud, and hopes were high,
Ere the Eagle's fiery plume was torn,
Or his course grew dark in the western sky.
That wild bird's wing is shrunk and shorn,
Yet our empire winds from sea to sea;
Fame's wandering torch o'er earth is borne,
Love's shines alone for Italy!

Then hail to the merry moonlight hour!
And joy to the hearts that warmest glow!
Ever bright be the bloom of the summer flower,
And sweet its breath in the vale below!
And long may our maidens' evening bower
Echo the song of the gay and free;
And long may Beauty's dazzling power
Reign over blooming Italy!

Will. Kennedy

THEN MOUNT THE TACKLE AND THE REEL.

OUR sport is with the salmon rod,
Fine gut, tough ravel string,
A hook of the true "Kirkby bend,"
Dark-bodied with white wing;
Dark-bodied with white wing, my boys!
A yellow bob behind,
And deep red hackle fastened round
With tinsel well entwined.
Then mount the tackle and the reel,
Is now the fisher's song,
For Bringham Dub and Carham Wheel[1]
Hold many a salmon strong.

A south-west wind that steady blows,
A dark-grey cloudy sky,
A ripple o'er the water clear,
To lead away the fly;
To lead away the fly, my boys!
There, strike! the reel goes free!
With a new run fish, as fresh and strong
As ever left the sea.
Then mount, etc.

The yielding rod bends like a bow,
And lifts him from his hold,
With quivering pull, and bounding leap,
Or steady run so bold;
The steady run so bold, my boys!
As through the stream he flies,
Tells with what energy he fights
Before a salmon dies.
Then mount, etc.

Reel up, reel up! one sullen plunge,
He takes out line no more,

[1] Celebrated pools or *holds* for salmon on the Tweed.

Head down the stream! then haul him in!
He gasps upon the shore;
He gasps upon the shore, my boys!
His weight an English stone,
As beautiful a thing in death
As eye e'er gazed upon.
Then mount, etc.

The sport is o'er! and home we go,
A bumper round we bear,
And drink "The face we never saw,
But may it prove as fair!"[1]
But may it prove as fair! my boys,
Each fisher drinks with glee,
And benisons to-morrow's sport,
That it may be better be.
Then mount, etc.

Mr A. Foster

THE FLOWER O' THE AYR.

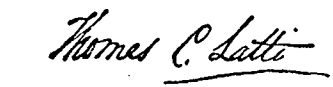
I WALK'D out yestreen, when the e'enin' was fa'in',
A lingering glory yet played on the sea,
The woods were sae still, no a zephyr was blawin',
The sang o' the lav'rock was hushed on the lea.
Awa' from the town, wi' its din and its folly,
I kent na, and cared na, how far I had gane,
The night was sae peacefu', the hour was sae holy,
The spirit o' nature and I were alane.

I thought on the days when I stray'd wi' my Jessie,
While birds lilted sweet on the banks of the Ayr,
When Hope's fairy visions were shared wi' my lassie,
And life was as happy as simmer was fair.

[1] Fishers' toast.

Sad was my heart, for again I was roamin'
Through scenes that were dear in the days o' langsyne,
And Mem'ry flew back to the still simmer gloamin',
When, press'd to my bosom, she vowed to be mine.

There was the burnie yet, fring'd with the breckan;
There was the bank where she sat on my knee;
There was the birken bower, sad and forsaken,
Where aft she had lookit sae fondly on me;
But where is my lassie, O where is my Jessie?
Ah! cruel echoes, ye mock my despair;
Nor sunshine may cheer me, nor tempests can fear me—
Oh, soon may I lie wi' the Flower o' the Ayr.



GLENORCHY.

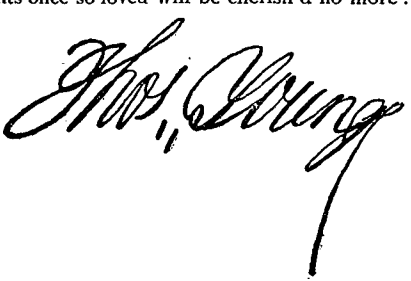
O WILD singing spirit of Glenorchy's lone vale,
Why ceased is thy music, why gone is thy tale?
Has thy bard sunk to slumber with those who are gone,
That I hear not his harp, with its heart-stirring tone?
Round the towers of Kilchurn thy murmur sweeps low,
But 'tis lost in the lake of Glenorchy's loud flow;
Thy name and existence they flit fast away,
And thy bard and his numbers have gone to decay!

Has no minstrel e'er given thy praises to fame?
Are thy scenes doom'd to die, like thy perishing name?
Are those haunts doom'd to fade, like the quick-passing flower
That blooms into beauty and dies in an hour?
From thy cloud on the mountain I hear thee reply:—
"Many bards have I had in the ages gone by;
But the Sassenach loved not our wild Highland strain,
And the Gael's native music was wasted in vain!"

But yet on thy lonely braes, thrilling afar
The soft notes of love, and the loud tones of war,
By thy shepherds awaken'd, may still there be heard,
Re-echoing sweetly the tones of thy bard.
And often, when o'er Ben Cruachan in light
The moon sheds her silvery rays on the night,
She sees her attendant stars shine in the deep
Of thy long inland waters, as softly they sleep.

And she hears through the silence of ages gone past,
The echoes of harps chiming lone on the blast;
They speak of the glory that's faded away,
And mournful's the sound of their lingering lay!
When the thick falling dews seemed to swell the bright
stream,
And the waterfall tinkled beneath the moonbeam,
When the long summer nights seemed still longer to stay,
And the glory of evening was brighter than day.

Then the fairies in splendid array would advance,
As they glided along in their wild mystic dance,
And the music of spirits by mortals unseen
Sounded sweet with their mirth as they danced on the
green.
But the music has ceased, and the fairies are gone,
And the scene only mourns in its beauty alone;
Neglect with her shadow now closes it o'er,
And the haunts once so loved will be cherish'd no more?



SANDYFORD HA'.

AIR—"*Laird o' Cockpen.*"

YE'LL a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha',
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha';
When summer returns wi' her blossoms sae braw,
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

This dwelling, though humble, is airy and clean,
Wi' a hale hearty wifie baith honest and bien,
An' a big room below for the gentry that ca',—
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.
A wooden stair leads to the attics aboon,
Whar ane can look out to his friends in the moon,
Or rhyme till saft sleep on his eyelids shall fa',—
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

An' when a lang day o' dark care we ha'e closed,
An' our heart wi' the bitter ingredient is dozed,
We'll puff our Havana, on Hope we will ca',
An' our chief guest be Pleasure at Sandyford Ha'.
Ye'll no need to ask me to sing you a sang,
For the wee thochtless birdies lilt a' the day lang;
The lintie, the laverock, the blackbird an' a',
Ilk' day ha'e a concert at Sandyford Ha'.

There's palace-like mansions at which ye may stare,
Where Luxury rolls in her saft easy-chair,—
At least puir folks think sae,—their knowledge is sma',
There's far mair contentment at Sandyford Ha'.
There's something romantic about an auld house,
Where the cock ilka morning keeps crawing fu' crouse,
An' the kye in the byre are baith sleekit an' braw,
An' such is the case at blithe Sandyford Ha'.

In the garden we'll sit 'neath the big beechen tree,
As the sun dips his bright-burnish'd face in the sea,

Till night her grey mantle around us shall draw,
Then we'll a' be fu' cantie in Sandyford Ha'.
At morning when music is loud in the sky,
An' dew, like bright pearls, on roses' lips lie,
We'll saunter in joy where the lang shadows fa',
'Mang the sweet-scented groves around Sandyford Ha'.

Andrew Park

RANTIN' ROBIN, RHYMIN' ROBIN.

AIR—"*Dainty Davie.*"

WHEN Januar' winds were ravin' wil'
O'er a' the districts o' our isle,
There was a callant born in Kyle,
And he was christen'd Robin.
Oh Robin was a dainty lad,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin;
It made the gossips unco glad
To hear the cheep o' Robin.

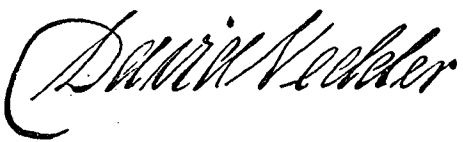
That ne'er-to-be-forgotten morn,
When Coila's darling son was born,
Auld Scotland on her stock-an'-horn
Play'd "welcome hame" to Robin.
And Robin was the blithest loon,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
That ever sang beneath the moon,—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

Fame stappin' in ayont the hearth,—
Cried, "I foresee your matchless worth,
And to the utmost ends o' earth
I'll be your herald, Robin!"

And well she did emblaze his name,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
In characters o' livin' flame,—
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

The Muses round his cradle hung,
The Graces wat his infant tongue,
And Independence wi' a rung,
Cried—"Redd the gate for Robin!"
For Robin's soul-arousing tones,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
Gar'd tyrants tremble on their thrones,
We'll a' be proud o' Robin!

Then let's devote this night to mirth,
And celebrate our Poet's birth;
While Freedom preaches i' the earth,
She'll tak' her text frae Robin!
Oh! Robin's magic notes shall ring,
Rantin' Robin, rhymin' Robin,
While rivers run and flowerets spring
Huzza! huzza for Robin!!



PEGGY PENN.

A CUMBERLAND BALLAD.

AIR—"*The Barley Bree.*"

THE muin shone breet, the tudder neet;
The kye wer milkt; aw wark was duin;
I shavet mysel', an' cwomt my hair,
Flang aff the clogs, pat on greas'd shoon;

The clock strack eight, as out I stule,
The rwoad I tuik reet weel I ken,
An' crosst the watter, clam the hill,
In whopes to meet wi' Peggy Penn.

When i' the wood, I heard two talk,
They cutter't on, but rather low;
I hid mysel' ahint a yek,
An' Peggy wid a chap suin saw:
He smackt her lips; she cried, "Give ower!
We lasses aw are pleag't wi' men!"
I tremblin' stuid, but dursen't speak,
Tho' fain I'd coddelt Peggy Penn!

He cawt her Marget, sometimes Miss,
He spak' queyte feyne,[1] an' kisst her han';
He braggt ov aw his fadder hed—
I seeght; for we've nae house or lan'!
Said he, "My dear, I've seen you oft,
An' watch'd you link thro' wood an' glen,
With one George Moor, a rustic boor,
Not fit to wait on sweet Miss Penn!"

She drew her han', an' turnt her roun',
"Let's hae nae mair sic talk!" says she,
"Tho' Gwordie Muir be nobbet puir,
He's dearer nor a prince to me!
Mey fadder scauls mworn, nuin, an' neet,
Mey mudder fratches sair; what then?—
Aw this warl's gear cud niver buy
Frae Gworge the luve ov Peggy Penn!"

"O, Miss!" says he, "forget such fools,
Nor heed the awkward, stupid clown;
If such a creature spoke to me,
I'd quickly knock the booby down!"

[1] A would-be dandy.

"Come on!" says I, "thy strenth e'en try,
Suin heed ower heels sic tuils I'd sen';
Lug off thy cwoat, I'll feght aw neeght
Wi' three leyke thee for Peggy Penn!"

Now off he flew; mey airms I threw
About her waist; away we went;
I axt her if she durst be meyne;
She squeezt my han' an' gev consent?
We talkt, an' jwokt, as lovers sud,
We partet at their awn byre en',
An' ere anudder month be ower,
She'll change to Muir frae Peggy Penn![1]

Robert Anderson.

[1] We are indebted to our friend, James Steele, Esq., editor and proprietor of the *Carlisle Journal*, for the following biographical notice of the Cumberland bard. Many of Mr. Anderson's pieces appeared first in that journal.—ED.

"The author of this ballad, which we believe has never before appeared in type, was born at Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland, on the 1st of February 1770, in a suburb of the city called Damside. His parents were very poor, and burthened with a large family; and Robert, being the youngest of nine children, received his early education at a charity school of the humblest pretensions. While yet a child, he used to spend his winter evenings by the fireside of an old Highland woman, who lived near the house of his parents, listening with wonder and delight to the 'wild Scottish ballads' she sung to him; and from this circumstance he says he 'imbibed the love of song,' which clung to him through life. Before he was ten years of age, he was sent to labour, as an assistant to an elder brother, a calico printer; and, when thirteen years old, was bound apprentice as a pattern-drawer in the same business. At the end of his apprenticeship, he went to London, and was first induced to become a song-writer by hearing some wretched songs, 'in a mock-pastoral, Scottish style,' sung at Vauxhall Gardens. His first effusions were set to music by Mr. Hook, and, to his great gratification, sung at Vauxhall by Master Phelps. He returned to Carlisle in 1796, and ten years afterwards he published his first volume of

JEAN MUNRO.

AIR—"*Jock o' Hazledean.*"

O HAE ye seen the lily fair, wak'd by the morning beam,
Bending its head sae modestly aboon the bickering stream;
Or hae ye seen the e'ening star at gloaming brightly glow?
Then hae ye seen the fairy form o' bonnie Jean Munro.

Her cheek is like the mellow fruit, just drapping frae the tree,
And there's a silent witch'ry in the twinkle o' her e'e;
And frae her brent and polished brow, her glossy ringlets flow,
That clust'ring shade the snaw-white breast o' bonnie Jean Munro.

The miser who exultingly looks on his glittering store,
And feels, throughout his frozen veins, a thrill of transport pour,
The rushing tide of happiness he would at once forego,
For ae kiss o' the balmy lips o' bonnie Jean Munro.

ballads in the Cumberland dialect. He soon afterwards went to Belfast to follow his profession, and continued to write ballads and other poetical pieces, which were published in the Belfast and Carlisle newspapers. He again returned to his native place in 1820, to which he was welcomed by a public dinner. A subscription was set on foot to publish his works, from which it was expected that a sum might be raised to secure him an annuity for life. The works were printed in two volumes, but the profits upon them were very small, and poor Anderson had at last to be preserved from the workhouse by a trifling annual subscription raised amongst a few of his admirers. He died on the 26th September 1833, and a marble bust of him has been placed in the aisle of St. Mary's Cathedral, Carlisle. His poetical powers were not of a very high order; but he had a keen perception of character, and has depicted the manners and customs of 'canny Cumberland,' in his ballads, with extraordinary vigour and truth."

Care hath his furrows deeply set upon my altered cheek,
And wintry Time blawn o'er my head his blasts baith cauld and bleak;
But could I to my cheek restore Youth's gladsome ruddy glow,
Blithe would I be life's path to tread wi' bonnie Jean Munro.

Wm Finlay

POLLY CUSHANE.

O! PROTESTANT Billy was handsome and tall,
His shoulders were broad, and his ankles were small;
There was not in our country so frisky a blade,
And by nature he was a true jintleman made.
And a waltin' the Gallachers many times got,
When they offered to tramp on the tails of his coat;
But yet this bould rover got bound in love's chain,
And kilt by the blue eyes of Polly Cushane.

At her father's fireside, for a long winter's night,
To talk wid his Polly was all his delight—
And there they kept titterin' and botherin' still,
Till the grey eye of morning peep'd over the hill.
Billy's bosom with love was burning and dry,
For all that it drank from each glance of her eye,
Which glisten'd and laugh'd like the flower after rain—
"Och! you're fresher and fairer, my Polly Cushane."

Wid a slap on his cheek, she smiling would say,
"'Tis late now, you rogue, so be off and away;"
Then Billy replies, "Faith, my darlint, that's thrue—
But how can I sleep, for a dhraming of you?"

"Go—spalpeen!" her ould father bawls in a rage;
Then Polly would pant like a bird in a cage,
While Protestant Bill kiss'd her red lips again,—
"Good night and good luck, my sweet Polly Cushane."

AULD EPPIE.

AULD Eppie, puir bodie, she wons on the brae,
In yon little cot-house, aneath the auld tree;
Far off frae a' ithers, an' fu', fu' o' flaws,
Wi' rough divot sunks haudin' up the mud wa's;
The storm-tatter'd riggin,' a' row'd here an' there,
An' the reekit lum-framin', a' broken an' bare,
The lang ruggit eaves hangin' down the laigh door,
An' ae wee bit winnock, a'maist happit ower;
The green boor-tree bushes a' wavin' aroun'
An' grey siller willow-wands kissin' the grun'!

"Auld Eppie's a weird-wife," sae runs the rude tale,
For ae nicht some chiels comin' hame frae their ale
Cam' in by her biggin', an', watchin' apart,
They saw Eppie turnin' the beuk o' black art;
An' O!—the douf soun's and the *uncos* that fell,
Nae livin' cou'd think o', nae language cou'd tell.
Nae body leuks near her unless it may be
Whan cloudie nicht closes the day's darin' e'e,
That some, wi' rewards an' assurance, slip ben,
The weels an' the waes o' the future to ken!

Auld Eppie'e nae spaewife, tho' she gets the name;
She's wae for hersel', but she's wae'er for them;

For tho' ne'er a frien'ly foot enters her door,
She is blest wi' a frien' in the Friend o' the Poor.
Her comfort she draws frae the VOLUME O' LICHT,
An' aye reads a portion o't mornin' an' nicht—
In a' crooks an' crosses she calmly obeys,
E'en seasons o' sorrow are seasons o' praise;
She opens an' closes the day on her knee—
That's a' the strange sicht onie bodie can see.

ON A SWEET LOVELY ISLE.

ON a sweet lovely isle, in some calm peaceful sea,
'Mid the billows at rest, thy fair dwelling should be;
Far from cities and towns, with their tumult and strife,
With the birds and the flowers thou should'st pass thy young life;
Where the flower on the sward, and the bird on the tree,
Alone gave its song and its beauty to thee,—
Fit abode is such gem, on the bright ocean's brow,
For a creature so sweet and so lovely as thou.

Where the bounties of nature are scatter'd around,
And each bush and each tree with rich fruitage is crown'd;
Where the insects and birds—as they sport on the wing—
Rejoice in a constant duration of spring;
Where the streamlet—that murmurs in beauty along—
Glads thy brow with its coolness, thine ear with its song,
And all nature around wears her gaudiest vest,
To welcome so good and so gentle a guest.

Where the sea that encircles that fair peaceful land,
Never breaks with rude surge on the bright golden sand,
But the happy young wavelets, that sparkle so sweet,
Dance wild in their glee ere thy break at thy feet:

A region of bliss—where no restless commotion
Within, on the land, or without, on the ocean;—
Fit emblem that land, and fit emblem that sea,
Of a creature so pure and so peaceful as thee.

Where nature reposes—below and on high—
In the green of the sea and the blue of the sky;
Where the sun loves to pour on the fairest of isles
The first of his rays and the last of his smiles,
And ere the bright glory has sunk in the west,
Throws a mantle of gold round the isle he loves best—
There to spend all my days—oh! the rapture—the bliss!
With a creature so pure, on an island like this.

O, WE'LL KEEP OUR HEARTS ABOON.

AIR—"*O why should old age so much wound us, O.*"

O WE'LL keep our hearts aboon i' the bearing o't,
O we'll keep our hearts aboon i' the bearing o't;
Though our pows are turning grey, and life's fleeting fast away,
Yet we'll never cut it short wi' the fearing o't.

O our friendship it began when our years were but few,
O our friendship it began when our years were but few;
Now many a year we've seen, wi' the warld white and green,
Yet every time we've met, still our happiness is seen.

Though we're neither lairds nor lords, yet the warld it is wide,
Though we're neither lairds nor lords, yet the warld it is wide,

And the merle's i' the wud, and the lav'rock's i' the clud,
And our cantie wee bit housikie by yon burnie side.

Let the warld just rin round i' the auld way o't,
Let the warld just rin round i' the auld way o't;
And the puir conceited fool, and the cauld and envious
snool,
We've still a laugh to spare them in our blithe way o't.

James Telfer

JEANIE KELLY.

"HEY Jeanie Kelly, where hae ye been, I'd wate?
Howe Jeanie Kelly, where hae ye been sae late?"
"It's I've been in the greenwood meetin' Johnie Gray,
O I can meet my Johnie either night or day.
Hey the bonnie greenwood, ho the bonnie greenwood,
It's there I'll meet my Johnie either night or day."

"Does he speak ye kindly, telling tales o' love,
Or is he ane o' thae wad woman's weakness prove?"
"O yes, he speaks me kindly, kissing when we part,
Of a' the lads my Johnie's dearest to my heart.
I' the bonnie greenwood, etc.
Of a' the lads, etc.

"His speech is aye sae modest, and his very e'e
Tell's aye what he's meanin', at least it does to me;
And when we gang thegither, my arm link'd into his,
I mind na what the sorrow or care o' this warld is,
I' the bonnie greenwood, etc.

"O he has vow'd to lo'e me, and lo'e nane but me,
This gowden ring he's gi'en me a pledge of faith to be;
He said, Will ye be mine? I couldna say him nay,
'Twas in the bonnie greenwood I wan my Johnie Gray.
Hey the bonnie greenwood, etc.
'Twas in, etc.

WINTER.

Now the tops of the Ochils are chilly with snow,
But houses are warm in the valleys below;
The roofs are all white in their winter's attire,
But firesides are cosy with long flaming fire.

Old Boreas, the storesman of snow and of hail,
Sifts down from his bolter dire drift on our vale,
With rain-drops at his nose and ice gauds at his ears,
He but heightens our joys when his grimness appears.

He may gowl till he gasp; he may fret till he freeze
All the burns in their beds, in their channels the seas;
But the warmth of our hearts, as in friendship they glow,
He never can cool with his frost and his snow.

In summer we garnish our goblets with flowers,
And we sit all the even amid our rose bowers;
In winter our hearts the more merrily mingle,
And cuddle more close round the bowl and the ingle.

Then here's to the man that doth temper a wee
His wisdom with folly, his douceness with glee;
Whose heart, tried the more, but the better doth prove,
Aye happy with lore, and aye kindly with love.

W. T.

O LIST THE MAVIS' MELLOW NOTE.

Oh! list the mavis' mellow note
Frae 'mang the aspen leaves,
While, big wi' sang, his swelling throat
An' mottled breastie heaves.
Oh! sweetly pours the bonnie bird
His music wild and free,
But, Mary, sang was never heard
Could wile my heart frae thee.

The last bright tints o' sunset fair
Gleam on the distant hill;
Like threads o' polish'd silver there
Glow many a streaming rill.
The flowers smell sweet when gloaming grey
Sends dews across the lea—
Nae odours sweet or colours gay
Can wile my heart frae thee.

The blithsome lambs will sport at e'en
On mony a broomy knowe,
And through the gowan'd glen sae green
The mountain stream will row.
The trouts that sport aneath its wave
Unguiled may live for me;
Nae hackle bright, or harle grave,
Can wile my heart frae thee.

Beneath the gloaming's mellow light
The landscape fair may lie;
The laverock in his yirthward flight
May cleave the gowden sky;
And Nature, baith wi' sicht and sound,
May pleasure ear and e'e,
But, Mary, lass, the warld's bound
Hauds nought sae dear to me.

SANDY ALLAN.

AIR—"*Saw ye Johnny coming?*"

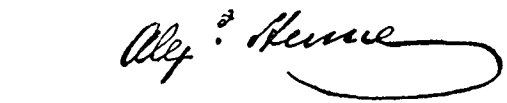
WHA is he I hear sae crouse,
  There ahint the hallan?
Whase skirlin' rings thro' a' the house,
  Ilk corner o' the dwallin'.
O! it is ane, a weel kent chiel,
  As mirth e'er set a bawlin',
Or filled a neuk in drouthy biel,—
  It's canty Sandy Allan.

He has a gaucy kind guidwife,
  This blithsome Sandy Allan,
Wha lo'es him meikle mair than life,
  And glories in her callan'.
As sense an' sound are ane in sang,
  Sae's Jean an' Sandy Allan;
Twa hearts, yet but ae pulse an' tongue,
  Hae Luckie an' her callan'.

To gie to a', its aye his rule,
  Their proper name an' callin';
A knave's a knave—a fule's a fule,
  Wi' honest Sandy Allan.
For ilka vice he has a dart,
  An' heavy is it's fallin';
But aye for worth a kindred heart
  Has ever Sandy Allan.

To kings a knee he winna bring,
  Sae proud is Sandy Allan;
The man wha rightly feels is king
  O'er rank wi' Sandy Allan.
Auld nature, just to show the warl'
  Ae truly honest callan';

She strippit til't, and made a carle,
And ca'd him Sandy Allan.



WOMAN'S WARK WILL NE'ER BE DUNE.

WOMAN'S wark will ne'er be dune,
Although the day were e'er sae lang;
Sae meikle but, sae meikle ben,—
But for her care a' wad gae wrang:
And aiblins a poor thriftless wight
To spend the gear sae ill to won,
Aft gars an eident thrifty wife
Say "Woman's wark will ne'er be dune."

We little think, in youthfu' prime,
When wooing, what our weird may be;
But aye we dream, and aye we hope,
That blithe and merry days we'll see:
And blithe and merry might we be—
But when is heard the weary tune,
"The morn it comes, the morn it gaes,
But woman's wark will ne'er be dune."

I've been at bridals and at feasts,
When care was in the nappy drowned;
The world might sink, or it might swim,
Man, wife and weans were a' aboon't;
But—wae's my heart to think upon't!
The neist day brought the waefu' croon,—
"Come bridals, or come merry feasts,
A woman's wark will ne'er be dune."

Twa bairnies toddlin' at the fit,
An' aiblins ane upon the knee,
Gar life appear an unco faught,
An' mony hae the like to dree;
But cherub lips an' kisses sweet
Keep aye a mither's heart aboon,
Although the owercome o' the sang
Is "Woman's wark will ne'er be dune."[1]

R. Allan

[1] The foregoing lines are from the pen of the late Robert Allan, of the parish of Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, some of whose lyrical productions have long been deservedly popular all over Scotland—such as, "The bonnie built Wherry," "The Covenanter's Lament," "Haud awa' frae me, Donald," etc. Mr. Allan followed through life the humble occupation of a handloom weaver; and during his leisure hours he occasionally amused himself in poetical composition, the fruits of which appeared in a volume, which was published by subscription in 1836, but which scarcely remunerated the author. The principal poem in the volume is entitled, "An Address to the Robin." It is written in the Scottish dialect, and is, from beginning to end, a burst of homely and tender recollections, blended with the associations of boyhood, and "coming events," which seem to have cast their shadow over the mind of the amiable writer. He was the father of a numerous family. His youngest son—the only one of the family remaining unmarried—a young man of great promise as a portrait painter, left this country for America. The father could not remain behind the child of his old age. He bade farewell to his native land, and accompanied the young adventurer—only, alas! to die with his foot upon the shores of the New World. He arrived at New York on the 1st of June 1842, and died there six days afterwards, from the effects of a cold caught on the banks of Newfoundland. Allan was one of the most single-hearted beings that ever lived, and much of this character is reflected in his poems. We have had placed at our disposal a carefully written sketch of the history and career of the poet, from the pen of his son-in-law, Mr. John M'Gregor, of Lochwinnoch, a gentleman of considerable literary attainments, and we regret that its extreme length hinders

THE TRYSTING TREE.

THE trysting tree, the trysting tree,
O dear that gnarly trunk to me!
My saul hath been in heaven hie
When wooing 'neath the trysting tree.

The birds lay silent in their nests,
The flowers lay faulded on the lea,
An' a' was still, save our twa breasts,
Warm throbbing 'neath the trysting tree.

We sigh'd, we blush'd, but a' was hush'd,
For no ae word to spare had we;
But ae chaste kiss spak' a' our bliss,
Aneath the dear auld trysting tree.

We made nae tryst, we changed nae vows
But, aye when daylight closed his e'e,
We somehow met aneath the boughs
O' that auld kindly trysting tree.

us from laying it before the reader. From it we learn that the various members of the Allan family have long been distinguished in their neighbourhood for their superior intelligence, general ability, and upright, honourable conduct. Old Robin moved among them not as a father, but as a brother. Indeed, he lived only in the affections and good opinion of his friends: without these, existence would have been to him a bitter burden. The following anecdote evinces the unaffected simplicity of the man:—Mr. Robertson, our publisher, took him, a short time before he left this country, to see the Glasgow City Hospital. On their way, the former introduced him to the Rev. Mr. Gordon, a talented and much esteemed Roman Catholic clergyman in Glasgow. "I am glad to be introduced to you, Mr. Allan," said Mr. Gordon. "And so am I to be made acquainted with you, sir. Really, it's hard to say, when we rise in the morning, what sort o' company we may meet wi' before nicht." Mr. Allan was aged sixty-seven; he was born at Kilbarchan, 4th November 1774.

But grief an' time hae wrought sad wark
Upon that dear auld tree an' me;
The light that lit my soul is dark,
The leaves hae left the trysting tree.

The trysting tree, the trysting tree,
Though dear its twisted trunk to me,
It wrings my heart, and droons my e'e,
To gaze upon that trysting tree.

James Ballantine

BAULDY BUCHANAN.

O! WHA hasna heard o' blithe Bauldy Buchanan?
A hale hearty carle o' some saxty years stanin';
Gae search the hale kintra, frae Lanark to Lunnon,
Ye'll scarce find the match o' blithe Bauldy Buchanan.
For Bauldy's sae cracky, an' Bauldy's sae canty—
A frame o' threescore, wi' a spirit o' twenty—
Wi' his auld farrant tales, an' his jokin' an' funnin',
A rich an' rare treat is blithe Bauldy Buchanan.

Blithe Bauldy Buchanan's a wonderfu' drinker
O' knowledge—for he's a great reader an' thinker—
There's scarcely an author frae Bentham to Bunyan,
But has been run dry by blithe Bauldy Buchanan.
He kens a' the courses an' names o' the planets—
The secret manœuvres o' courts an' o' senates—
Can tell you what day Babel's tower was begun on;—
Sae deep read in beuks is blithe Bauldy Buchanan.

He can play on the bag-pipe, the flute, and the fiddle,
Explain ony text, or expound ony riddle;

At deep calculation, at drawin' an' plannin',
There's naebody equal to Bauldy Buchanan.
He kens how the negroes are black and thick-lippit—
How leopards are spotted—how zebras are strippit—
How maidens in Turkey sae muckle are run on ;—
Sae versed in sic matters is Bauldy Buchanan.

How the English like beer, an' the Scotch like their whisky—
How Frenchmen are temperate, lively, and frisky—
How the Turks are sae grave, an' the Greeks are sae cunnin',
Can a' be explained by blithe Bauldy Buchanan.
An' mair than a' that, he can trace out the cause
O' rain an' fair weather—o' frosts an' o' thaws—
An' what keeps the earth in its orbit still runnin' ;—
Sae wonderfu' learned is blithe Bauldy Buchanan.

When round his fireside neebours meet in the gloamin's,
An' hear him describe the auld Greeks an' the Romans—
How they battled an' fought without musket or cannon—
The folks glow'r wi' wonder at Bauldy Buchanan.
Or when he descends frae the grave to the witty,
An' tells some queer story, or sings some droll ditty,
Wi' his poetry, pleasantry, puzzlin' an' punnin',
Their sides are made sair wi' blithe Bauldy Buchanan.

But o' a' the attractions that Bauldy possesses,
His greatest attractions are twa bonnie lasses ;
'Mang a' the fine leddies frae Crail to Clackmannan,
There's nane can match Bella an' Betty Buchanan.
For O ! they're sae clever, sae frank, an' sae furthy,
Sae bonnie, sae bloomin', sae wise, an' sae worthy,
They keep the hale lads in the parish a-runnin'
An' strivin' for Bella an' Betty Buchanan.

Alex Rodger

SLY WIDOW SKINNER.

AIR—"*The Lothian Lassie.*"

O THE days when I strutted (to think o't I'm sad)
The heir to a cozy bit mailen,
When sly Widdow Skinner gat round me, the jaud!
For she thought my auld daddy was failin', was failin',
She thought my auld daddy was failin'.

I promised to tak' her for better for worse,
Though sma' was my chance to be happy,
For I found she had courtit na me, but my purse;
What's waur—that she liket a drappy, a drappy;
What's waur—that she liket a drappy.

Then ae nicht at a kirn I saw Maggy Hay,
To see her was straight to adore her;
The widow look'd blue when I pass'd her neist day,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her, speer for her,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her.

O pity my case—I was sheepishly raw,
And she was a terrible Tartar!
She spak' about "measures," and "takin' the law,"
And I set mysel' down for a martyr, a martyr,
I set mysel' down for a martyr.

I buckled wi' Mag, an' the blithe honeymoon
Scarce was ower, when the widow I met her;
She girningly whisper'd, "Hech! weel ye ha'e dune,
But, tent me, lad, I can do better, do better,
But, tent me, lad, I can do better.

"'Gin ye canna get berries, put up wi' the hools!'"
Her proverb I countit a blether;
But,—widows for ever for hookin' auld fules—
Neist week she was cry'd wi' my feyther, my feyther,
Neist week she was cry'd wi' my feyther.

A DECEMBER DITTY.

THE merry bird o' simmer's flown,
Wi' his brave companions a';
Grim Winter has the green leaf stown,
An' gifted us the snaw.

The big bough sings a dowie sang,
As it swings in the deepening drift:
An' the glint o' day just creeps alang
The ledge o' the leaden lift.

But awa' wi' words in wintry weed,
An' thoughts that bode o' ill!
What! are we o' the forest breed,
To dow wi' the daffodil?

Let's roose up, merry days we've seen,
When carping Care was dumb;
Let's think on flowers and simmers green—
There's Julys yet to come!

Though my lair is in a foreign land,
My friends ayont the sea,
There's fushion in affection's band
To draw them yet to me!

Hew Ainslie

CAN'T YOU BE ASY?[1]

AIR—"*Arrah, Catty, now, can't you be asy?*"

OH what stories I'll tell when my sodgering's o'er,
And the gallant Fourteenth is disbanded;
Not a drill nor parade will I hear of no more,
When safely in Ireland landed.
With the blood that I spilt—the Frenchmen I kilt,
I'll drive the young girls half crazy;
And some 'cute one will cry, with a wink of her eye
Mister Free, now—"*why can't you be asy?*"

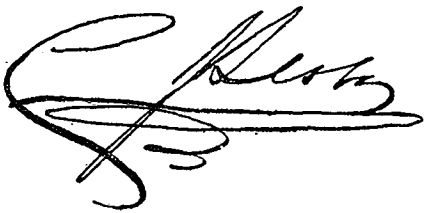
I'll tell how we routed the squadrons in fight,
And destroyed them all at "Talavera,"
And then I'll just add, how we finished the night,
In learning to dance the "bolera;"
How by the moonshine, we drank rael wine,
And rose next day fresh as a daisy;
Then some one will cry, with a look mighty sly,
"Arrah, Mickey—*now can't you be asy?*"

I'll tell how the nights with Sir Arthur we spent,
Around a big fire in the air too,
Or maybe enjoying ourselves in a tent,
Exactly like Donnybrook fair, too;
How he'd call out to me—"Pass the wine, Mr. Free,
For you're a man never is lazy!"
Then some one will cry, with a wink of her eye,
"Arrah, Mickey dear—*can't you be asy?*"

I'll tell, too, the long years in fighting we passed,
Till Mounseer asked Bony to lead him;
And Sir Arthur, grown tired of glory at last,
Begged of one Mickey Free to succeed him.

[1] Taken, with permission, from "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon."

"But, acushla," says I, "the truth is I'm shy!
There's a lady in Ballynacrazy!
And I swore on the book—" he gave me a look,
And cried, "Mickey—*now can't you be asy?*"



NOW SANDY MAUN AWA'.[1]

AIR—"*There's nae luck about the house.*"

THE drum has beat the *General*,
Now Sandy maun awa',
But first he gaes the lasses roun',
To bid God bless them a'!
Down smirking Sally's dimpled cheek
The tears begin to fa':—
"O Sandy, I am wae to think
That ye maun leave us a'."

Poor Maggy sighs, and sings the sang
He lik'd the best of a',
And hopes by that to ease her heart
When Sandy's far awa'.
Alake! poor silly maiden,
Your skill in love's but sma';

[1] This piece is from Miss Blamire's poetical works, collected by Henry Lonsdale, M.D., with prefatory memoir and notes by Patrick Maxwell, Esq.

We shouldna think o' auld langsyne
When sweethearts are awa'.

In blithsome Nancy's open heart
His looks ha'e made a flaw,
An' yet she vows the men a' loons,
An' Sandy warst of a'!
Now Jenny she affects to scorn,
An' sneers at their ill fa';
She reckons a' the warld thinks
She likes him best of a'!

At gentle Kitty's weel-kenn'd door
He ca'd the last ava',
Because his heart bade him say mair
To her, than to them a'.
Now Sandy's ta'en his bonnet off,
An' waves fareweel to a',
An' cries, "Just wait till I come back,
An' I will kiss ye a'!"

THE GATHERING.

RISE! rise! lowland and highlandmen!
Bald sire to beardless son, each come, and early;
Rise! rise! mainland and islandmen,
Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie:
Down from the mountain steep—
Up from the valley deep—

Out from the clachan, the bothy, and shieling—
Bugle and battle-drum,
Bid chief and vassal come,
Bravely our bagpipes the pibroch is pealing!
Rise! rise! etc.

Men of the mountains! descendants of heroes!
Heirs of the fame as the hills of your fathers;
Say, shall the Southern—the Sassenach fear us,
When to the war-peal each plaided clan gathers?
Too long on the trophied walls
Of your ancestral halls,
Red rust hath blunted the armour of Albin;
Seize then, ye mountain Macs,
Buckler and battle-axe,
Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Breadalbane!
Rise! rise! etc.

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?
When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart;
Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal!
Chief of Clanronald,
Donald M'Donald!
Lovat! Lochiel! with the Grant and the Gordon!
Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on!
Rise! rise! etc.

BONNIE MARY JAMIESON.

AIR—"*Carle, now the king's come.*"

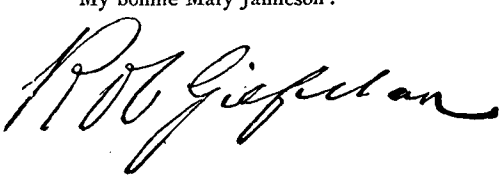
BONNY Mary Jamieson,
Fairest flow'ret 'neath the sun!
Joy attend thee, lovely one—
Bonnie Mary Jamieson!

Weave a garland diadem—
Roses, from their flowery stem,
Wi' dew-drops glittering, mony a gem,
For bonnie Mary Jamieson!
Bonnie Mary Jamieson, etc.

Bring the lily frae the lea,
The scented flower from hawthorn tree,
And they shall be a wreath for thee,
My bonnie Mary Jamieson!
Bonnie Mary Jamieson, etc.

When the sun glides down the west,
And feather'd songsters seek their nest,
I'll meet wi' her whom I lo'e best—
My bonnie Mary Jamieson!
Bonnie Mary Jamieson, etc.

And when the wintry tempests blaw,
Drifting round the whitening snaw,
I'll laugh the angry storm awa',
Wi' bonnie Mary Jamieson.
Bonnie Mary Jamieson,
Fairest flow'ret 'neath the sun,
Joy attend thee! lovely one,
My bonnie Mary Jamieson!



MY HEATHER LAND.

AIR—"*Black Watch.*"

MY heather land, my heather land,
My dearest prayer be thine,
Although, upon thy hapless knowes
There breathes nae friend o' mine.
The lanely few that Heaven had spared
Now tread a foreign strand,
An' I maun wait to weep wi' thee,
My dear-loved heather land!

My heather land, my heather land,
"Though fairer lands there be,"
Your gow'nie braes in early days
Were gowden scenes to me!
Maun life's poor boon gae dark'ning down,
Nor set whar it first dawn'd—
But find a grave ayont the wave?
Alas! my heather land!

My heather land, my heather land,
Thy chillin' winter pours
Its freezin' breath round fireless hearth,
Whar breadless misery cow'rs.
Yet breaks the light that soon shall blight
The reiver's ruthless hand,
An' rampant tyranny shall cease
To blight our heather land.

William Thom

SWEET SERAPH OF THE PEACEFUL BROW.

SWEET seraph of the peaceful brow,
And of the starry eye,
'Tis long since aught so fair as thou
Hath left yon azure sky.
And long ere one so good and bright
These eyes again may meet,
Or know the thrill of wild delight,
To gaze on aught so sweet.

How I have loved 'twere vain to tell,
Yet deep that love must be,
When nought on earth may break the spell
That binds this heart to thee.
Should years of absence o'er us lash
Their surges as they roll,
Not all the waves of time shall wash
Thy mem'ry from my soul.

No star e'er shone to pilgrim's eyes
So bright, so fair to see,
As when I watched thy beauty rise
A star of hope to me.
Away from whose soft peaceful rays
The eye may ne'er remove,
But rests, with still admiring gaze,
On thee, sweet star of love.

And ever, through life's troubled night,
The bliss will still be mine
To turn my gaze from others' light,
And fix mine eyes on thine.
For even at last, if hope and love
Could in this bosom die,

Thy peaceful beauty still would prove
A star of memory.

THE MARLED MITTENS.

AIR—"*Johnny Dow.*"

MY aunty Kate raucht down her wheel,
That on the bauks had lien fu' lang;
Sought out her whorles an' her reel,
An' fell to wark wi' merry bang.
She took her cairds, an' cairdin' skin,
Her walgie[1] fu' o' creeshie woo',
An' rave awa' wi' scrivin' din,
An' mixed it wi' a hair o' blue.

Bedeen the spokes she eident tirled,
Wi' virr the rim an' spinnle span;
And syne the rows to threads were whirled,
As back an' fore the floor she ran.
Wi' baith my een I stood and glow'r'd,
An' ferlied what she neist wad do,
As lichtsome ower the floor she scour'd,
An' blithely lilted "Tarry woo."

Syne frae the wheel, and eke the reel,
The aefauld yarn was ta'en awa',
To the yarnits[2] neist, to lay an' twist—
Ilk clew was bigger than a ba'!

[1] *Walgie*, a wool-sack made of leather.
[2] *Yarnits*, an instrument for winding yarns.

Then in twa e'enin's after dark
Her knittin' wires she ply'd wi' glee;
An' what was a' my aunty's wark?
Just marled mittens wrought for me.

John Watson

"THE MAID THAT I ADORE!"

THE rustling of the western gale
Is music sweet to me;
It joyful comes, o'er moor and dale,
From off the distant sea,
Whose waves, in lines of snowy foam,
Salute the circling shore,
Which bounds my Mary's peaceful home—
"The maid that I adore!"

The slowly-sinking radiant sun
Is welcome to my sight,
When lofty ridge and summit dun
Are basking in his light;
I deem the while, ere he depart,
He sheds his glory o'er
The dark-eyed damsel of my heart—
"The maid that I adore!"

I love to breathe, at early day,
The balmy air of spring,
When dew-drops hang on every spray,
And birds unnumber'd sing.
The blossoms white, the foliage green,
Expanding more and more,
Recall to me my bosom-queen—
"The maid that I adore!"

O! sweet is Summer's glorious smile,
And Autumn's promise rare!
But what, o'er land, o'er sea, or isle,
May with my love compare?
So high in worth, surpassing far
All nature's precious store,
Is she—my bright—my leading-star,
"The maid that I adore!"

TELL ME, DEAR, ETC.

AIR—"*Loudon's bonnie woods and braes.*"

TELL me, dear! in mercy speak,
Has Heaven heard my prayer, lassie?
Faint the rose is in thy cheek,
But still the rose is there, lassie!
Away, away, each dark foreboding,
Heavy days with anguish clouding;
Youthfu' love in sorrow shrouding,
Heaven could ne'er allow, lassie;
Day and night I've tended thee,
Watching, love! thy changing e'e;
Dearest gift that Heaven could gie;
Say thou'rt happy now, lassie.

Jamie! lay thy cheek to mine,
Kiss me, oh, my ain laddie!
Never mair may lip o' thine
Press where it hath lien, laddie!

Hark! I hear the angels calling,
Heavenly strains are round me falling,
But the stroke—thy soul appalling—
'Tis my only pain, laddie!
Yet the love I bear to thee
Shall follow where I soon maun be;
I'll tell how gude thou wert to me;
We part to meet again, laddie!

Lay thine arm beneath my head,
Grieve na sae for me, laddie!
I'll thole the doom that lays me dead,
But no a tear frae thee, laddie!
Aft where yon dark tree is spreading,
When the sun's last beam is shedding,
Where no earthly foot is treading,
By my grave thou'lt be, laddie!
Though my sleep be wi' the dead,
Frae on high my soul shall speed,
And hover nightly round thy head,
Altho' thou wilt na see, laddie!

Thomas C. Latto

AULD JOHNNY TO YOUNG MAGGY.

AIR—"*I hae laid a herrin' in saut.*"

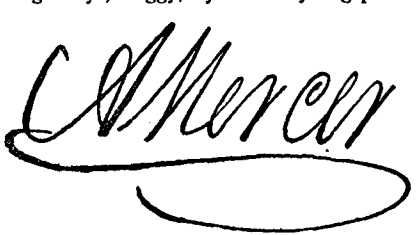
LASS, I'm Johnny Ripples o' Whappleton Ha',
An' you bonny Maggy wha won at the Broom;
Now, better late marry than never ava,
Sae to woo and to win ye, my dawtie, I've come.
I'm no unco auld yet—I'm only threescore—
Ay, threescore precisely, just coming neist Yule,

I'm hearty an' hale, an' fu' sound at the core,
An' gin ye refuse me, there's ane o' us fule.

I want na a tocher,—I ken ye ha'e nane,
But, hinny, I've plenty at hame for us baith;
Just draw in your stool to my cozie hearthstane,
I trow we'll ha'e nae scant o' meat an' o' claith.
I'm a bodie fu' bien, tho' I say it mysel',
I've a dizzen o' milk-kye, whilk rowt i' their sta',
An' ten score o' bob-tails a' gaun on the hill,
An' cleedin' the knowes aroun' Whappleton Ha'.

And whan that we gang to the fairs or the kirk,
Fu' braw-buss'd ahint me ye'll ride on the meer,
An' hear, as we pass, the folk say wi' a smirk,
"There's douce Johnny Ripples an' his dainty dear!"
It's cannie, an' wyse-like, to be a gudewife,
Whan there's plenty to look to in pantry an' ha',
But hunger and hership soon soon lead to strife,
When there's nought i' the house but a cauld coal to blaw.

An', Maggy, my doo, some blithe comin' year,
Wha kens whar a family blessin' may fa';
A bonny doo's cleckin' may aiblins appear,
A' toddlin' their lane around Whappleton Ha'.
Now, Maggy, my dearie, I've said ye my say,
An' I will come back on neist Friday at e'en,
To hear frae your ain mouth your yea or your nay;
Sae, gudenight to ye, Maggy, my winsome young queen.



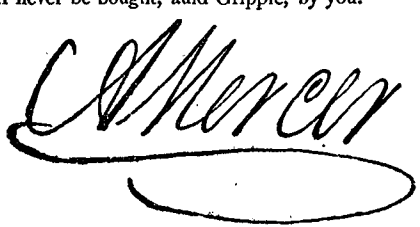
YOUNG MAGGY TO AULD JOHNNY.

AIR—"*I ha'e laid a herrin' in saut.*"

I'VE a bonny bit face o' my ain,
Bodie, come here nae mair to woo;
I'm gentle an' jimp, an' weel may be vain,
Sae, bodie, d'ye think I'll marry you?
I've twa e'en as black as a slae,
Carle, come here nae mair to woo;
Twa cheeks like blossoms in flowery May;
Grey haffits, d'ye think I'll marry you?

I've a wee mouthie ye ne'er sall kiss,
Grim bodie, come here nae mair to woo;
On ilka side dimples, as deep as you'd wiss;
Auld runkles! d'ye think I'll marry you?
I've a bonnie black mole on my chin,
Doilt bodie, come here nae mair to woo;
Like ink is the drap, an' like paper my skin,
Grey-beard! d'ye think I'll marry wi' you?

I've a wee foot, there is music in't,
Hirples, come here nae mair to woo;
In trippin' the green it is never ahint,
Nae lamiter jo for me I trow.
I can sing—auld bodie gae back;
John Ripples, come here nae mair to woo;
An' tho' I ha'e yet my mercat to mak',
I'll never be bought, auld Grippie, by you.



THIS NIGHT YE'LL CROSS, ETC.

THIS night ye'll cross the bosky glen,
Ance mair, O would ye meet me then?
I'll seem as bygane bliss an' pain
Were a' forgot;

I winna weep to weary thee,
Nor seek the love ye canna gie;—
Whar first we met, O let that be
The parting spot!

The hour just when the faithless light
O' yon pale star forsakes the night;
I wouldna pain ye wi' the blight
Ye've brought to me.

I would not that its proud cauld ray
Should mock me wi' its scornfu' play;—
The sunken een and tresses gray
Ye maunna see.

Wi' sindered hearts few words will sair,
An' brain-dried grief nae tears can spare;
These bluidless lips shall never mair
Name thine or thee.

At murky night O meet me then!
Restore my plighted troth again;
Your bonnie bride shall never ken
Your wrangs to me.

William Thom

CREEP AFORE YE GANG.[1]

CREEP awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang,
Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld Grannie's sang:
Gin ye gang as far ye will think the road lang,
Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, ye're ower young to learn
To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn;
Better creepin' cannie, than fa'in' wi' a bang,
Duntin' a' your wee brow,—creep afore ye gang.

Ye'll creep, an' ye'll hotch, an' ye'll nod to your mither,
Watchin' ilka step o' your wee dousy brither;
Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow strang,
An' ye'll be a braw chiel yet,—creep afore ye gang.

The wee birdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee,
Folks are sure to tumble, when they climb ower hie;
They wha canna walk right are sure to come to wrang,
Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.

James Ballantine

LORD SPYNIE.

FROM A TRADITION OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

LORD SPYNIE ye may pu' the rose,
And spare the lily flower,
When ye gae through the garden green
To woo in ladye bower;
An' ye may pu' the lightsome thyme,
An' leave the lonesome rue;

[1] Permission has kindly been given to extract this piece from "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet."

For lang and sair will the ladye mourn
That ye gae there to woo!

For ye will look and talk of luve,
An' kindly, kindly smile,
An' vow by grace, an' a' that's gude,
An' lay the luring wile.
'Tis sair to rob the bonnie bird
That makes you melodie;
'Tis cruel to win a woman's luve,
An' no ha'e love to gie!

I wadna ha'e your wilfu' hand
Tho' a' the earth were thine;
Ye've broken many a maiden's peace,
Ye've mair than broken mine.
I wadna ha'e your faithless heart,
'Tis no your ain to gie;
But gin ye ever think of heaven,
Oh! ye maun think of me!

Alex Laing

DRUCKEN TAM, THE BAKER.

A MYSTERY.

AIR—"*The Quaker's wife.*"

MISS MYSIE MILL was aged—hem!
And ne'er a man would take her,
Yet how she blush'd to hear the name
Of drucken Tam, the baker.
For oftentimes to tea and toast,
And other recreation,
'Twas known she'd sent him thro' the post
A card of invitation.

Now you must know this queer-like beau,
Tho' dusty as a miller,
In Mysie's eye was quite the go,
And quite a lady-killer.
His boots and hat (oh! such a hat)
Might well have claim'd a pension;
And how the coat stuck to his back
Was past all comprehension.

His head was like a cauliflower;
His legs were short and bandy;
His teeth were brown—he had but four—
As bits of sugar-candy.
His mouth was stretch'd from ear to ear,
A most expressive feature;
But Mysie swore he was "a dear,"
The fascinating creature!

His nose was like a partan's back,
Or like a copper-kettle;
Tho' Mysie elegantly said,
'Twas like a rose's petal.
And as we differ in our tastes,
For white and crimson roses,
What wonder tho' Miss Mysie did
Prefer a red proboscis?

O would my verse but flow like his
Who sung the Doon and Lugar,
I'd paint his smile, so very sweet,
It saved Miss Mysie's sugar:
But Mysie's beau was cold to love,
The fact there's no disguisin',
He roll'd his eye, then eyed his roll,
And quietly sipped her Hyson.

And honest Tam, when o'er his dram,
Did womankind despise aye;

He toasted baps, he toasted cheese,
But never toasted Mysie.
At last one summer's afternoon,
Oh! how she did confuse him,
She press'd him to a cup of tea,
Then press'd him to—her bosom.

Could brute or baker gaze unmov'd
On Mysie's glowing charms?
And now the *flour* of all the town
Was clasp'd within her arms.
Poor Thomas grinn'd a horrid grin,
What anguish he did cause her;
She dropt a tear, while from his hand
There dropt a cup and saucer.

With face as long as baker's brod,
And staring goggle eyes, he
Was gasping like a dying cod
Within the hug of Mysie.
One word she whisper'd in his ear,
But none may ever know it;
The secret rests with Tam himself,
And Mysie, and—the poet.

When, lo! his optics straight he rais'd,
I'm wrong, alas! he squinted;
But sure as fate, a loving kiss
He on her lips imprinted.
My tale is told; as to the rest
I'm mum as any quaker;
Miss Mysie's garret's now "To let,"
And sober is the baker.

Thomas C. Latto

61203

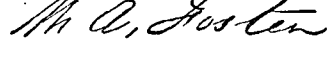
THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

Music by R. Stewart.

KEN ye the land o' the haugh and the brae,
O' the meadow, the mountain, and rill?
Ken ye the land whar the blu'art and slae
Grow fresh on the broo o' the hill?—
The doo to the dooket, the whaup to the fen,
The young to their joy and their mirth,
I'm thirled to it like the hare to its den,
For that land was the place o' my birth.

Ken ye the land o' the plantin' and bower,
O' the heather, the broom, and the whin?
Ken ye the land o' the castle and tower,
O' the river, the rock, and the linn?—
The hawk to his eirie, the owl to his dream,
The gull to his rock in the firth—
I'm thirled to it like the trout to the stream,
For that land was the place o' my birth.

Ken ye the land whar the thistle is found,
The land o' the free and the bauld?
I'm thirled to it like that plant to the ground,
Wi' a luve that will never grow cauld.
I'll cherish that flame still burning unblenched,
Wi' a luve for my hame, and its hearth;
And, oh! may those household fires never be quenched,
That bleeze bright in the land o' my birth.



SONG OF THE LITTLE FOAM-BELL.

LIKE a wandering beam,
On the breast of the stream,
I have come from my home on the hills afar;
I have leapt o'er the steeps
Where the hurricane sweeps,
And rings the wild song of the stormy war.

I have passed through the gorge,
Where the boiling surge
Was leaping the bounds of its ancient sway—
Where the lone owl wails,
And the Naiad sails,
In her flowing robes 'neath the pale moon's ray.

Where the Naiads lave
Their necks in the wave,
And their breasts like floating snowballs seem,
I have whirled me round,
Like a fitful sound,
That rings in the ear in a pleasant dream.

A wandering sigh,
That was fluttering by,
Pursuing hope from a maiden's breast,
Alit on my bark,
Like the dove on the ark,
For it found on earth no place of rest.

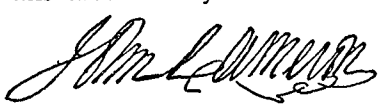
A sunbeam, torn
From the brow of morn,
Like a living star on my pathway driven,
Beacon'd my flight,
When no other light
Beam'd from the starless arch of heaven.

I bore on my bosom
The leaf of a blossom,

That bloom'd in a bower where lovers sighed,
But a roaming sprite
In its wayward flight,
Stole it, and sank in the silvery tide.

In the balmy spring,
The Fairy-King
Oft sent his Queen with me afloat;
When the glow-worm's beam,
And the lover's dream,
He wove for sails to his fairy boat.

On the waters I dwell,
A little foam-bell:
O! who will with me to the silvery sea—
I will sing a sweet song,
As I wander along
To the limitless realm of eternity.



THE BATTLE OF PRESTON.

AIR—"*Johnny Cope.*"

THE blairin' trumpet sounded far,
And horsemen rode, weel graithed for war,
While Sir John Cope marched frae Dunbar,
Upon a misty morning.
Prince Charlie, wi' his Highland host,
Lay westward on the Lothian coast;
But Johnny bragg'd, wi' mony a boast,
He'd rout them ere neist morning.

Lang ere the cock proclaimed it day,
The Prince's men stood in array;

And, though impatient for the fray,
Bent low the knee that morning.
When row-dow rolled the English drum,
The Highland bagpipe gied a bum,
And tauld the mountain clans had come,
Grim death and danger scorning.

Ilk nerve was strung, ilk heart was true;
A shot! and down their guns they threw;
Then forth their deadly claymores drew,
Upon that fearfu' morning.
The English raised a loud huzza,
But durstna bide the brunt ava;
They wavered—turned—syne ran awa',
Like sheep at shepherd's warning.

Fast, fast, their foot and horsemen flew;
And caps were mixed wi' bonnets blue,
And dirks were wet—but no wi' dew—
Upon that dreadfu' morning.
Few stayed—save ae devoted band—
To thole the sweep o' Highland brand,
That flashed around—and head and hand
Cropped, on that bluidy morning.

What sad mishaps that few befel!
When faint had grown the battle's yell,
Still Gardiner fought—and fighting fell,
Upon that awesome morning;
Nae braggart—but a sodger he,
Wha scorned wi' coward loons to flee;
Sae fell aneath the auld thorn tree,
Upon that fatal morning!

Charles Gray

THE DAWTIE.

AIR—"*The haughs of Crumdale.*"

JENNY.

THOUGH weel I like ye, Jwohnny lad,
I cannot, munnet marry yet!
My peer auld mudder's unco bad,
Sae we a wheyle mun tarry yet;
For ease or comfort she has neane—
Leyfe's just a lang, lang neet o' pain;
I munnet leave her aw her lane,
And wunnet, wunnet marry yet.

JWOHNNY.

O Jenny, dunnet brek this heart,
And say we munnet marry yet;
Thou cannot act a jillet's part—
Why sud we tarry, tarry yet?
Think, lass, of aw the pains I feel;
I've leyk'd thee lang, nin kens how weel!
For thee, I'd feace the verra deil—
O say not we maun tarry yet.

JENNY.

A weddet leyfe's oft dearly bowt;
I cannot, munnet marry yet:
Ye ha'e but little—I ha'e nought—
Sae we a wheyle maun tarry yet.
My heart's yer awn, ye needna fear,
But let us wait anudder year,
And luive, and toil, and screape up gear—
We munnet, munnet marry yet.

'Twas but yestreen, my mudder said,
O, dawtie, dunnet marry yet;
I'll soon lig i' my last cauld bed;
Tow's aw my comfort—tarry yet.

Whene'er I steal out o' her seet,
She seighs, and sobs, and nought gangs reet—
Whisht !—that's her feeble voice ;—guid neet !
We munnet, munnet marry yet.

Robert Anderson.

CRABBED CARE.

HENCE ! frae my biggin', crabbed Care,
Hence, grousome carle, and never dare
Show face o' thine
In hame o' mine.
Go ! haunt the ha's o' spite and spleen,
Where Envy, withering witch, is seen ;
But come nae here,
To spoil our cheer,
Wi' thy sour looks and prospects drear,
Or faith, ye's get a fright, auld frien'.

Thou knowest I bore me like a saunt,
When your keen biting brother, Want,
Cam', ere I wist,
And toom'd my kist—
He cut my doublet's tender steeks,
Rave saul and body o' my breeks ;
Syne stole the dew,
And roses too,
That bloom'd wi' sic a healthy hue,
Frae my wee dearie's lips and cheeks.

I fought the foul fiend late and ear'
Wi' swinging flail I thrash'd him sair ;
Wi' pick and spade
His grauff I made ;

While fast before my blithe-gaun plough
Awa' his sooty spirit flew—
Haith ! frien', when he
Was made to flee
Far frae my humble hame and me,
I wad be laith to yield to you.

But ere ye flit the road ye cam',
Come, clatterin' bare banes, tak' a dram ;
'Twill fire a glee
In your dead e'e—
'Twill ease ye o' your lade o' woes,
And a buirdly buik ye bear, guid knows ;
'Twill smooth awa'
Your brow's rough raw,
And melt wi' couthy, kindly thaw,
The ice-draps frae your raw red nose.

Care took the cup wi' greedy grup ;
Care toom'd his coggie at a whup ;
Syne flung his pack
Aff's baney back,
Whilst glowed his face wi' ruddy flame—
I own, quo' he, I'm e'en to blame ;
But there's my paw,
When neist I ca',
Or show my face in your blithe ha',
I'll turn my coat and change my name.

A Macleggan

WE TWINED OUR HEARTS IN ANE.

We twined our lovin' hearts in ane,
I' the spring-time o' the year,
When the rejoicing earth seemed vain
O' her braw bridal gear.
When larks aboon the brairdin' rig
Their warm leal loves were tellin',
Our hearts, like theirs, wi' pleasure big,
Were proudly, fondly swellin'.

We twined our lovin' hearts in ane—
Alas! for Fate's decree—
Ere the green spring came back again,
Wide sindered hearts had we.
When next the lark aboon the braird
His sang was sweetly pourin',
Between our hearts, sae lately pair'd,
The billows big were roarin'.

And ere the braird had grown to grain,
The lark had flown the lea,
Beneath the cauld and cruel main
Lay a' was dear to me.
And, oh! I wish the briny wave
That rows aboon my lover,
Would take me to his deep, deep grave,
My lanely heart to cover.

W Ferguson

O FOLLOW HER NOT.

O FOLLOW her not! O follow her not!
Though she lure thee with smile and song;
Fair is her cheek, but her heart is black,
And the poison of death's on her tongue;
She'll leave on thy innocence many a blot—
Then follow her not! O follow her not!

Some call her Pleasure, and some call her Sin,
Some call her a Lady gay,
For her step is light, and her eye is bright,
And she carols a blithesome lay.
"Away to the bower where care is forgot!"
But follow her not! O follow her not!

Though her step invite, though her eye burn bright,
Though green be the leaves in her bower,
Yet that step is false as a meteor-light,
And that eye hath the rattle-snake's power.
Her bower! O wild and unblessed is the spot—
Then follow her not! O follow her not!

Will. Kennedy

AULD NANNIE CRUMMIE.

AIR—*Any cannie lilt that will best answer.*

WHEN auld Nannie Crummie and I crap thegither,
Amid the lang dearth, in the cauld winter weather,
Folk jeering me, swore her as auld as my mither,
An' ca'ed me an ass to be tied till her tether.
I heard a' their sneering, as mim as a dumbie,
An' could tholed muckle mair for my auld Nannie Crummie.

The winter was cauld, an' my cleedin' was thin,
I couldna weel work, an' I couldna weel win',
I had little without, I had little within,
I had wearied the frammit, an' herriet my kin,—
An', oh! the blue reek wimplin' frae the wud-lummie
Led me by the nose to my auld Nannie Crummie.

I pree'd her fat bree, an' I felt me sae couthie,
That, fain to pree mair, I e'en pree'd her wee mouthie;
Young jilts whiles gae daft, but auld maids are aye toothie,
An' like food to the hungry, or drink to the drouthie,
Were love an' a hame to a loun like a hummie,
An' I met wi' them baith frae my auld Nannie Crummie.

But an auld cripple sailor cam' hame frae the main,
Wha had left hame a callant, an' Nanny a wean,
An' he swore he wad lay my back laigh on the plain,
But I haikit him weel, an' wad do it again.
The auld wither'd bodie was dry as a mummy,
He ne'er could ha'e fattened wi' auld Nannie Crummie.

Though we ha'ena a weanie to scart our meal luggie,
Yet Nanse has a cattie, an' I ha'e a doggie;
And tho' they whiles yaumer an' youff ower their coggie,
Ye'll no fin' twa totums that cuddle mair vogie.
Ye may rin, gin ye like, lest I crack your lug drummie,
Wi' bawling the charms o' my auld Nannie Crummie.

James Ballantine

THE WARRIOR'S HOME.

SHALL the warrior rest
When his battles are o'er?—
When his country's oppress'd
By the tyrant no more?
Yes, yes, to the arms of affection he'll come;
Nor voice of the cannon, nor bugle, nor drum,
Shall again rouse the warrior—
The noble old warrior,
He'll proudly enjoy the calm blessings of home!

On each gay festive night
When his gallants sit round,
And the soft eye of light
In fair woman is found!
Then, then shall he tell of his feats on the plain,
And in fancy lead on his bright armies again!
This will cheer the old warrior,
The noble old warrior,—
Yet he'll weep for the brave who in battle were slain!

He shall throw down his shield,
And ungird his bright blade,
That flash'd in the field
When the onset was made;—
He shall hang up his helmet, and lay himself down,
Where love and affection ne'er veil'd in a frown!
Then rest thee, old warrior!—
Thou noble old warrior,
The praise of an empire take, take—'tis thine own!

Andrew Park

AH NO!—I CANNOT SAY.

AH no!—I cannot say "farewell,"
'Twould pierce my bosom through,
And to this heart 'twere death's dread knell
To hear thee sigh—"adieu,"
Though soul and body both must part,
Yet ne'er from thee I'll sever,
For more to me than soul thou art,
And O! I'll quit thee—never.

Whate'er through life may be thy fate,
That fate with thee I'll share,
If prosperous—be moderate,
If adverse—meekly bear:
This bosom shall thy pillow be
In every change whatever,
And tear for tear I'll shed with thee,
But O! forsake thee—never.

One home—one hearth shall ours be still,
And one our daily fare;
One altar, too, where we may kneel,
And breathe our humble prayer;
And one our praise that shall ascend
To one all-bounteous Giver,
And one our will, our aim, our end,
For O! we'll sunder—never.

And when that solemn hour shall come
That sees thee breathe thy last,
That hour shall also fix my doom,
And seal my eyelids fast;
One grave shall hold us, side by side,
One shroud our clay shall cover—
And one then may we mount and glide
Through realms of love—for ever.

Alex Rodger

THE OCEAN CHIEF.

O'ER the ocean hero's bed
The loud shout of triumph raise;
To his spirit that hath fled
Pour the hallow'd song of praise!
For he listens from the skies to its tones,
And he perish'd like a man,
In that best—his country's cause,
And the noble race he ran
Asks the meed of your applause,
Since no sculptured marble lies o'er his bones.

He was fearless in the fight,
But a gentle dove at home:
'Twas his country's menaced right
Which had sent him forth to roam—
As a leader of her strife on the main—
And if he fell at last,
It was crown'd with victory;
When the mover of the blast
Had been vanquish'd by the free,
And all his mighty conquests render'd vain.

Britannia long shall wail
For the loss of such a son;
And her fallen foes grow pale,
When they think how much he won;
But his name will be cherish'd by the brave
Of every creed and race.
When their prows shall chance to sweep
O'er the precincts of the place,
Where the spirits of the deep
Roll the wild foaming billows o'er his grave.[1]

J. C. Denovan

[1] J. C. Denovan was born in Edinburgh in 1798. He had the misfortune of being born out of wedlock. His father was the late

O THOU OCEAN!

Oh thou Ocean! as a sea boy, I have lain upon thy breast,
Ere a dream of evil after-days could steal upon my sleep;
I have gazed upon thy beauty when thy spirit was at rest,
Till my heart's full founts o'erflowing made me turn away and weep.
I have plough'd thee in the tempest, I have plough'd thee in the calm,

Mr. Denovan, printer in that city. After obtaining a limited education, he showed an inclination for the sea, and made a trial voyage before being fixed in the profession. Subsequently, through his father's interest, he obtained a situation on board of a sloop of war, ranking, but not rated, as a midshipman. The young volunteer was sent on a cruise up the Mediterranean, with the expectation of his father obtaining for him a warrant on his return. Alas! a sad disappointment waited him upon that return; his father was dead, and his mother insane and deserted by her relations. Poor Denovan was thus, in his sixteenth year, thrown friendless on the world. Mr. Sinclair, tea-dealer, having become acquainted with his destitute condition, took him into his warehouse as an apprentice, where he conducted himself to the satisfaction of his employer during a term of four years; and during that period several of his pieces were written. The Address to the Ocean was composed when he was only nineteen years of age. After leaving Mr. Sinclair, he obtained a situation in Leith of the same description. He displayed a warm temperament, kindly feelings, and a great sense of kindness for favours received. Ultimately, he commenced business on his own account as a coffee-roaster, in a small yard in Leith Wynd, Edinburgh.

He ventured to obtain from Sir Walter Scott the estimate which that great man might form of his productions. He made copies of them, and, along with a letter giving an outline of his history, he, in a dark winter night, and with an anxious mind, handed in the parcel at Castle Street, the town residence of the great Novelist, and paced, with palpitating heart, the pavement in front, in case Sir Walter should send after him. One circumstance made Sir Walter, in his case, depart from a rule he usually adopted, not to give opinions of MS. poetry; this, we believe, was the passage in the letter

I have plough'd thee when the cannon roar and battle din
was loud,
At midnight, and at morn, when an Ether fraught with
balm,
Was hanging o'er thy bosom in a rosy-colour'd cloud.

I have heard them talk of freedom ere I knew what
freedom meant,
I have heard them boast their lordship and dominion over
thee;

that stated that "over the smoke and heat of a charcoal fire, these pieces were composed, to relieve his mind from the sad reflection that he had a frenzied mother to support." Sir Walter's answer, which we have frequently seen, was worthy of his fame: it pointed out the risks and dangers of authorship, but stated that, to cheer the weary hours of labour, and to relieve the still more weary mind, no one could be better employed; delicately adding, "that as he himself liked something better than empty praise, he ventured to enclose a pound note for the pleasure the pieces had given him." This was not the only favour conferred upon this unfortunate worshipper of the Muses by the Author of Waverley; for often, on his way to the printing-office, which was in the neighbourhood, did the latter call at the coffee-work and chat with Denovan in a most friendly way, and taking the most delicate method of making him a partaker of his bounty.

Little more of Denovan's short life can be interesting to the public. He struggled on at his unhealthy occupation for the support of himself and mother, towards whom, as her malady increased, he showed a greater devotion. At length, frequent exposure to heat and cold, without the comforts of home, made it apparent that disease was undermining a constitution by no means strong. Towards the close of 1826 he was confined to bed, with none to attend him but the crazed mother, for whose sake he had submitted to every privation; and in January 1827 his spirit was relieved from its earthly prison, which it had only tenanted for twenty-nine years. He was borne to the narrow house by Mr. Robert Gilfillan, our much esteemed contributor, to whom we are indebted for this notice, Mr. Robert Chambers, and others of his literary friends. His remains repose in the Canongate churchyard, not far from the unfortunate Fergusson, whom, in his intellectual and social qualities, as well as in his unhappy and premature end, he greatly resembled.

I have seen their mighty bulwarks, like a bulrush cradle, rent,
And in sorrow turning round, have cried, "Thou alone art free!"
I have loved thee in my childhood, I have loved thee in my youth,
I have loved thee when thy savageness was tearing mast and side;
Still looking on thy bosom as a mirror cast by truth,
Where man might see his littleness and grow asham'd of pride.

I have thought upon thy nature, but have found all efforts vain,
To make myself acquainted with the changes thou hast seen;
I have heard of mighty cities, but could find no stone remain,
To point me with a certainty where such a one has been.
But I loved thee in my boyhood, and will love thee in my age,
Thou vast unconquer'd element, which man would vainly brave!
And when my weary spirit has obtain'd her skyward gage,
Oh! in some of thy recesses, let my body find a grave.

J. C. Dewar

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last an' lanely, an' sairly forfairn?
'Tis the puir dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e na the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

The sister wha sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile:—
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

William Thom

THE AULD MAN'S LAMENT.

My Beltane o' life and my gay days are gane,
And now I am feckless and dowie alane;
And my Lammas o' life, wi' its wearifu' years,
Like Lammas, has brought me its floods and its tears.

Full three score and ten times the gowan has spread,
Since first o'er the greensward wi' light foot I sped;
And three score and ten times the blue bells ha'e blawn,
Since to pu' them I first spankit blithe o'er the lawn.

The burn-banks I lo'ed when a callan' to range,
And the ferny-clad braes a' seem eerie and strange;
The burn seems less clear, and the lift nae sae blue,
But it's aiblins my auld een that dinna tell true.

The mates o' my young days are a' wede awa',
They are missed in the meadow and missed in the shaw;
Like the swallows, they've fled when youth's warm days are gane,
And I'm left like a wing'd ane a' winter alane.

It seems short to look back since my Peggy was young,
Then bonnie she leukit, and blithely she sung;
But my Peggy has left me, and gane wi' the lave,
And the night-wind moans dreary o'er Peggy's lone grave.

See yon aged hawthorn that bends o'er the burn!
Its wind-scattered blossoms can never return;
They are swept to the sea, o'er the wild roarin' linn,
Like my friends wha ha'e flourished and died ane by ane.

THE SOUTHLAN' BREEZE.

BLAW saft, blaw saft, thou southlan' breeze,
Blaw saft, and bring to me
A love-breath frae her balmy lips
That wons in yon countrie;
A warm love-breath, a' redolent
O' beauty and o' bloom,
A fragrance far surpassing flowers—
The laden heart's perfume.

You'll meet her at the break o' morn
  Upon the bloomy knowes,
And when the dewy gloamin' fa's,
  Amang the bleatin' ewes.
You'll ken her by her winsome gait,
  As she gaes o'er the lea;
You'll ken her by her lang brown locks—
  Her voice a' melody.

O! southlan' breeze, I marvel not
  That you are saft and sweet,
For, as you cross'd the heather braes,
  My lassie you would meet:
You'd touzle a' her bosom charms,
  You'd kiss her cheek, her mou':—
O balmy, blissfu', southlan' breeze,
  I would that I were you.

SPRING.

A NURSERY SONG.

THE Spring comes linkin' and jinkin' thro' the wuds,
Saftenin' and openin' bonny green and yellow buds;
There's flowers, an' showers, an' sweet sang o' little bird,
An' the gowan, wi' his red croon, peepin' thro' the yird.

The hail comes rattlin' and brattlin' snell an' keen,
Daudin' an' blaudin', tho' red set the sun at e'en;
In bonnet an' wee loof the weans kep an' look for mair—
Dancin' thro'ther wi' the white pearls shinin' in their hair.

We meet wi' blithesome an' kythsome cheerie weans,
Daffin' an' laughin' far adown the leafy lanes,
Wi' gowans an' butter-cups buskin' the thorny wands—
Sweetly singin', wi' the flower-branch wavin' in their hands.

'Boon a' that's in thee, to win me, sunny Spring—
Bricht cluds an' green buds, and sangs that the birdies sing—
Flow'r-dappled hill-side, and dewy beech sae fresh at e'en—
Or the tappie-toorie fir-tree shinin' a' in green—

Bairnies—bring treasure an' pleasure mair to me—
Stealin' an' speelin'—up to fondle on my knee!
In Spring-time the young things are bloomin' sae fresh an' fair,
That I canna Spring but love, and bless thee evermair.

William Miller

TEXAN CAMP SONG.[1]

AIR—"*Kelly-burn Braes.*"

OUR rifles are ready,
And ready are we,
Neither, fear, care, nor sorrow,
In this companie!
Our rifles are ready
To welcome the foe:
So away o'er the blue wave
For Texas we go,—

[1] Mr. Kennedy, the author of this song, was, in 1843, British Consul at Galveston in Texas.

For Texas, the land
  Where the bright rising star[1]
Leads to beauty in peace,
  And to glory in war.

With aim never erring,
  We bring down the deer—
We chill the false heart of
  The red man with fear.
The blood of the Saxon
  Flows full in the veins
Of the lads that must lord
  Over Mexico's plains;
O'er the plains where the breeze
  Of the south woos the flowers,
As we press those we love
  In their sweet summer bowers.

One pledge to our loves!
  When the combat is done,
They shall share the broad lands
  Which the rifle has won;
No tear on their cheeks,
  Should we sleep with the dead—
There are rovers to follow
  Who will still go ahead!—
Who will still go ahead
  Where the bright rising star
Leads to beauty in peace,
  And to glory in war.

Will. Kennedy

[1] The flag of the Republic of Texas was (1843) a silver star on an azure field.

THE SALMON RUN.

AIR—"*The brave old Oak.*"

OH! away to the Tweed,
To the beautiful Tweed,
My much-loved native stream,
Where the fish from his hold,
'Neath some cataract bold,
Starts up like a quivering gleam.

To the Tweed then, so pure,
Where the wavelets can lure
The King of the waters to roam,
As he shoots far and free,
Through the boundless sea,
To the halls of his silvery home.

From his iron-bound keep,
Far down in the deep,
He holds on his sovereign sway—
Or darts, like a lance,
Or the meteor's glance,
Afar on his bright-wing'd prey.

As he roves through the tide,
Then his clear glitt'ring side
Is burnish'd with silver and gold;
And the sweep of his flight
Seems a rainbow of light,
As again he sinks down in his hold.

Oh! then hasten with speed
To the clear running Tweed,
The river of beauty and song,
Where the rod swinging high
Throws a Coldstream dress'd fly
O'er the hold of the salmon so strong.

With a soft western breeze
That just thrills through the trees,
And ripples the beautiful bay,
Throw the fly for a lure—
That's a rise! strike him sure—
A clean fish—with a burst he's away.

Hark! the ravel line sweel,
From the fast whirring reel,
With a music that gladdens the ear;
And the thrill of delight,
In that glorious fight,
To the heart of the angler is dear.

Hold him tight!—for the leap;
Where the waters are deep
Give out line in the far steady run;
Reel up quick, if he tire,
Though the wheel be on fire,
For in earnest to work he's begun.

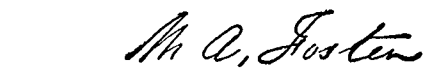
Aroused up at length,
How he rolls in his strength,
And springs with a quivering bound:
Then away with a dash,
Like the lightning's flash,
Far o'er the smooth pebbly ground.

Though he strain on the thread,
Down the stream with his head—
That burst from the run makes him cool—
Then spring out for the land,
On the rod change the hand,
And draw down for the deepening pool.

Mark the gleam of his side
As he shoots through the tide—

Are the dyes of the dolphin more fair?
Fatigue now begins,
For his quivering fins
On the shallows are spread in despair.

His length now we'll stretch
On the smooth sandy beach,
With the flap from his gills waxing slow:
The sport of an hour
Spent the strength of his power,
And the fresh-water monarch lies low.



WE'LL A' BE BRAWLY YET.

AIR—"*Highland Watch," or March in the 42d Regiment.*

AULD Rabbie sat wi' tearfu' een—
Wi' runkled brow, and pale—
Lamentin' ower what ance he'd been;
Wi' mony a sich and wail;
An' Mirren yerk't her spinning-wheel,
An' tauld him no to fret,
Quo' she, "Tho' poortith sair we feel,
We'll a' be brawly yet."

"O Mirren! Mirren! forty years
Wi' mony a stormy blast—
Tho' lyart noo wi' toil and tears—
Thegither we ha'e past,
Since first the simmer sun o' life
On our young hopes has set;—
Then dinna tell me noo, gudewife,
That we'll be brawly yet."

"Gudeman! gudeman! frae e'en to morn
'Bout warldly gear ye pine,
An' sae wad ye had ye been born
To heir a gowden mine;
Ha'e we no had o' health our share?—
An' aften ha'e ye set
A wilfu' snare for grief and care—
But we'll be brawly yet!"

"O tell na me o' what I've been,
Ower what I'm left to mourn;
O tell na me that sunken een
Can e'er to joy return.
Nor can this heart renew its life,
These lyart locks their jet;
Then dinna tell me noo, gudewife,
That we'll be brawly yet."

"O feckless eild, can e'er ye look
Wi' pleasure ower the past?
Or smile on memory's sakeless book
When cluds your joys o'ercast?
The bairns that cheer'd our lichtsome hearth
How can I e'er forget?—
They're gane! an' lown's the voice o' mirth,
Or we'd be brawly yet."

"Gudeman, gae lift your thochts aboon
This cauldrife warld o' care,
An' seek through Gude, baith late an' soon,
A balm for your despair;
An' let ilk qualm o' youthfu' shame
Wi' penitence be met;
Nae mair your luckless fortune blame,
An' we'll be brawly yet."

"My ain gudewife! my dear gudewife!
Nae mair my failin's name;

I'll bless, through a' my after life,
The day I brought ye hame
To be a leadin' star to me;
Then ne'er again I'll fret,
To a' your wishes I'll agree—
An' we'll be brawly yet."

John Crawford

FLOWN AWA' ARE FROSTS AN' SNAWS.

AIR—"*Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed.*"

FLOWN awa' are frosts and snaws;
Thrifty Winter, auld an' duddie,
Has op'd her drawers to air her braws,
Whilk Spring has stown to clead her bodie:
Wi' glaikit air, Spring here and there
In spite o' Winter's snaw-white napery,
Strew'd early flowers round cottage bow'rs,
And meadows dress'd in spangled drapery.

The sharp-nosed ghaist—gleed Winter snell,
Couldna sit down and see sic waistry;
Sae out she spak' wi' gousty yell,
And storm'd and grat sleet cauld and blaistry
Spring, thoughtless gilpy, leugh and sang,
The very birds join'd in the chorus,
Till canker'd Winter found ere lang
She be't tie up her bull-dog Bor'as.

Thus the twa fought, till in danced May,
Spring's laughing, coaxing, rose-lipp'd sister,
Wha fleech'd dame Winter, turned the day—
I'm tauld, but scarce believe't, she kiss'd her!

Be that as't will ; thae sisters fair
Deck'd a' the loan in braw new bravery,
An' ne'er wad stint. It grieves me sair,
To speak o' Farmer Autumn's knavery ;

Tho' neibour he to Spring and May,
He pu'd their flow'rs, stole a' their fruit,
Thrasht out their corn—indeed, they say,
He sang while doin't—menseless lout.
A claver gangs, this wealthy carle
Has thoughts o' weddin' carlin Winter ;
Waes me ! far frae this heartless warl'
May's gane, nor left sweet Spring behint her.

James Mason

MY GUID COAT O' BLUE.

AIR—"*The Lass o' Glenshee.*"

THE blue-bell was gane, and the bloom aff the heather ;
My cleedin' was thin, and my purse wasna fu' ;
I felt, like the glass, every change o' the weather,
And wish'd in my heart for a guid coat o' blue.
But fair fa' our wife, aye sae thrifty and kin'ly,
As soon as she kent o' the wind piercin' through,
She ran to the wabster and fitted me finely,
And laid round my shouthers a guid coat o' blue.

And fair fa' the tailor, our ain honest Sandy,
He's gi'en me braw room in't, he ever cuts true ;
I'm no clippit aff like a daft idle dandie,
But gaucie and tosh in my guid coat o' blue.

I like weel to look on the fine glossy face o't;
I like weel to straik it, sae sleekit the woo;
I wish I may aye get as guid in the place o't;
I'm ilka way pleas'd wi' my braw coat o' blue.

Now dark gloomy Winter may rant, rage, and rustle,
And frae his hail-granaries wild tempests brew,
I carena for him nor his snaw blasts a whistle,
For weel lined wi' plaidin's my guid coat o' blue.
Nae mair will I dread the white tap o' Benledi,
Or sigh when the snaw-cover'd Ochils I view;
I've often been lag, but for ance I am ready,
Weel happit and snug in a guid coat o' blue.

I wish a' the world were just aye as weel theekit,
Wi' health, milk, and meal, and potatoes enow,
Then if they'd complain they should a' be well licket—
For me, I am proud o' my guid coat o' blue.
But weary-fu' pride, for it's never contented,
Ilk ane maun be drest now in fine Spanish woo;
The warld was far better at first when I kent it,
Wi' warm plaidin'-hose and a guid coat o' blue.

Leeze me on auld Scotland, may nae ill assail her;
Leeze me on auld fashions—I laugh at the new;
A fig for the fallow that's made by the tailor;
Gi'e me sense and worth in a guid coat o' blue.
We fret at the taxes, and taxes are mony,
The meal whiles is dear, and we've ill winning through;
But daft silly pride is the warst tax o' ony,
We'll no be content wi' a guid coat o' blue.

John Paterson

SPUNK PETER.

AIR—"*The Lowland lads think they are fine.*"

NAE kindred had Peter to sigh o'er his bier,
Nae mockery o' woe, and nae emblems o' weeping;
The breeze was the sigh, and the rain-drap the tear,
That fell on the grave where auld Peter was sleeping.
Yet he had been blessed in his lanely abode
Wi' comforts that aye made his cup taste the sweeter,
Contentment and peace lightened life's weary load,
And buskit wi' flowers the rough road to auld Peter.

Nae beggar was he! he had matches to sell,
As up stairs an' down stairs he tirled at our latches,
And ilka kind neibour their virtues would tell,
Wha lighted her ingle wi' auld Peter's matches.
He stood at the door wi' his hat in his hand,
When cam' the gudewife wi' his best bow he'd greet her,
And speer for their welfares sae courteous and bland—
The pink o' politeness was honest Spunk Peter!

His lang matted locks were as white as the snaw,
A staff in his hand, and a cloak ower his shouther;
Wi' basket an' matches he hirpled awa',
And aye gaed his rounds through the roughest o' weather.
Though lanely auld poortith be saddest of woes,
Yet to show how a friendless auld mortal could meet her,
Contentment and patience till life's latest close
Proclaimed to the world an example in Peter!

The dogs wagg'd their tails as the auld man drew nigh;
E'en ill-manner'd curs that would bark at a beggar,
Would ne'er gi'e a grumble as Peter gaed bye,
Sae familiar they grew wi' his face and his figure.
The bairns gathered round him and keek't in his face,
His kind-hearted looks made the rudest discreeter;
He gae each a spunk—but he gae't wi' a grace
That won their affections for kindly auld Peter.

He liked a wee drap—but he never gat fou—
His blood it was thin and his banes they were weary;
And his spirit revived, like a flower in the dew,
When ower his lane ingle it made him mair cheery.
Wi' glorious old Nelson he sailed on the main,
When his spirits were young, and his limbs they were fleeter,
An' dreams o' his youth then would flit o'er the brain,
And light up the eye of the gallant Spunk Peter!

But lucifer-matches destroyed his auld trade;
The march o' improvement brings sad innovation!
The brimstone was bankrupt—the tinder-box fled—
The flint and the frizzle gaed clean out o' fashion.
The new-fangled ferlies fuft up in a low!
And then—just to make sic a change the completer—
Grim Death laid his hand on the weary auld pow,
And blew out the spunk o' the leal-hearted Peter!

Alex Smart

NAEBODY KENS YE.

AIR—"*Hooly and Fairly.*"

ARE ye doin' ought weel?—are ye thrivin', my man?
Be thankfu' to Fortune for a' that she sen's ye;
Ye'll ha'e plenty o' frien's aye to offer their han',
When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye;
A' body kens ye,
A' body kens ye,
When ye needna their countenance—a' body kens ye;

But wait ye a wee, till the tide tak's a turn!
An' awa' wi' the ebb drifts the favours she len's ye,

Cauld frien'ship will then leave ye lanely to mourn ;
When ye need a' their frien'ship, then naebody kens ye ;
Naebody kens ye, etc.

The crony wha stuck like a burr to your side,
An' vow'd wi' his heart's dearest bluid to befrien' ye ;
A five-guinea note, man ! will part ye as wide
As if oceans and deserts were lyin' between ye !
Naebody kens ye, etc.

It's the siller that does't, man ! the siller ! the siller !
It's the siller that breaks ye ! an' mak's ye, an' men's ye,
When your pockets are toom an' nae wab i' the loom,
Then tak' ye my word for't there's naebody kens ye ;
Naebody kens ye, etc.

But thinkna I mean that a' mankind are sae—
It's the butterfly-frien's that misfortune should fear, aye—
There are those worth the name, Gude sen' there were mae !
Wha, the caulder the blast, aye the closer draw near ye ;
Naebody kens ye, etc.

The friend wha can tell us our fau'ts to our face,
But aye frae our foes in our absence defen's us,
Leeze me on sic hearts ! o' life's pack he's the ace
Wha scorns to disown us when naebody kens us.

CHORUS.

Naebody kens us, naebody kens us,
Poortith's a dry-nurse frae folly whilk speans us—.
She deprives us o' means, just to show us our frien's,
Wha winna disown us when naebody kens us.

WHEN HER MINNIE DISNA KEN.

AIR—"*When the kye come hame.*"

O BONNIE is the gowanie that blooms upo' the lea,
Wi' the dew-drap in its bosom, when the sun fa's i' the sea;
An' canty sings the burnie as it wimples down the glen,
Where I meet my bonnie lassie when her minnie disna ken;
When her minnie disna ken, when her minnie disna ken,
Where I meet my bonnie lassie when her minnie disna ken.

The bat he loe's the gloamin', an' the lav'rock lo'es the morn,
The howlet lo'es the mirky night, the lintwhite lo'es the thorn;
But I lo'e the bonnie lassie mair wha wons in yonder glen,
For she meets me by the burnie when her minnie disna ken;
When her minnie disna ken, when her minnie disna ken,
For she meets me by the burnie when her minnie disna ken.

She comes whene'er the peesweep sings his lane sang in the air,
An' ae blink o' her bonnie face frees me o' warld's care;
The buffs frae cauld misfortune's blasts can hardly gar me ben',
As I meet my bonnie lassie when her minnie disna ken;
When her minnie disna ken, when her minnie disna ken,
As I meet my bonnie lassie when her minnie disna ken.

THE HIGHLANDER'S WELCOME TO THE QUEEN.

AIR—"*Donald M'Donald.*".

COME Tuncan, what for you be snorin'?
Get up, man, an' on wi' your praw,
Your kilt, an' your hose, an' your sporran,
Your plaid an' your ponnet and a';
Our Queen—pless her leddyship's clory,
Is coming to see us ev'n noo.
Cresorst![1] tere pe Lauchie an' Rory,
An' a' ta lads waitin' 'pon you.
T'en hoogh for her ponnie young Queen!
An' heigh for her ponnie young Queen!
Go, sought all ta Heelan' an' Lawlan',
A prettier never was seen.

Our Queen, she pe Queen o' ta Heelan',
An' Queen o' ta Lowlan' peside,
T'en quha wad refuse her a sheelin'
To shield her as lang as she'll pide.
Our faithers wad shelter Prince Sharlie,
Poor lad, quhan she had not a hame:
Nainsell love her Queen so sincerely,
T'at for her she'll shust tid tat same.
T'en hoogh for her ponnie braw Queen!
An' heigh for her ponnie praw Queen!
Ta Heelanmans ne'er pe tisloyal,
Though change o' ta race she has seen.

Our chiefs, how their clans they be gather,
A' trest in their tartans sae praw,
To welcome our Queen to ta heather,
An' ponnie Prince Alpert an' a'.
My sang! he's a fine tecent laddie,
As praw as Prince Sharlie himsel',

[1] Make haste

An' sets, too, him's ponnet and plaidie,
As weel as ta laird o' Dunkel'.
T'en hoogh for our ponnie young Queen!
An' heigh for our ponnie young Queen!
Let's gi'e her ta grand Heelan' welcome,
Ta kindest t'at ever has peen.

Cot pless you, our ponnie young leddy,
If you'll 'mang ta Heelan' remain,
Our hearts an' claymores will be ready,
Your honours an' rights to maintain.
Ta Gael has a hand for him's friend aye,
An' likewise a hand for him's foe!
Ta Gael, your dear sel' she'll defend aye,
An' guard you wherever you go.

T'en welcome our ponnie young Queen!
Thrice welcome our ponnie young Queen!
Ta Gael may be rude in him's manner,
But quhar is ta warmer heart seen?

Alex Rodger

A VOICE FROM HOLYROOD.[1]

AIR—"*My ain fireside.*"

I CANNA weel greet, for my heart is ower sair;
The days they are gane that shall come never mair.

[1] A fatal case of fever occurred in Holyrood a few days before her Majesty arrived in Scotland, September 1842, which prevented the Queen from visiting this ancient Royal residence.

I canna weel sab, for my breast is ower fu',
When I feel what I ha'e been an' what I am noo.
An' O! 'mang the gallant, the fair, an' the good,
There's surely ae tear for puir auld Holyrood.

I deck't my auld pow in a rich wreath o' braws;
I set my auld throne up, an' burnished my wa's;
I keek't in my glass, and I thought me sae fine,
My auld heart grew young, an' I dream't o' langsyne.
An' O! I was vogie, and O! I was proud,
While speering mysel'—"Are ye auld Holyrood?"

When we think oursel's meikle we are whiles unco wee,
Death stalked through my court, when my yett stood ajee;
He cover'd my towers wi' his black sable wings,
An' whisper'd—"I bide nae for Queens or for Kings.
Your bonny young Queen maunna brave my dark mood,
Keep *her* frae the deadshade that wraps Holyrood."

Auld Scotia's lang tongue shouts wi' loud trumpet din,
"Gae open your Palace yetts, let your Queen in."
She comes at the summons—but heaves a sad sigh,
The hame o' her faithers she's forced to pass by.
Her e'e fills to look at the black ribbon'd snood,
That haps up the high head o' auld Holyrood.

I ferlie, gin e'er she will come back again,
To stay in the courts and the ha's o' her ain;
Though strangers be kindly, ye canna for shame
Speer them for the comforts ye ha'e when at hame.
She's feasted by nobles, and cheered by the crowd—
But she finds nae a hame like her ain Holyrood.

James Ballantine

THE QUEEN O' BONNY SCOTLAND'S A MITHER LIKE MYSEL'.

Music by W. M'Leod

THERE'S walth o' themes in Scotland,
That ham'art tongue might sing
Wi' glee sae canty, that wad mak'
Its laneliest valleys ring;
But there is ane I dearly lo'e
In wimplin' sang to swell—
The Queen o' bonny Scotland's
A mither like mysel'.

Her wee bit rum'lin' rogie,
When rowin' on her knee,
Or cuddlin' in her bosie,
Will gladden heart an' e'e,
Wi' kissin' ower an' ower again,
His rosy cheeks will tell—
The Queen o' bonny Scotland's
A mither like mysel'.

She kens fu' weel how tenderly
A mither dauts her wean,
And a' the hinnied words that fa'
Atween them when alane;
Oh! if I were but near her,
O' breadless bairns to tell,
She'd listen, for our bonny Queen's
A mither like mysel'.

Then come to bonny Scotland,
There's no a neuk in't a',
Frae hill to haugh, that disna bear
Baith buirdly men and braw;

They'll welcome you to Scotland—
The thistle and blue-bell—
And ye'se be bless'd by women-folk,
And mithers like yoursel'.

William Miller

THE WINTER HAS SET IN, LADS.

AIR—"*Calder Fair.*"

THE winter has set in, lads, but what care we for frost,
Its snaw'y doublet, icy trews, its croighle or its hoast,
For I opine we can contrive to brew wi' little din
A cup, tho' ne'er so cauld without, will mak' us warm within.

Then, kimmer, tak' the pint stoup, and bring it reaming ben,
This moment is our ain, for the neist—we dinna ken.
And rax me ower your haun, man, my auld, my trusty frien',
May the warst o' a' our days be bye—the days that we ha'e seen.

What though our way in life through the brambles may have been,
Yet here and there a rose 'mang the prickles we have seen.
We a' ha'e had our troubles, sirs, but wherefore should we fret?—
In spite o' a' that's come and gane, we're here to tell them yet.

And sae we'll aye keep up our hearts, though fortune whiles may jar—
There never was an ill but there micht ha'e been a waur.

As lang's we ha'e our health and our cantie wifie's smile,
We've something left to sweeten life, and lichten a' our toil.

May the Hand that led us hitherto, support and lead us still,
And grant us ae sweet sunny blink to licht us doun the hill.
And when we're ca'd awa' at last, unsullied be our fame,
And by them we leave ahint us lang cherish'd be our name.

Wm Tinlay

SONG OF THE SPIRIT-LYRE.

AIR—"*Hark! the hollow woods resounding.*"

CHORUS.

FAIRY hands my wires are sounding,
In the greenwood merrily;
Light feet to my notes are bounding,
Which no mortal eye can see.

Wandering thoughts and lovers' dreamings
Are the guardians of my shrine;
Maidens' smiles and fancy's beamings
Lend my frame their light divine.
Love's first whispers, ere they're spoken,
Blossom in my airy hall;
But when early vows are broken,
Sighs of sorrow round me fall.
Fairy hands my wires are sounding, etc.

Hopes that once in youth were blighted,
Seeking where sweet Peace may dwell,
By Despair and Time benighted,
Find a shelter 'neath my spell.

O'er their tear-dewed lonely pillow
Oft I pour my midnight lay,
Soft as when the weeping willow
Breathes its hymn at close of day.
Fairy hands my wires are sounding, etc.

Voices whose loved tones have faded
On the lonely mourner's ear;
Life-gleams, which the grave hath shaded,
In their wanderings linger near;
Whilst the Spirit of Affection
Plumes awhile its golden wings,
And the strains of pale Dejection
Pour in ripplings from my strings.
Fairy hands my wires are sounding, etc.

By the nameless tomb my numbers
Murmur like the sighs of spring,
And 'midst mem'ry's deepest slumbers,
Oft my magic power I fling.
Virtue's throbbings, when forsaken,
Mingle with my votive swell;
When the chords of life are shaken,
'Tis my voice alone can tell.
Fairy hands my wires are sounding, etc.

In the woodland's deep recesses,
O'er the broken heart I mourn,
When the hand of Sorrow presses
Life from out its fragile urn;
When Devotion's soul is kneeling
By the altar's vestal fire,
In each prayerful burst of feeling,
Speaks the mystic Spirit-lyre.
Fairy hands my wires are sounding, etc.

THE LYART AN' LEAL.

AIR—"*The Banks of the Devon.*

"GUIDMAN," quo' the wifie, "the cauld sough blaws eerie,
Gae steek ye the winnock, for danger I dree;
The bluidhounds o' Clavers, forebodin' an' dreary,
I've heard on the blast ower the snaw-covert lea—
A stranger I've seen through the dusk o' the gloamin',
Uncovert I saw the auld wanderer kneel;
My heart filled, as waefu' I heard him bemoanin'
The cauld thrawart fate o' the lyart an' leal."

The bleeze frae the ingle rose sparklin' an' cantie,
The clean aiken buffet was set on the floor;
She thoughtna her ark o' the needfu' was scanty,
But sigh'd for the wanderer she saw on the moor.
"Ah! wae for the land whar the cauld cliffs maun shelter
The warm heart that wishes our puir kintra weel:
In thy bluid, bonny Scotland, the tyrant maun welter,
The faggot maun bleeze roun' the lyart and leal."

The tear ower her cheek row'd—the aumry stood open—
She laid out her sma' store wi' sorrowfu' heart—
The guidman a grace ower the mercies had spoken,
Whan a tirl at the door made the kin' wifie start.
"I'm weary," a voice cried, "I'm hameless and harmless,
The cauld wintry blast, oh! how keenly I feel—
I'm guiltless, I'm guileless, I'm friendless, an' bairnless,
Nae bluid's on my hands," quo' the lyart an' leal.

"Ye're welcome, auld carle, come ben to the ingle,
For snell has the blast been, an' cauld ye maun be;
In the snaw-drift sae helpless ye gar'd my heart dinnel—
Ye'll share our puir comforts, tho' scanty they be.
A warm sowp I've made ye, expectin' your comin',
Like you for the waes o' puir Scotland we feel,
But death soon will end a' our wailin' an' moanin'.
An' youth come again to the lyart an' leal."

She dichted a seat for the way-wearit stranger,
An' smilin' he sat himsel' down by the hearth—
"The Man wha our sins bore was laid in a manger,
Nae Prelate proclaim'd the mild innocent's birth."
Thus spak' the auld wanderer, his een glist'n't wildly,
A sigh then escap'd for the cause he lo'ed weel,
The wifie drew closer, and spak' to him mildly,
But breathless an' cauld was the lyart an' leal.

John Crawford

AN AULD MAN'S LOVE SONG.

AIR—"*Thà mi-tinn-leis a Ghaol.*"[1]

BONNIE, modest, glimmerin' star,
Glintin' through the cluds o' life,
Thy waukrife care, baith near an' far,
Aye guides me safe through warldly strife.
Thy kindly beam, thro' winters cauld,
An' bitin' breath frae bleak nor'-east,
Keeps me fu' cozie, mak's me bauld
To face what fate may send me neist.

The girnin' miser ower his wealth
Sits cowrin', shilpit, hungry, fear't—
Gowd-sickness gnaws him; I ha'e health
And wealth, nor dreid the reiver near't.
O Jessie dear! my star art thou!
Aye cheery in our canty bield;
The smile that jinks about thy mou'
Wiled me in youth, charms me in eild.

An' O thy worth! my wifie dear,
I'll never bow at Mammon's shrine,

[1] Vide Captain Fraser's Highland Airs.

For aye it grows frae year to year,
Thy truth is wealth—that wealth is mine.
For faithfu' love shines in thine e'e,
And honour's sel' lives in thy breast,
An' ilk sweet bairnie on thy knee
Makes thee mair true, and me mair blest.

James Mason

THE FALCON'S FLIGHT.

AIR—"*There's nae luck about the House.*"

I SING of gentle woodcraft gay, for well I love to rove,
With the spaniel at my side and the falcon on my glove;
For the noble bird which grac'd my hand I feel my spirit swell,
Arrayed in all her hunting gear, hood, jessy, leish, and bell.

I have watch'd her through the moult, till her castings all were pure,
And have steep'd and clean'd each gorge ere 'twas fixed upon the lure;
While now to field or forest glade I can my falcon bring,
Without a pile of feather wrong, on body, breast, or wing.

When drawn the leish and slipt the hood, her eye beams black and bright,
And from my hand the gallant bird is cast upon her flight,
Away she darts on pinions free, above the mountains far,
Until in less'ning size she seems no bigger than a star.

Away, away, in farthest flight, I feel no fear or dread,
When a whistle or a whoop brings her towering o'er my head;
While poised on moveless wing, from her voice a murmur swells,
To speak her presence near, above the chiming from her bells.

'Tis Rover's bark—halloo! see the broad-wing'd heron rise,
And soaring round my falcon queen above her quarry flies.
With outstretch'd neck the wary game shoots for the covert nigh,
But o'er him for a settled stoop my hawk is towering high.

My falcon's towering o'er him with an eye of fire and pride,
Her pinions strong, with one short pull are gathered to her side,
When like a stone from off the sling, or bolt from out the bow,
In meteor flight, with sudden dart, she stoops upon her foe.

The vanquish'd and the vanquisher sink rolling round and round,
With wounded wing the quarried game falls heavy on the ground.
Away, away, my falcon fair, has spread her buoyant wings,
While on the ear her silver voice as clear as metal rings.

Tho' high her soar, and far her flight, my whoop has struck her ear,
And reclaiming for the lure, o'er my head she sallies near,
No other sport like falconry can make the bosom glow,
When flying at the stately game, or raking at the crow.

Who mews a hawk, must nurse her as a mother would her child,
And soothe the wayward spirit of a thing so fierce and wild—

Must woo her like a bride, while with love his bosom swells
For the noble bird that bears the hood, the jessy, leish, and bells.

THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.

CUMBERLAND BALLAD.

AIR—"*Low down in the broom.*"

DEUCE tek the clock, click-clacken sae,
Aye in a body's ear;
It tells and tells the teyme is past
When Jwohnny sud been here.
Deuce tek the wheel! twill nit rin roun'—
Nae mair to-neet I'll spin;
But count each minute wid a seegh,
Till Jwohnny he steals in.

How neyce the spunky fire it burns,
For twee to sit besyde!
And theer's the seat where Jwohnny sits,
And I forget to cheyde!
My fadder, tui, how sweet he snwores!
My mudder's fast asleep—
He promised oft, but oh! I fear,
His word he wunnet keep.

What can it be keeps him frae me?
The ways are nit sae lang!
An' sleet an' snow are nought at aw,
If yen wer fain to gang.
Some udder lass, wi' bonnier feace,
Has catch'd his wicked e'e,
An' I'll be pointed at at kurk—
Nay! suiner let me dee.

O durst we lasses nobbet gang
An' sweetheart them we leyke,
I'd run to thee, my Jwohnny, lad,
Nor stop at bog or deyke:
But custom's sec a silly thing—
Thur men mun ha'e their way,
An' monie a bonnie lassie sit,
An' wish frae day to day.

I yence had sweethearts, monie a yen,
They'd weade through muck and mire;
And when our fwok wer deed asleep,
Come tremlin' up to t' fire:
At lush Carel market lads wad stare,
An' talk, an' follow me;
Wi' feyne shwort keakes, aye frae the fair,
Baith pockets cramm'd wad be.

O dear! what changes women pruive,
In less than seeben year;
I walk the lonnins, ower the muir,
But deil a chap comes near!
An' Jwohnny I nee mair can trust—
He's just like aw the lave;
I fin' this sairy heart'll burst!
I'll suin lig i' my grave.

But whisht! I hear my Jwohnny's fit—
Ay! that's his varra clog!
He steeks the faul yeat softly tui—
Oh! hang that cwoley dog!
Now, hey for seeghs an' suggar words,
Wi' kisses nit a few—
This warl's a perfect paradise
When lovers they pruive true.

Robert Anderson

ONE OF THE HEART'S STRUGGLES.

AIR—"*Johnnie's Grey Breeks.*"

O! LET me gang, ye dinna ken
How sair my mither flate yestreen—
An', mournin' o'er and o'er again,
Speir'd whaur I gaed sae late at e'en.
An' aye I saw her dicht her een—
My very heart maist brak' to see't—
I'll byde a flyte tho' e'er sae keen,
But canna, canna thole her greet.

O! blessin's guard my lassie's brow,
And 'fend her couthie heart frae care;
Her lowin' breast o' love sae fu'—
How can I grudge a mither's share.
The hinnysuckle's no sae fair,
In gloamin's dewy pearl weet,
As my love's e'e when tremblin' there
The tear that owns a mither's greet.

A heart a' warmed to mither's love—
O! that's the heart whaur I wad be;
An' when a mither's lips reprove,
O! gi'e me then the glist'nin' e'e.
For feckless fa's that look on me,
Howe'er sae feigned in cunnin's sweet—
And loveless—luckless—is the e'e
That, tearless, kens a mither's greet.

William Thom

HAME IS AYE HAMELY.

AIR—"*Love's Young Dream.*"

OH! hame is aye hamely still, tho' poor at times it be,
An' ye winna find a place like hame in lands beyond the sea;
Tho' ye may wander east an' west, in quest o' wealth or fame—
There's aye a pulse within the heart, beats hame, hame, hame,
Oh! there's aye a pulse within the heart, beats hame, hame, hame.

"There's gowd in gowpins got, they say, on India's sunny strand—
Then wha would bear to linger here, in this bleak barren land?
I'll hie me ower the heaving wave, an' win myself a name,
And in a palace, or a grave, forget my Hieland hame."

'Twas thus resolved the peasant boy, and left his native stream,
And fortune crown'd his every wish, beyond his fondest dream;
His good sword won him wealth and power, and long and loud acclaim,
But could not banish from his thoughts his dear loved mountain hame.

No! the Peasant's heart within the Peer beat true to nature still,
For on his visions oft would rise the cottage on the hill;
And young companions, long forgot, would join him in the game,
As erst in life's young morning, around his Hieland hame.

Oh ! in the Brahmin, mild and grey, his father's face he saw,—
He thought upon his mother's tear the day he gaed awa',
And her he lov'd, his Hieland girl,—there's magic in the name—
They a' combine to wile him back to his far Hieland hame.

He sigh'd for kindred hearts again, and left the sunny lands,
And where his father's cottage stood, a stately palace stands ;
And with his grandchild on his knee, the old man's heart on flame,
'Tis thus he trains his darling boy to cherish thoughts o' hame.

Oh ! hame is aye hamely still, tho' poor at times it be,
Ye winna find a spot like hame in lands beyond the sea ;
Oh ! ye may wander east or west, in quest o' wealth or fame,
But there's aye a pulse within the heart, beats hame, hame, hame,
Oh ! there's aye a pulse within the heart beats hame, hame, hame.

Robt. L. Malone

THE LADS AND THE LAND FAR AWA'.

AIR—"*My ain fireside.*"

WHEN I think on the lads an' the land I ha'e left,
An' how love has been lifted, an' friendship been reft,
How the hinnie o' hope has been jumilt in ga',
Then I sigh for the lads and the land far awa'.

When I think on the days o' delight we ha'e seen,
When the flame o' the spirit would spark in the een,
Then I say, as in sorrow I think on ye a',
Where will I find hearts like the hearts far awa'?

When I think on the nights we ha'e spent hand in hand,
Wi' mirth for our sowther, and friendship our band,
This warld gets dark, but ilk night has a daw.
An' I yet may rejoice in the land far awa'

TO SPEAK TO ME.

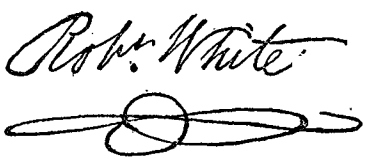
AIR—"*The boatie rows.*"

TO speak to me o' sic a thing, indeed ye are na blate!
I often wonder what ye mean—ye plague me ear' an' late;
And though I aye deny ye, still ye winna let me be;
Weel, mind, it's just to humour ye, I let ye sit wi' me.

The little table we maun set atween us a' the nicht,
And I sall ha'e a can'le there to gi'e us pleasant licht;
But ye're to keep your distance, now, an' dinna mak' sae free,
Sin' its only just to humour ye, I let ye visit me.

Or should there neither boord nor licht come you an' me
between,
Ye'll keep your arms frae 'bout my neck, nor on my
shouther lean;
We sall, at least, ha'e seats a piece—I'll no sit on your
knee,
An', mind, it's just to humour ye, if ye get a kiss o' me.

Now Sandy, a' your tales o' love ower me 'ill ha'e nae
sway;
I were a fule, would I believe a single word ye say;
But if there's nae denyin' ye, an' I should yield a wee—
It's no to please mysel' but you, gin e'er we wedded be.



THE LARK HATH SOUGHT HIS GRASSY HOME.

AIR—"*Charlie is my darling.*"

O REST a while with me, love,
With me, love, with me, love,
O rest a while with me, love,
Home ne'er had charms like this.
The breeze that steals so softly by
Hath caught the rose's kiss;
The tear that wets the lily's eye
Is but a drop of bliss.
O rest, etc.

The lark has sought his grassy home,
The bee her eglantine;
The silver lamps, in yon blue dome,
Have just begun to shine.
O rest a while with me, love,
With me, love, with me, love,
O rest a while with me, love,
This breast will pillow thine.

NOW ROSY SUMMER LAUGHS IN JOY.

AIR—"*Bonnie Jeanie Grey.*"

Now rosy summer laughs in joy,
O'er mountain, glen, and tree;
And drinks the glittering siller dew,
Frae gowans on the lea.
Blithe frae the clover springs the lark,
To hymn the op'nin' day;
The wee waves dance beneath the sun,
Like bairnies at their play.

Now frisks the maukin 'mang the grass,
Nor fears the rustlin' trees;
Now linties chant frae ilka spray,
To charm the lingering breeze.
Ye gay green birks, your breath is balm,—
Ye stately flowers o' June—
Thou little stream, that wimples by,
Thou sings a soothing tune.

O sweet Balgove! aboon thy shades
How aft the Star o' Day
Has op'd his wauk'nin' e'e to gaze,
On whom I daurna say.

Now chill rememb'rance, journeying back
O'er weary wastes o' gloom,
Rests fondly on the hours we spent
Amang the yellow broom.

And ha'e they bonnie walks aboon,
Where my love dwells afar?—
Then we may wander yet beneath
A bonnier morning star.
Ah! why could Heav'n take my flower?—
Nae fairer flower could blaw!
Oh! she was heav'n ower lang to me,
Sae she was ta'en awa'.

Thomas C. Latto

A HIGHLAND PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

AIR—"*Kind reader, when you'll merry be,*
You'll lilt him to the tone
O' 'Kilderoy,' or 'Cramachree.'
Or 'Shon o' Padenyon.'"

'TWAS whan I left my faither's cot,
Some forty years ago,
He said that gear was to be got—
But where I did not know.
The world was wide, an' I was young,
A hardy loon an' hale;
Besides I had a sleekit tongue,
That ne'er was kent to fail.

Baith east an' west I glow'r'd like daft,
To see what might befa';
For, och! I hated handicraft,
An' manual labours a'.

Compell'd at last to catch the plack,
Whatever might betide;
I took the elwand an' the pack,
An' tramp'd the kintra side.

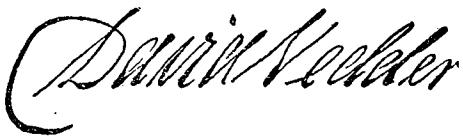
My mither, as a partin' boon,
Wi' tears intil her e'e,
A Bible an' a horn spoon
That day presented me.
She squeezed my hand, an' conjured me,
To use them baith wi' care
An' *ane* o' them, as ye may see,
I'm maister o' an' mair.

For twenty years, an' somewhat mair,
I wander'd mony a mile,
An' faithfully I gather'd gear,
By mony a quirk an' wile.
At length a sonsy damsel's glance
Gar'd a' my ramblings stop;
I woo'd her, for I stood a chance
To heir her faither's shop.

Day after day I urged my claim—
O' naething stood in awe—
An' in a fortnight I became
A Bailie's son-in-law.
By mither-wit an' norlan' skill,
I scal'd the Council stair,
Nor ever look'd behint, until
I fill'd the Provost's chair!

An' I'd ha'e ruled the roast an' race
Until my dyin' day,
But, och! the Whigs rush'd into place,
An' made o' us their prey!

Come, shentlemens, stan' to your feet—
We'll drink a toss right fittin',—
"To a' the laads i' TOWNIN' STREET
An unco speedy flittin'."



LAMENT FOR THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.[1]

THE last hues of summer are sickly and fading,
And autumn winds hymn the decay of the year;
The sere yellow tints all the landscape pervading,
In silence proclaim that the winter draws near.

On the far heathy mountain the dark cloud sits brooding,
And slow the mist column rolls up the lone glen;
The big rain falls heavy, the streamlets o'erflooding,
And Ettrick rolls on her brown currents again.

The summer hath pass'd o'er Yarrow's green mountains,
The birch trembled wild by Loch Mary's lone shore;
The winter approaches to bind up the fountains,
But the Bard of the Forest shall cheer us no more.

No more shall he stray in the still of the gloaming
To dream of the spirits in lands far away;
No more shall he list to the tempest loud moaning,
For the Bard of the Forest lies cold in the clay.

[1] This dirge, taken with the kind permission of Peter M'Leod, Esq., from his beautiful volume of "Original National Melodies of Scotland," is set to one of the most touching melodies we have ever heard.

He rests with his fathers, no more to awaken
Sweet strains by the streamlets that speed to the main;
The wild echo sleeps in the glen of green bracken,
But the Shepherd shall never awake it again.

Bloom sweetly around him, ye pale drooping roses,
Breathe softly, ye winds, o'er his cold narrow bed;
Fall gently, ye dews, where the minstrel reposes,
And hallow the wild-flowers that wave o'er his head.

James Murray

OWER A' THE SWEET MAIDENS.

AIR—"*Kellyburn Braes.*"

OWER a' the sweet maidens in England I've seen,
I rank you the fairest, I place you the queen;
My love-swelling bosom yields homage to thee—
Will ye gang, bonnie lassie, to Scotland wi' me?

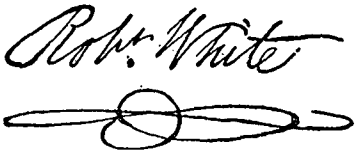
Dark, dark are your tresses—your wee mouth is meek;
On your chin there's a dimple, an' clear is your cheek;
Your form is sae gracefu', your step light and free—
Come away, lovely lassie, to Scotland wi' me!

We'll stray where the wild-wood an' pure waters meet,
I'll pu' ye the red rose, an' ilka thing sweet;
Our talk of affection an' true love will be—
Will ye gang, bonnie lassie, to Scotland wi' me?

On banks where the lav'rock sits down on her nest,
An' daisies grow thickly, together we'll rest:
Ah! mine will be rapture when seated by thee—
Come away, dearest lassie, to Scotland wi' me!

In dark days o' winter, when angry win's blaw,
Our wee house will shield us frae tempest an' snaw;
Wi' tale, sang, an' music, the time we'll gar flee:
O! haste ye, sweet lassie, to Scotland wi' me!

The clasp o' thy soft hand—this sweet melting kiss—
The glance o' thy dark e'e, foretel me o' bliss;
Than monarchs or princes mair joyfu' I'll be,
When at hame, bonnie lassie, in Scotland wi' thee!



A BONNIE WEE LASSIE.

AIR—"*John Todd.*"

A BONNIE wee lassie I ken, I ken,
A bonnie wee lassie I ken,
The blink o' her e'e is heaven to me,
An' wow! but she's ane amang ten, amang ten,
An' wow! but she's ane amang ten.

A handsome wee lassie I lo'e, I lo'e,
A handsome wee lassie I lo'e,
The pawkie wee quean has doiter'd me clean,
An' mair mischief she'll work, I trow, I trow,
An' mair mischief she'll work, I trow.

A winsome wee lassie I'll woo, I'll woo,
A winsome wee lassie I'll woo,
I'll keek in her e'e, an' aiblins may pree
The wee hinny blobs o' her mou', her mou',
The wee hinny blobs o' her mou'.

A mensefu' wee lassie I'll wale, I'll wale,
A mensefu' wee lassie I'll wale,

An' sud the wee dear ha'e gowpens o' gear,
She'll no be the waur for't, I'se bail, I'se bail,
She'll no be the waur for't, I'se bail.

A canty wee lassie I'll wed, I'll wed,
A canty wee lassie I'll wed ;
An' when she is mine, I'll busk her fu' fine,
An' a couthie bit life we'll lead, we'll lead,
An' a couthie bit life we'll lead.

Edward R. Sloane

LUFF HER UP.

AIR—"*The Opera Hat.*"

LUFF her up, luff her up, keep her sweating in the breeze,
Luff her up, luff her up, keep her dipping to the knees !
The foemen are out, boys, and we are tearing through,
To meet with them, and match them, as Britons should do.

Here we go, here we go, like an arrow through the wave !
Here we go, here we go, to woo glory or a grave !
Here we go, with the wind o'er a full flowing sea,
Our faces to the foe, as a Briton's should be.

We can die, we can die, without thinking of the pain !
We may die, we may die, like true hearts upon the main !
We will die ere a foe sets a foot upon our shore,
And show him that his path must be through British gore.

J. C. Dibdin

DREAMS OF ABSENCE.[1]

I DREAM'D o' a diamond mine, my love,
In the howe o' the broomy hill,
Where we used to stray in bairnhood's day,
An' gambol an' laugh our fill;
An' I pluck'd the bonnie stanes frae their beds,
An' ill was I to ser',
For they a' had a licht like thy een sae bricht,
An' I coveted mair an' mair;
An' I loaded mysel' wi' the riches o' earth,
An', in tremblin' joy o' mind,
To thee wad ha'e sped, but the vision fled,
An' left me a plackless hind.

I dream'd o' a glorious hame, my love,
Where the midnicht shone like day,
An' music's soun' that thrill'd aroun'
Was saft as the voice o' May;

[1] The writer of this piece, and a few others which we intend shall follow, was born in the parish of Upper Banchory, Kincardineshire, in 1805. His father was a farmer, and the earlier years of the poet were spent in assisting his father. His education was scanty indeed, and obtained in the parish school during the season of winter, when the out-door operations of the farmer are nearly suspended. A few winters served to educate Joseph in the elements of our national language, writing, and knowledge of figures; but the youth more than made up the want by reading and reflection, and keen observation of men in their social relations. When asked how he had obtained so much information, he replied—"I was taught to read; does any one need to know more than the twenty-six letters of the alphabet in order to enable him to learn everything else?" Mr. Grant's first publication was in 1828, entitled, "Juvenile Lays and Kincardine Traditions;" a collection of poems and songs followed in 1830; another volume of poems, dedicated to Allan Cunningham, was given to the public by him in 1834; and his last work, "Tales of the Glens," he sent to press the same year, but did not live to see it through the press. He died, in consequence of a severe cold, in April 1835. These tales, which were written in prose, were published in 1836.

An' I was the chief o' that noble ha',
Wi' the wide warld's blessin's stored,
An' thou wert there, wi' thy smile sae rare,
An' I was thy honoured lord.
An' on sofa o' silk we twa reclined—
But I waked on my couch o' straw,
An' the cauld winds did swoof through the rifted roof,
An' thou wert far awa'.

I ance hoped to be rich, my love,
But that was a daft dream, too—
I pray'd for a while that fortune micht smile,
(Oh, 'twas a' for the sake o' you!)
But she's thrown out our lot wi' a frownin' brow,
An' sindered us far an' lang,
An' the last words ye said were a' that I had
To saften my heart's warst pang.
But, oh, mair dear than the glint o' gowd
Is thy look o' love to me!
I'll dream nae mair o' wealth or o' care,
Now that I'm near to thee.

Joseph Grant

OH! GIN I WERE TO WED AGAIN.

AIR—"*The bonnie Lass o' Livingstone.*"

OH! gin I were to wed again,
I'll tell you what, I'll tell you what,
I'd wale a lass wad lo'e mysel',
Mair than John Maut, mair than John Maut!
For every kiss my wife gi'es me,
He gets a score, he gets a score,

And I've nae doubt ere lang they'll kiss
Me to the door, me to the door!

Morn, night, an' noon—noon, night, an' morn
She trokes wi' him, she trokes wi' him,
And scours his bowls, when ither folk
Their house wad trim, their house wad trim
The weans, in tatterwallops a',
Rin wild ther'out, rin wild ther'out,
Till aft I'm fain, though sma' my skill,
Their claes to clout, their claes to clout.

At ilka ploy, the country round,
She roars an' rants, she roars an' rants,
And late and ear' her paramour
Wi' her gallants, wi' her gallants :—
She's danc'd the shoon frae aff her feet;
And on her back, and on her back,
The remnant o' her waddin' gown,
Hings by a tack, hings by a tack.

She turns my pouches inside out,
When I'm asleep, when I'm asleep;
And rifles ilka hole an' bore,
Where gear I keep, where gear I keep:
And every plack that she can clutch,
On him she'll ware, on him she'll ware;
And never fash her thumb though I
Gang toom an' bare, gang toom an' bare.

The mice frae out the aumry keek,
Wi' tearfu' e'e, wi' tearfu' e'e;
Its breadless boards, ye needna doubt,
They mourn wi' me, they mourn wi' me.
Auld baudrons stares me i' the face,
Wi' waefu' mew, wi' waefu' mew;
As if she said—"Haith, maister, lad,
You're done for now, you're done for now."

And gin I hint my spouse does wrang,
The gude be here, the gude be here!
Ye never heard how loud and fierce
She'll storm an' swear, she'll storm an' swear.
O! gin I were to wed again,
Believe ye me, believe ye me,
Before I buckled wi' the sex,
I'd think a wee, I'd think a wee!

MY AULD AUNTY LIZZIE WAS FAMED FOR A SPINNER.

AIR—"*I ha'e laid a herring in saut.*"

MY auld aunty Lizzie was famed for a spinner,
An' monie a thread she had drawn in her day,
Baith even an' knotty—for know her bread winner
Had a queer fascheous temper—like ower monie mae.
At times she wad flist an' wad casten the band,
Then Lizzie wad coax her, as I've heard her tell,
Wi' a lick o' sweet oil an' a feeze o' her hand,
She soon brought the dorty jaud back to hersel'.

Ilk thing has a reason—this Lizzie saw through,
For the temper was made when the timmer was green;
The drouth it had krin'd up and slacken'd the screw,
Till it lost a' the power o' her toutie machine.
Noo, tho' we, like Lizzie, view cause an' effect,
How aft out o' tune gaes our feckless machine,
An' for feezin' an' oilin' we've little respect,
Sae canker'd an' crooked's our temper wi' spleen.

Baith twitter'd and knotty's the thread o' our life,
An' brittle an' short as we wind up its clew—
Sae marled an' mixt 'tis wi' malice an' strife,
That there's scarcely a hank but is ting'd wi' dark blue.
There's temper in matter, and temper in mind,
An' baith frae the forest are ta'en when they're green;
An' wi' sma' observation you'll find a' mankind
Are fractious an' toutie as Lizzie's machine.

Thomas Mathie

WOMAN'S WITCHFU' E'E.

AIR—"*Comin' through the Rye.*"

I LIKE the sun that shines sae bricht,
I like the midnicht moon;
The stars that gem the Milky Way,
An' a' the orbs abóon.
I like to see the mornin' star
Blink bonnie ower the sea;
But there's an orb outshines them a'—
'Tis woman's witchfu' e'e.

Ae beam o' love frae that blest orb
Gi'es youth a livelier hue,
An' drives awa' the clouds o' fate
Frae sorrow's sickly brow;
Dispels the darkest shades o' woe
The heart is doom'd to dree;
There's no an orb in yonder sky
Like woman's witchfu' e'e.

'Tis there the heart pours forth the woes,
Ower sad for tongue to share;
The tears o' love, and pity's tears,
Speak nameless secrets there:

'Tis there the trembling lover reads
The soul's sincerity;
O, whar's the orb in yonder sky
Like woman's witchfu' e'e!

Ye powers that watch my countless steps,
An' a' my wand'rings ken,
In this my weary pilgrimage,
In pleasure or in pain;
Whare'er my hameless feet may roam,
Whate'er I'm doom'd to dree,
O, let me live beneath the licht
O' woman's witchfu' e'e!

THOCTFU' LOVE.

AIR—"*Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane.*"

How aft, when the saft winds o' simmer were blawin',
I wander'd wi' Jeanie by bonnie Woodside,
When pearly dew-blabs in the gloamin' were fa'in',
An' Kelvin creep'd croonin' awa' to the Clyde:
The wee birds, then wearied, were nestled and sleepin',
The sough o' the waterfa' blent wi' the breeze
That fann'd us sae gently, as light it gaed sweepin'
O'er the harp-strings o' nature, the boughs o' the trees.

We wended awa' to our leaf theekit shielin',
A cozie wee bield whar the cauldest micht woo,
Frae whose mossy couch we could see the moon speelin'
Her way far on high, through the starnie deep blue:
At our feet, on the grassy bank, like a wee rosie,
The red-tappit gowans lay droukit in dew,
Like bairnies asleep in a mither's saft bozie,
Or me in the arms o' the lassie I lo'e.

How fain was our wooin', when silence was reignin',
A' blent wi' the glint o' the bonnie white moon;
An', lull'd wi' its stillness, our spirits were twinin'
Deep love 'tween oursels an' the warl' aroun'.
But winter has come noo, grim, darksome, and scowrie,
In blatt'rin' cauld rain an' hail, pourin' its spleen;
Its stoor frosty winds ha'e untheekit our bowrie,
An' refted the sward o' its bonny bricht green.

But yet, tho' its blast rides the ridge o' the mountain,
An' scampers in mirth ower the breast o' the lea,
An' leaves a cauld cloak on the burn an' the fountain—
It cools nae the love atween Jeanie an' me.
At the close o' the day, in her father's low dwellin',
We meet as we met aye, as happy an' calm;
We lo'e and we lang for the spring, again swellin'
The buds till they burst wi' the wealth o' their balm.

WHISTLIN' TAM.

AIR—"*Come under my plaidy.*"

KEND ye little Tammy wha lived on the knowe,
Mang the woods o' Drumcuthlie, whare blaeberries grow?
His bonnet was aye cockit heigh on his brow,
A queer lookin' carlie was Tammy, I trow.
He was ca'd Whistlin' Tam, 'cause he had sic a gait o't,
An' nae muckle ferlie his mou' had the set o't,
And gang whar he likit he ne'er miss'd a bit o't,
Aye whoo ye, whoo, whoo ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

An' Meg, his gudewife, wi' her twa-handit wheel,
Span mony braw wabs o' baith plainen and tweel;

Baith bodies toil'd sair to mak' gowd in a lump,
But Maggie was counted the stang o' the trump.
A sma' shop they keepit, twa kye an' a mare,
For the peats were to lead, and the land was to ear,
An' hame frae the bruch, wi' the gudes and the gear,
Hipp, Mally! whoo, whoo ye, cam' Whistlin' Tam.

Their ae dautit laddie, their hope an' their care,
I' the bruch at the schulin' was drill'd lang an' sair;
While three sonsie cummers at hame had, I ween,
Mony trysts wi' the lads, i' the plantin' at e'en.
Young Meg an' the miller were buckled wi' ither;
Soon after the cobbler and Kate gaed thegither;
But Nell miss'd that luck, to the grief o' her mither,
While whoo ye, whoo, whoo ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

Somé neibours wad threep—but 'twas maybe no true—
That Tam i' the kirk gied a whoo ye, whoo whoo!
When the lettergae,[1] tryin' new tunes, wad gae wrang,
Or the parson was prosy and keepit them lang.
Young Jamie took on wi' the red-coated train,
And fell i' the front o' the tulzie in Spain,
His poor dowie mither made nae little mane,
But whoo ye, whoo, whoo ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

Ae blawin' spring morning Tam's biggin' took fire,
An' the lowe spread aroun' to the barn an' the byre;
The neibours cam' rinnin' to help wi' gudewill,
But the blaze gaed aboon a' their maughts an' their skill.
Alack! for the sufferers there was nae remeid,
Night cam', an' they hadna a roof ower their head,
Nor blanket to hap them, nor bannock o' bread—
Yet whoo ye! whoo, whoo ye! sowth'd Whistlin' Tam!

John Watson

[1] Precentor.

MY HAME.[1]

AIR—"*Annie Laurie.*"

O! I ha'e loved the heather hills,
Whar simmer breezes blaw,
An' I ha'e loved the glades that gang
Through yonder greenwood shaw;
But noo the spot maist dear to me
Is whar the moon doth beam
Doon through the sleepin' leaves, to watch
My ain wee cantie hame.

My cantie hame! its roof o' strae,
Aneath yon thorn I see—
Yon cozie bush that couthie keeps
My wife an' bairnies three:

[1] Robert Nicoll was born January 7, 1814, at Tullybeltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven, Perthshire. His parents were poor but virtuous cottagers, and unable to give their son even an ordinary education. At an early age he was sent to a neighbouring farmer to tend cattle, and amidst the romantic scenery of his native country he laid the foundation of much that is excellent in his writings. When he was seventeen years old, he was apprenticed to a grocer in Perth, and on the expiry of his apprenticeship he went to Dundee, and opened a small circulating library, by which he contrived to support himself. In 1835 he published a small volume, entitled "Poems and Lyrics," which received much praise from the periodicals of the day. An elaborate notice of it appeared in Tait's Magazine, from the pen of Mrs. Johnstone, authoress of Elizabeth De Bruce and other popular works. In 1836 Nicoll became editor of the *Leeds Times*, a weekly newspaper of radical politics. When he took charge of this journal its circulation was only a thousand, but before he left the paper it had increased to nearly four times that number—a fact which shows the force and vigour of his mind, and the untiring perseverence with which he followed out every undertaking in which his heart was engaged. Such close application was too much for a constitution never robust, and hastened the termination of his brief career. At the urgent request of his friends in Edinburgh, he resigned his situation, and returned to Scotland, in the hope that his native air would

There's green girse roun' my cottage sma',
An' by it rins a stream,
Whilk ever sings a bonnie sang,
To glad my cantie hame.

When delvin' i' the sheugh at e'en,
Its curlin' reek I see,
I ken the precious things at hame
Are thinkin' upon me;
I ken my restin' chair is set—
Whar comes the warmest gleam—
I ken there's langin' hearts in thee,
My ain wee eanty hame.

O! can I do but love it weel
When a' thing's luvesome there?
My cheerfu' wife, my laughin' weans,
The morn and e'enin' prayer;
The sabbath's walk amang the woods,
Or by the saut-sea faem—
The worst o' hearts may learn to lo'e
My ain wee cantie hame.

The blessin's o' a hame—bless'd heart
Be warm upon it a',—
On wife an' bairns may love an' peace,
Like sunbeams, joyous fa'!

aid in restoring him to health. With a kindness highly honourable to him, Mr. Johnstone received him and his young wife—for he had recently been married—into his house, and every means which the best medical skill could suggest was tried for his recovery—but in vain. He gradually declined, and breathed his last on the 9th Dec. 1837. His talents were of a very high order, and his writings full of promise. His disposition was frank, social, and kindly; his feelings warm and generous, and his friendships lasting. A volume of his poems has been published by Mr. Tait, for the benefit of his bereaved mother, with a memoir by his friend Mrs. Johnstone. Mr. Tait has kindly granted us permission to transfer a few of the young poet's productions to our pages.

Blithe thochts are rinnin' through my heart,
O! thochts I canna name—
Sae glad are they—while thinkin' o'
My ain wee cantie hame.

I NEVER WILL GET FU' AGAIN.

AIR—"*My wife's aye teazing me.*"

I'M sick, I'm sick, I'm unco sick,
My head's maist rent in twa;
I never found as now I find—
I'm no mysel' ava.
My mouth's as het's a lowin' peat.
My tongue's as dry's a stick—
I never will get fu' again,
For O! I'm unco sick.

I ha'e a drouth, an awfu' drouth,
An' water does nae gud;
Tho' I wad drink Lochlomond dry,
It wadna cool my blude.
I wish I had a clag o' snaw,
Or dad o' ice, to lick—
I never will get fu' again,
For, O! I'm unco sick.

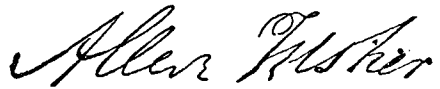
I will put in the pin—I will—
I'll ne'er mair tak' a drap,
Except, indeed, some orra time,
Then I'll but smell the caup.
O! that I were near Greenland's seas,
I'd plunge in heels o'er neck—

I never will get fu' again,
For, O! I'm unco sick.

I dinna ken right what to do—
I maist wish I were dead;
My hand is shaking like a strae,
Or like a corn-stauk head.
I stoiter doited out an' in,
My shanks are slack an' weak—
I never will get fu' again,
For O! I'm unco sick.

I sicken at the sight o' meat,
The smell o't gars me grue;
I daurna think o' tastin' maut—
'Twas maut that filled me fu'.
I will put in the pin, I will,
To that I'll firmly stick—
I never will get fu' again,
For O! I'm unco sick.

I winna join the Rechabites,
For they're a stingy crew,
They wadna let me tak' a drap,
Though frozen were my mou'.
Cauld water may be very good,
Yet ne'er to it I'll stick—
But, O! I'll ne'er get fu' again,
It mak's me aye sae sick.



BONNIE BESSY BALLANTINE.

AIR—"*Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks.*"

MY bonnie Bessy Ballantine,
I'm fu' o' lowin' love for thee;
I canna say I've been mysel',
Sin' yon cauld look ye gae to me.
I'd bide the thraws o' a' my kin,
An' warld's wrangs light on me fa';
But frowns frae Bessy Ballantine
My senses they drive clean awa'.

My dwellin's hamely, cauld, an' bare,
A leal heart's a' that I ca' mine;
So come and cheer my lanely cot,
My canty Bessy Ballantine.
Man's road through life is fu' o' crooks.
But at them I shall ne'er repine;
I'd climb the crag, I'd swim the sea
Wi' bonnie Bessy Ballantine.

MY MARY AND ME.

AIR—"*My ain fireside.*"

WHEN first I met Mary my heart was right fain,
Sae modest and bonny I wish'd her my ain;
I wish'd her my ain, and my ain soon was she,
And wha was sae blest as my Mary wi' me?

When we baith crap thegither our stock was but sma'—
Our faithers were dead, and our mithers and a',
Nae kind hand to help us nor counsel to gi'e,
Yet that never daunted my Mary and me.

We toil'd late and early—were carefu' and canny,
On daft silly falderals war'd ne'er a penny,
And tho' whiles at night unco wearied were we,
We slept a' the sounder, my Mary and me.

And when round the ingle, like steps o' a stair,
Wee bairnies sprung up, we just doubled our care,
Lean'd weel to the meal, and but light on the tea,
And bravely fought through, my sweet Mary and me.

We learn'd them to work, and we learn'd them to read,
Made honour and honesty ever our creed;
Now braw lads and lassies are under our e'e,
And that gi'es delight to my Mary and me.

Nae langer we dread that kind fortune may waver,
The battle's our ain, and we're richer than ever:
A spot o' gude grund, and a cow on the lea,
Is mair than eneugh for my Mary and me.

And what though the rose on her fair cheek is fading,
And fast o'er my thin locks the grey hairs are spreading?
A life rightly spent keeps the heart fu' o' glee,
And such has been aim'd at by Mary and me.

John Paterson

THE BONNY TWEED FOR ME.

AIR—"*Yon burnside.*"

THE hunter's e'e grows bright as the fox frae covert steals,
The fowler lo'es the gun, wi' the pointer at his heels,
But of a' the sports I ken, that can stir the heart wi' glee,
The troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny Tweed for me.

Wi' the gowan at the waterside, the primrose on the brae,
When sheets o' snawy blossom cleed the cherry and the slae,
When sun and wind are wooin' baith, the leaflet on the tree;
Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny Tweed for me.

When the fresh green sward is yieldin' wi' a spring aneath the fit,
And swallows thrang on eager wing out ower the waters flit;
While the joyous laverocks, toorin' high, shoot out their concert free—
Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny Tweed for me.

Cheer'd wi' the honest ploughman's sang, that mak's his wark nae toil—
The flocks o' sea-gulls round him as his coulter tears the soil,
When the craw-schule meets in council grave upon the furrowed lea—
Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny Tweed for me.

The modest wagtail joukin' past, wi' saft and buoyant flight,
And gurglin' streams are glancin' by, pure as the crystal bright,

When fish rise thick and threefauld, at the drake or
woodcock flee—
Then the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad, the bonny
Tweed for me.

I like the merry spring, wi' the bluid in nature's veins,
The dancin' streamlet's music, as it trinkles through the
stanes,
The silver white upon the hook, my light gad bending
free—
Wha wadna visit bonny Tweed and share sic sport wi' me?

While there! time wings wi' speed o' thought, the day
flees past sae sune,
That wha wad dream o' weariness till a' the sport is dune?
We hanker till the latest blink is shed frae gloamin's e'e,
Laith, laith to quit the troutin' stream, the fishin' gad,
and flee!

Wm A. Foster

ALLA MIA SPOSA.[1]

AIR—"*Home, sweet home.*"

ALTHOUGH for me no English home
Prepares the feast to-day;
Although where giant billows foam
I've sped a weary way;
Though—mock'd by baffling winds—the shore
Is to my sight denied,
My spirit chafes not as of yore,
For THOU art by my side.

[1] These lines, addressed by Mr. Kennedy to his wife, who accompanied him, were written off the entrance of the Mississippi, on board the Yazoo, New York packet, December 25 (Christmas Day) 1841.

Although I may not hope to find,
'Mid changing scenes and new,
Friends dear as those I've left behind—
The trusted and the true;
Yet, while those absent friends I bless,
My heart shall not repine,
Since in my wand'rings I may press
Thy faithful hand in mine.

Safe in the shadow of thy love,
The southern sun I'd brave,
Warm'd by thy smile, I'd cheerly rove
Where Polar tempests rave.
The fairest land, where THOU art not,
Seems desolate to be—
And where thou art, the dreariest spot
Is home, sweet home to me!

Will. Kennedy

OLD FATHER TIME!

OLD Father Time is a healthy old sage,
Though his brow it is bare, and his locks they are grey;
For though he has lived to a wonderful age,
No further he tastes of the power of decay.
He comes uninvited
To see blossoms blighted,
And sits like a monarch of might in his prime;
And while all is pleasing,
He surely is teazing.
Was e'er such a fellow as old Father Time?

Onward he steals where sweet infancy lies;
Where gay youth is in dreams, and where manhood is seen;
The maid he pursues, as before him she flies,
Nor stops to inquire, be she peasant or queen.
He waves his green willow
O'er those on the billow;
He wanders in haste to each far distant clime;
But why should we sorrow?
More hope let us borrow.
Was e'er such a fellow as old Father Time!

Andrew Park

THE CITY GUARD.[1]

AIR—"*The Battle of Sheriffmuir.*"

SING glory to the gallant corps
Wha keep Auld Reekie's keys, man;
An' ope an' steek the Black-hole door,
Just as their honours please, man:
Wha mak' their faes their might to feel,
Wi' balls o' lead, or points o' steel,
Syne toom their maut aboon their meal;
An' strunt an' stuff their beaks wi' snuff,
Then snort an' puff, sae grim an' gruff,
That every scoundrel flees, man.

O see them on their grand field days,
An' marchin' "raw by raw, man;"

[1] We heartily acknowledge our obligations to Mr. James Ballantine, author of the "Gaberlunzie" and "Miller of Deanhaugh," for permission to extract this exceedingly graphic piece from the latter work.

To show how they had backed the Greys,
When in the Forty-twa, man;
How Gallia's lords, an' Gallia's bands,
Were just like mice in Scotland's hands;
An' how they conquered kings an' lands;
Syne a' came here, to win a cheer
For their career, in ancient wear,
Afore they dozed awa', man.

Lang live the brave an' doughty band
To guard our ancient town, man;
An' lang may norland pith command
An' keep the causeway crown, man;
Though mither wives, and laddie weans,
Attack them whiles wi' clods an' stanes,
An' strive to break their Highland banes;
They tak' the rout, when wi' a shout
The Guard rush out, an' wi' a bout
Ding bauld rebellion down, man.

James Ballantine

SONG OF THE SEA-BOUND MARINER.

AIR—"*Chevy Chace.*"

UNFURL the sail
To the pleasant gale;
Our bark shall wend her way
O'er ocean wide,
Through the rippling tide,
Like a maiden, light and gay.

Farewell to the isle
Whose beautiful smile
Awakens each fond emotion,

As we gaze on her hills
And her sparkling rills,
From the heaving breast of the ocean.
Unfurl the sail, etc.

To each beating breast
Our loves we have prest,
And bade them a long adieu,
But their mem'ry shall dwell
In our hearts, mid the swell
Of the billows' foaming blue.
Unfurl the sail, etc.

'Neath the cloudless dye
Of a far-off sky,
We'll sing the songs of our land,
And the wine-cup, too,
We shall quaff to you,
Her daughters fair and bland.
Unfurl the sail, etc.

In the midnight storm,
Each beautiful form
That gladdened our hearts of yore,
Like a beacon bright
Our dream shall light,
And lure our spirits to shore.
Unfurl the sail, etc.

O life is a sea—
Let us weather with glee
Its perils and manifold woes,
Till our anchors we drop
In the haven of hope,
Where the tide of forgetfulness flows.
Unfurl the sail, etc.

MY GRANNY'S FIRESIDE.

AIR—"*Come under my plaidie.*"

MY granny's fireside in the days that are gane !
I mind it sin' first I could toddle my lane ;
The auld oily crusie hung down frae the tow,
And the clear rashy wick lent a cheery bit lowe ;
And there, while my granny indulged in a reek
O' her wee cutty pipe at her ain ingle cheek,
My grand-daddy sat i' the neuk in his chair,
And pored through his specks on the volume of lear'.

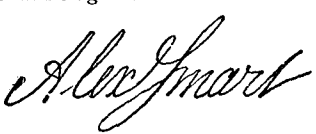
He kent ilka planet that glints in the lift,
How they swim in their orbits, baith siccar an' swift,
And how the auld earth stands on naething ava,
But rows round the sun in the air like a ba'.
He ilka thing kent, for he read a' the news ;
Could speak o' the auld-warld Romans an' Jews ;
An' a' thing that happen'd langsyne he could tell,
An' aye point a moral frae a' that befel.

My granny was skilled in a' ailments and pains,
And brawly could doctor the wives an' the weans ;
To bin' a cut finger, or row up a tae,
'Twas aye to my granny we roarin' wad gae ;
My granny had pouthers an' pills o' her ain,
And cures o' rare virtue nae doctor micht ken,
And ill-tasted herbs made our faces to thraw,
But wi' something she aye put the swither awa'.

My grand-daddy's oes were his pleasure an' pride,
The crown and the glory o' granny's fireside—
Save bairns in abundance nae treasure had he,
But they were more precious than gowd in his e'e.
Though wild an' mislear'd, I was dear to his heart,
When ithers misca'd me he aye took my part ;
His lessons I heard, an' his errands I ran,
And he prophesied aye I wad yet be a man.

Come pain or come pleasure, whate'er might betide,
There was nae place on earth like my granny's fireside;
Her weel-buttered bannocks she never wad hain,
An' a bawbee frae granny wad ease ilka pain.
My granny ne'er gloom'd on the bairns at their play,
Her heart aye was young, though her hairs they were grey;
The sports an' the joys o' her youth she wad tell,
An' mind aye when she was a lassie hersel'.

O weel do I mind, in the days o' langsyne,
When a pair o' new breeks or a jacket was mine,
To granny I flew in my newfangled pride,
An' my pouch was aye hansell'd at granny's fireside.
At Pace, or at Yule, or at blithe Hallowe'en,
At granny's fireside how delighted I've been!
Unscath'd by the canker of sorrow or pain—
O wha wadna be a wee laddie again!



KATE MACVEAN.

AIR—"*There's nae luck about the house.*"

'MANG Hielan' folk an' lawlan' folk ye may gang far an' near,
Ye even may tak' through the Shaws,[1] that's famed for bodies queer,
An' yet ne'er fin' the equal o' this couthie crone, I ween,
Wha's kent to a' folk roun' about by blithe auld Kate Macvean—
Cracky Kate Macvean, knacky Kate Macvean,
O wha can cheer the sinkin' saul like blithe auld Kate Macvean?

[1] Pollockshaws.

She needs nae brod aboon her door to tell she sells a gill,
A bleezin' ingle's a' her sign, wi' rowth o' reamin' yill,
Whare queer auld-fashion'd carles meet to crack their jokes at e'en,
An' tell their tales o' auld langsyne wi' blithe auld Kate Macvean—
Stumpy Kate Macvean, dumpy Kate Macvean,
Aye but an' ben, wi' tappit hen, gangs stoitin' Kate Macvean.

There's ne'er a chiel that blaws the pipes or draws a fiddle-bow,
Gangs near her door, but's bade gae in, an' sit as lang's he dow;
Her ingle-neuk gi'es shelter e'en to ballad-singer loons,
An' a' siclike clanjamphry, when gaun to borough-touns—
Trusty Kate Macvean, lusty Kate Macvean,
The very brute beast shaws gudewill to blithe auld Kate Macvean.

O wha wad count their time mis-spent though they should chance to sit
At least twa hours 'hint sober folk, wi' sic a flash o' wit!
She gars auld kimmers haud their sides while tears drap frae their een,
An' youngsters giggle an' guffaw—auld pawky Kate Macvean—
Gashy Kate Macvean, pashy Kate Macvean,
A' Scotland through, nane dings, I trow, auld rantin' Kate Macvean.

Robert Clark

YE MAY TALK O' YOUR LEARNING.[1]

AIR—"*Up in the morning early.*"

YE may talk o' your learning, and talk o' your schools,
An' how they mak' boobies sae clever;
Gude sooth! ye will never mak' wise men o' fools,
Altho' ye should study for ever.
If poor be the soil, ye may labour an' toil
On a common where naething will grow, man,
But, 'gainst sic barren sods, I will lay you some odds
On the head of an Ayrshire ploughman.

[1] We are indebted to our much-esteemed correspondent, David Vedder, Esq., for the following biographical notice of the unfortunate Andrew Mercer. To the same pen are we also indebted for the preceding one of Robert Nicoll.—EDITOR.

Andrew Mercer was the son of a respectable tradesman in Selkirk, and was born there in 1775. He was destined to the profession of a clergyman in the Secession Church, and entered the university of Edinburgh in 1790. He was a fellow-student with Dr. John Leyden and Dr. Alexander Murray, and was not undistinguished among the young men of his standing. Like his celebrated compeers, he became addicted to the pursuit of general literature, and contributed numerous essays, in prose and verse, to the periodicals of the day. Mr. Mercer formed one of the circle that often met in the house of Dr. Robert Anderson,—a circle in which the genius of Campbell was kindled and fanned, until the "Pleasures of Hope" burst forth, and commanded the admiration of his countrymen—of the world. Dr. Thomas Brown and Mungo Park were also among his associates; and he was likewise accustomed to receive the courtesies of literary intercourse from Walter Scott. Mr. Mercer gradually weaned his mind from his original professional object, which is much to be regretted.

In addition to his literary tastes, he took a fancy to painting; and, abandoning his theological studies, he devoted his attention to drawing, and ultimately to miniature painting, combined with literary contributions to the magazines, as the precarious means of his subsistence. This was an unfortunate decision; for, instead of having any well-defined professional object in view, as the most likely way of

Book-lear' an' the like o't, an' a' the fine things
That ye hear an' ye get at the college,
If there's no something *here* that school-craft quite dings,
At best ye're a hotch-potch o' knowledge.
But ye've heard o' a heckler wha wonn'd i' the west,
To whom Nature had gi'en sic a pow, man,
The brairds o' his brain excell'd ither folks' best,
An mony ran after his tow, man.

What signifies polish without there be pith?
Mind that, a' ye gets o' Apollo;
A farmer ance dwelt by the banks o' the Nith,
By my sang, he wad beat you a' hollow;
For he sang an' he sowed, an' he penned an' he ploughed,
An' though his barnyard was but sorry,
Frae his girnal o' brain he sowed siccan grain,
As produced him a harvest o' glory.

attaining independence and comfort, his talents, which were of no mean order, and his attention, were dissipated on a variety of pursuits, which were, alas! irreconcilable with steadiness of purpose; and ultimately habits of indolence were superinduced in a spirit which, had it been energetically devoted to some professional pursuit, might have enabled him to have attained a respectable and useful position in society. His fate, however, was of a different character. He never arrived either at eminence or reputation as an artist; and in 1804 "The *North* British Magazine," which was begun and encouraged by some of his friends for his behoof, was discontinued at the end of thirteen months. He subsequently went to Dunfermline, where for several years he earned a maintenance by drawing patterns for the manufacturers, and teaching; but here, too, his evil genius attended him, and he gradually sunk under his besetting infirmity of indolence, into obscurity and penury. He died in June, 1842. Yet, with all his frailties and infirmities, he was beloved by all who knew him, and his remains were followed to the grave by many of the most respectable inhabitants of Dunfermline, who sympathised with his misfortunes, and regarded his imperfections with a generous sorrow. His only separate publications were a history of Dunfermline, which appeared in 1828, and a small volume of poems a few years ago. Peace to his ashes.

Ance mair, a poor fallow there dwelt in the south,
An' he to his trade was a gauger—
He excelled a' the songsters, the auld an' the youth,
I'll haud you a pint for a wager.
I farther might tell, he'd a mind like a stell,
An' such was his wonderfu' merits,
That the haill country rang, an' the haill country sang,
When they tasted the strength o' his spirits.

Now wha was this ploughman and heckler sae braw,
An' wha was this farmer-exciseman?
It was just Robin Burns—for he was them a'—
An' ye ken that I dinna tell lies, man.
So here's to his memory again an' again,
Tho' learning is gude, we ne'er doubt it,
But a bumper to him who had got sic a brain,
That could do just as weel maist without it!

MANIAC SONG.[1]

THERE is a radiance beaming round her yet,
As fraught with loveliness, as when she smiled
Before her sun of reason thus had set,
And left her foot and fancy wand'ring wild.

[1] We have Mr. M'Leod's permission to extract this touching piece from his "Original National Melodies of Scotland."

The youth she loved her soul can ne'er forget—
The youth whom dark unfeeling hearts exiled;
And still in this green vale, where oft they met,
And life's bright hours in tender love beguiled,
She strays, and thus, while pain her bosom wrings,
Hark, hark! how sweet, how wildly sweet, she sings!

I had a hame, and I had hope, and ane who lo'ed me too,
But him they banish'd far awa', and others came to woo;
And now, like ane that's in a dream, I roam by glen and lea,
And have a fancy thus to sing—The grave, the grave, for me!
And hark! the echoes still reply,
The grave! the grave for me!

They tell me that the clay is cauld, tho' a' be warm elsewhere,
And that nae ray o' light can meet the bonnie black e'e there;
But they ha'e hearts mair cauld, I trow, than aught that there can be,
Who taught me thus to stray, and sing—The grave! the grave for me!
And hark! the echoes still reply,
The grave! the grave for me!

It was na weel to chase the hue o' this pale cheek away,
And waken in my heart the pain that sleeps not night or day;
It was na weel to part me thus frae him I ne'er shall see,
And leave me here to stray, and sing—The grave, the grave for me!
And hark! the echoes still reply,
The grave! the grave for me!

Our meeting still was in the bower when dowie midnight came,
For love is like a flower that blooms aye sweetest far frae hame;

My hame will soon be far away, and I at rest shall be,
And thus I have delight to sing—The grave! the grave for me!
And hark! the echoes still reply,
The grave! the grave for me!

Henry Scott Riddell

REQUISITES FOR A LOVE LYRIC.

TAKE two bright eyes of black or blue,
Two cheeks of roseate dye,
One brow of very snowy hue,
Some ringlets and a sigh,
One grove or glen, one mountain rill,
Some very clear blue sky,
One lowly cot, one lofty hill,
And then another sigh—

One happy hour, one ne'er forget,
One ever constant prove,
Two hearts till death together knit,
And one, my only love.
These, season'd with some fresh wild flowers,
And spread on gilt-edged vellum,
Will make a song, and, by the Powers,
To any bard I'll sell 'em.

George Roy

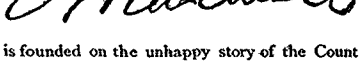
THE BROKEN HEART.[1]

AIR—"*What ails this heart o' mine?*"

FAREWELL! my dream is o'er:
Could I have called thee mine,
O! love, fond love! a boundless store
Had all, had all been thine.
But now, need'st thou be told,
Since thou thyself hast prov'd
So cold—alas! so very cold,
How well I could have lov'd?

Farewell!—yet though we part,
May'st thou no sorrow prove;
Whilst life remains, my constant heart
Will love thee—hopeless love!
Ah me! the trial's past;
Recorded is thy vow;
My life away is fleeting fast:
Thou art another's now.

Thy blandishments, dear maid!
Can not avert my doom;
My heart is dead ere it be laid
Within the quiet tomb.
What if I could still live!
O! is there aught on earth
Can now beguile me to believe
It is for living worth?



[1] The above song is founded on the unhappy story of the Count Oginsky. The lady of his affections gave the preference to another. On the day of her marriage, the Count besought her, as a last favour, to dance with him a beautiful Polonoise waltz which he had composed, and it is presumed in her honour. At its close, in the tumult of his feelings, he rushed from the house and shot himself.

BONNIE COQUET-SIDE.

AIR—"*Aye teazing me.*"

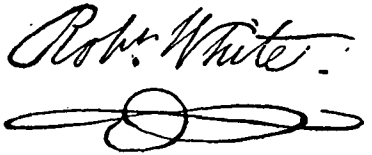
O! MARY, look how sweetly Spring
  Revives ilk opening flower:
Here in this brake, where lintwhites sing,
  I'll form a simmer bower.
Beneath whase shade, in sultry days,
  We'll see the burnies glide,
And sportive lambkins deck the braes,
  By bonnie Coquet-side.

At morn I'll mark how melting shine
  Thy een sae deeply blue;
Or, tempted thereby, press to mine
  Thy lips o' rosy hue.
To breathe the halesome air, we'll rove
  Amang the hazels wide;
And rest betimes to speak o' love,
  By bonnie Coquet-side.

The wild rose pure, that scents the gale,
  Shall grace thy bosom fair:
The violet dark, and cowslip pale,
  I'll pu' to wreathe thy hair.
O'er shelving banks, or wimpling streams,
  Thy gracefu' steps I'll guide,
To spots where Nature loveliest seems,
  By bonnie Coquet-side.

And when we view ilk furzy dale,
  Where hang the dews o' morn,—
Ilk winding, deep, romantic vale,—
  Ilk snaw-white blossom'd thorn;

Frae every charm I'll turn to thee,
And think my winsome bride
Mair sweet than aught that meets my e'e
By bonnie Coquet-side.



THE GOWDEN RING.

AIR—"*Low down in the broom.*"

O JAMIE, whare's the gowden ring!
An' whare's the necklace rare?
An' whare's the pretty velvet string,
To tie my raven hair?
An' whare the gloves, the gaudy gloves—
The silken gown sae fine?
An' whare the pretty flowers o' love,
Ye said wad a' be mine?

When last we met, O Jamie, think
On vows ye made to me;
Reca' the burnie's flowery brink,
Reca' the birken tree.
Ye ken ye vow'd—I heard ye plead,
An' couldna say ye na—
O Jamie haud my heavy head,
Its like to rend in twa.

To name the ring, or necklace braw,
Nae mair in time I'll daur;
But whare's the heart ye wiled awa'?—
O Jamie, tell me whare.

I'll hie me to the burnie side,
An' aye I'll seek it there;
I'll be the burnie's dowie bride,
An' never fash ye mair.

I'll tell the burnie a' my waes,
I'll tell the birken tree,
I'll kneel me on the gow'ny braes,
An' aye I'll pray for thee:
An' to the bonnie moon I'll sing,
Beneath the birken tree,
An' I'll forget the gowden ring
Ye fausely promised me.

YE DINNA KEN YON BOW'R.

AIR—"*Jenny Nettles.*"

YE dinna ken yon bow'r,
Frae the glow'rin warl' hidden,
Ye maunna ken yon bow'r,
Bonnie in the gloamin'.
Nae woodbine sheds its fragrance there,
Nae rose, nae daffodillie fair;
But, O! the flow'r's beyond compare,
That blossoms in the gloamin'.

There's little licht in yon bow'r,
Day and darkness elbow ither,
That's the licht in yon bow'r,
Bonnie in the gloamin'.
Awa', thou sun, wi' lavish licht,
And bid brown Benachie guid nicht;
To me a star mair dearly bricht
Aye glimmers in the gloamin'.

There's no a sound in yon bow'r,
Merl's sough nor mavis' singin';
Whispers saft in yon bow'r,
Mingle in the gloamin'.
What tho' drowsie lav'rocks rest,
Cow'rin' in their sangless nest?
When, O! the voice that I like best,
Cheers me in the gloamin'.

There's artless truth in yon bow'r,
Sweeter than the scented blossom;
Bindin' hearts in yon bow'r,
Glowin' in the gloamin'.
The freshness o' the upland lea,
The fragrance o' the blossom'd pea,
A' mingle in her breath to me,
Sichin' in the gloamin'.

Then haud awa' frae yon bow'r,
Cauldrife breast or loveless bosom;
True love dwells in yon bow'r,
Gladdest in the gloamin'.

William Thom

SONG OF THE BEE.

AIR—"*Wha'll be king but Charlie?*"

CHORUS.

I SING a song, a merry song,
O who can sing like me!
There's none can chime the whole day long
So joyful as the Bee.

The bursting bud, the full-blown flowe,
Reward me with a kiss ;
And hail me to their fragrant bower,
To drink their streams of bliss.
I wither not their lovely smiles,
Yet bear their sweets away,
And soon they lure me back with wiles,
Some other sunny day.
I sing a song, etc.

Before the dew is off the spray,
My matin hymn I sing,
Ere fair Aurora's virgin ray
Has glanced upon thy wing.
Within the cottage eaves my note
Awakes the cottar's child ;
I love to charm the hallowed spot
With warblings sweet and wild.
I sing a song, etc.

I love the primrose on the waste—
The heathbell on the lea—
Each bears a treasure in its breast,
To cheer the roaming Bee ;
Each has a beauty all its own,
Which wisdom may define ;
A simple charm around it thrown
By Nature's hand divine.
I sing a song, etc.

I love the woodlands when their nooks
Are shadowed o'er with bloom ;
Where lovers, by the noisy brooks,
Delight amid perfume.
Where oft the maiden's rosy lip
Allures me with its dye,
And when I fain its sweets would sip,
I'm startled by her sigh.
I sing a song, etc.

I love the Spring because it brings
Hope's pleasures back again—
I love the Summer, for it flings
Sweet blossoms o'er the plain—
I love the Autumn, for its store
Seals pallid Famine's doom;
But, ah! the Winter's surly roar
To me is fraught with gloom.
I sing a song, etc.

FIE! FAIR MAIDEN.

AIR—"*Tibby Fowler.*"

FIE! fair maiden, young and pretty—
Is it not a shocking pity
Lips so rosy, tongue so witty,
Should tell aught but truth?
Spread it must through all the city
That thou speak'st not sooth!

Beauty feigning false excuses
More than half its lustre loses;
Shun, oh! shun thy lips' abuses—
Lips with pout so sweet
Sure were made for other uses,
Than to breathe deceit!

When a witless song-bird viewing,
To the net some crumb pursuing,
Tranced by wily fowler's wooing,
Then of thee I think,
Bent upon thine own undoing—
Close on ruin's brink!

Maiden! wherefore all this bother!
Wherefore all this noise and pother?
Why attempt the truth to smother—
Truth that will be out?
One false word begets another—
Think what thou'rt about!

Beauteous are the leaves of roses,
Sweet the bells the fount discloses;
But when flowers that deck our posies
Bear the worms we loathe,
Or the spring its freshness loses—
How we shun them both!

Then, fair maiden, young and pretty,
Is it not a shocking pity
Lips so rosy, tongue so witty,
Should tell aught but truth?—
Would that for thy sake this ditty
Might be found unsooth!

Jas Wedderwick

AWA' WI' YOUR WISDOM.

AIR—"*Last May a braw wooer.*"

Awa' wi' your wisdom, Sir Waefu', the wise,
Your tiresome advice I'm no spierin'—
Your face, man, it looks as ye fed upon sighs,
An' to laugh, as a sin ye were fearin'—were fearin',
To laugh, as a sin ye were fearin'.

Man, think ye't nae sin that this beautifu' warl'
Ye wad nickname the birth-place o' sorrow—
At the cheerfu' to-day ye do naething but snarl,
An' conjure up clouds for to-morrow—to morrow,
An' conjure up clouds for to-morrow.

Ye flee frae the face o' a bonnie sweet lass,
The loveliest gem in creation,
Ye ban at a bottle, an' growl at a glass,
An' ye libel the wale o' our nation—our nation,
Ye libel the wale o' our nation.

We honour the man wha is sound at the heart,
Ev'n rough chields, like me, man, revere him;
But the lang chaftit loon wha is playing a part,
He's sae ugsome we canna come near him—come near him,
He's sae ugsome we canna come near him.

Then awa' wi' your wisdom, Sir Waefu', the wise!
Keep your counsel for them that are spierin';
An', ere ye throw stour in ither folk's eyes,
Gi'e your ain, for they need it, a clearin'—a clearin',
Gi'e your ain, for they need it, a clearin'.

Robt. L. Malone

SCOTCH SERENADE.

AIR—"*The New Highland Laddie.*"

O COME to me, lassie,
And dinna be saucy,
The moon ower the hill-top is glintin' fu' clearly,
What makes ye now tarry,
My winsome wee fairy?
O come to the laddie that lo'es ye sae dearly!

The stars o' the heaven
Their bright hames are leavin',

To hap their wee breasts in the lake sleeping clearly;
While ower them are leaning
The fond cluds of e'ening,
To steal a saft kiss frae the lips they lo'e dearly.

The elves o' the fountain,
On dew-blobs are mountin',
To sport in the moonlight that flashes sae cheerly;
The glen is a' ringing,
Wi' daffin and singing,
And a' speaks o' love but the lass I lo'e dearly.

O lassie, believe me,
I winna deceive thee,
My heart it has lo'ed thee baith lang and sincerely;
In dool and in gladness,
In joy and in sadness,
It aye has been faithfu' to her I lo'e dearly.

The lamp o' the morning
Will sune be adorning
Ilk place where we've dander'd baith latesome and early;
Then what makes ye tarry,
My winsome wee fairy?
O come to the laddie that lo'es ye sae dearly.

Edward R. Sloane

I HA'E LOST MY HEART.

Set to Music by J. C. Keisser, Edinburgh.

I HA'E lost my heart, I ha'e lost my heart,
Whaur has the wand'rer flown?
I'm sad and wae for the silly wee thing,
I wish it be na stown.

It's awa' to the lassie blithe an' sweet,
Wi' sunlight in her e'e,
And, oh! gin the wilfu' wee thing ye meet,
Gae bring it back to me.

Oh! it's unco sair a lassie to lo'e,
Wha's fickle as the wind;
An' it's unco sair when ye lose your heart,
Anither no to find;
But, oh! it's heaven the lassie to lo'e,
Wha gi'es ye love again—
Then strive ye to borrow a maiden's heart,
An' niffer't wi' your ain.

James Ballantine

MY MOTHER, CAN I E'ER RETURN?

AIR—"*Coming through the Rye.*"

MY mother, can I e'er return
The love I owe to you?
Can I forget the smile that burst
Frae 'neath thy cloudit brow?
Whan toddlin' round thy widow'd hearth,
Ilk thoughtless tottie's tongue
Had music in't to charm the dool
That ower thine ingle hung.

Then let me kiss the pearlie draps
Frae aff that sunken e'e,
An' press to mine thae wither'd lips
That aft ha'e prayed for me.

A wearie weird ye've had to dree,
An eirie lot was thine;
A cauldrife warld was laith to gi'e,
It left thee lane to pine.
Sair scrimp't aye o' fortune's gifts,
Ye've toil'd baith late and air';
And strove to lift our youthfu' hearts,
Aboon this warld o' care,
Then let me kiss the pearlie draps, etc.

The fleichin' tongue was never thine,
That laithsome falsehood wears;
The warldlin' kentna what I ken,
For secret were the tears
That waukrife mem'ry bade to flow
Ower love's untimely urn,
That scaith'd the lentryne o' thy life,
An' left thee lane to mourn.
Then let me kiss the pearlie draps
Frae aff that sunken e'e,
An' press to mine thae wither'd lips
That aft ha'e prayed for me.

John Crawford

LADY COCKPEN.

AIR—*The Laird o' that Ilk.*

THE Laird o' Cockpen, fu' o' ailments and years,
Was laid at the last wi' his ancient forebears,
Some aucht years or sae, 'yont the threescore and ten,
And a lone woman now was the Lady Cockpen.

The Lady Cockpen was a widow, 'tis true,
But the Lady Cockpen was as gude as when new;

The sum o' her years about twenty and ten,
Nor waur o' the wear was the Lady Cockpen.

For man 'twas decreed he should livena his lane,
But mak' flesh o' his flesh, and mak' bane o' his bane,
And women are no an exception to men—
Sae thocht and sae ettled the Lady Cockpen.

And Captain M'Turk, hangin' lang on half-pay,
Wi' little to do, but wi' muckle to say,
Wi' leisure to spare, tho' wi' little to spen',
He sigh'd for the lady and lands o' Cockpen!

Brawnie legs and braid shouthers, red whiskers and hair,
Twa yards and twa inches his stature, and mair,
Wi' a strut like a turkey—the crouse tappit hen
Was the game for the Captain—the Lady Cockpen.

The Captain was bauld, yet the Captain was slee,
The widow he wooed wi' the tear in her e'e,
In the saft meltin' moments that come now and then
In a lone woman's life—as wi' Lady Cockpen.

Now sorrow will soothe in the fulness o' time,
And widows turn wives without reason or rhyme;
Sae booket and buckled, the blithest o' men,
Is Captain M'Turk wi' the lady Cockpen.

He married the lady for sake o' the lan',
She married the Captain for sake o' the man;
And the gossips ha'e got it down by our gate-en',
That the howdy has hopes in late Lady Cockpen!

DINNA GREET FOR ME.

AIR—"*John Anderson my joe.*"

O GENTLY, gently raise me up on this sad bed, my spouse,
To look ance mair upon the wood where first we changed vows;
The Spring is comin', Jeanie, for the trees begin to blaw,
But ere the leaf is fully blawn, a widow's tears will fa'!
My heart is beatin' loud and fast, and ilka beat a pang,
The dead-bell soundin' in my lug has tauld me I maun gang,
And death has come to our bedside, but oh! it's hard to dee,
And part wi' a' I've loved sae weel—yet dinna greet for me!

I had a waefu' dream yestreen—what gars me tell it now?—
Methought I saw a stranger lad, and he was courtin' you;
But the willow-tree hung o'er you, for I watch'd its branches wave,
And the wither'd bink ye sat on was a newly cover'd grave!
The heavy moon was risin' on the simmer day's decline,
And dead men's banes a' glimmer'd white beneath the pale moonshine.
It was a sad, ungratefu' dream—for, oh! your kindly e'e
Has mair than warld's wealth in its look—ye maunna greet for me!

We'll meet within a happier land that opens to my view;
And yet, Heav'n kens, my earthly heart wad rather stay wi' you,
Wi' you and that wee bairn, that ance we thocht sae muckle bliss,
Ower weak a flower to leave alane in sic a warld as this!

For mony a tear her little e'e may ha'e to gather yet,
And haply mony a wearie gait awaits her hameless fit;
But "The Father of the fatherless" maun fend for her and thee—
To doubt wad be a sin, my Jean—sae dinna greet for me!

MY AULD GUIDMAN.

BAR the ha' door, my dearie—
Hech, sirs! sic a din
This wild winter makes wi'
His weet an' his win',
Wi' hail hard as whunstanes,
Wi' thick chokin' sna'—
Bar the ha' door, my dearie,
Fu' crouse let him craw.
When the big arm-chair near
The ingle is drawn,
And my wheel birrs wi' joy
'Side my auld guidman,
O! the blink o' his e'e
Makes a summer to me,
Sae sunny's the glee
O' my auld guidman.

In vain, gloomy winter,
Ye try ilka art
To bend his straught back, or
To freeze his kind heart;

When loud roar thy tempests,
When fierce flow thy floods,
When the wind bites the bark
Frae snaw-covered woods,
As he wears his sheep hame,
Frae hill or laigh lan',
He laughs in your face, trowth!
My buirdly auld man.
For the wild winds o' night
That the feckless affright,
Send songs o' delight
To my auld guidman.

And, losh! how he loups frae
The ingle's blithe blink
When he hears the loud roar
O' the curler's rink.
His han' still is steady,
Though aften, waes me!
Eild murk clouds will fa' ower
The aim o' his e'e;
Yet through the hale parish
The rumour has ran,
That there's nane takes the tee
Like my auld guidman.
At ilk beef an' green feast,
A new medal, at least,
Hangs bright at the breast
O' my auld guidman.

I ha'e laugh'd, aye, an' laugh'd,
Till my auld sides were sair,
To see him 'mang younkers
At bridal or fair—
When he cracks his brown thums
I' the foursome reel,
As he thinks himsel' still
A supple young chiel';

When the lasses ne'er swither
To gi'e him their han',
An' swing through the reel wi'
My auld guidman.
O ! he aye looks sae cheerie,
Ca's ilk ane "his dearie,"
Haith ! the night ne'er gets eerie
Wi' my auld guidman.

My heart's grit wi' gladness,
Yet tears fill my e'e,
When I think that the mate
O' my bosom maun dee ;
Yet bending wi' meekness
I'd bow to my fate,
If we baith the same hour
Could gang the same gate ;
Or get but a lease o'
This life's mortal span,
I could wear out a score wi'
My auld guidman.
I'd climb the steep brae,
And strew, as I stray,
Glad flowers on the way
O' my auld guidman.

Nine wee anes we've christen'd—
We'll maybe name ten !
Some young sprouts ha'e sprung up
To women and men.
The lasses are modest,
As lasses should be—
The young rogues are wild-like,
And thoughtless awee ;
But to scauld or to skelp them
Was never my plan,
An' a word's quite enough
Frae my auld guidman.

Hard knocks aye gi'e place
To sound lessons o' grace,
Frae the saul and the face
O' my auld guidman.

Our faith has been constant,
Our love has been strang,
They ha'e worn sae weel, they
Ha'e lasted sae lang.
Lang, lang may they last!
But O! well-a-day!
If sad fate before me should
Wede him away,
I'll take the stroke kindly,
Frae Death's baney han',
Whilk lays me beside him,
My auld guidman.
But sighing and sadness
Is even doon madness,
When livin' in gladness
Wi' thee, my auld man.

A. Macleggan

JEANIE'S WELCOME HAME.

AIR—"*Bonnie Wood o' Craigie lea.*"

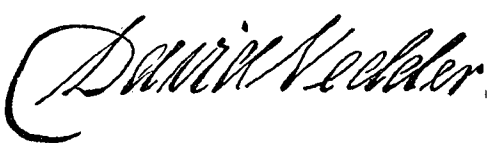
LET rapt musicians strike the lyre,
While plaudits shake the vaulted fane;
Let warriors rush through flood and fire,
A never-dying name to gain—
Let bards, on fancy's fervid wing,
Pursue some high or holy theme,—

Be't mine in simple strains to sing
My darling Jeanie's welcome hame.

Sweet is the morn of flow'ry May,
When incense breathes frae heath and wold,
When lav'rocks hymn the matin lay,
And mountain peaks are bathed in gold,
And swallows frae some foreign strand
Are wheeling o'er the winding stream,—
But sweeter to extend my hand,
And bid my Jeanie welcome hame.

Poor Colley, our auld-farrant dog,
Will bark wi' joy whene'er she comes,
And Baudrons, on the ingle rug,
Will blithely churm at "auld gray thrums;"
The mavis, frae our apple tree,
Shall warble forth a joyous strain,
The blackbird's mellow minstrelsy,
Shall welcome Jeanie hame again.

Like dewdrops on a fading rose,
Maternal tears shall start for thee,
And low-breathed blessings rise, like those
Which soothed thy slumb'ring infancy.
Come to my arms, my timid dove!
I'll kiss thy beauteous brow once more,—
The fountain of thy father's love
Is welling all its banks out o'er.



LAMENT FOR ABERCAIRNIE.

A MOURNFU' gloom is ower the earth,
A' nature seems in pain,
An' joins the dolefu' wailin' sang,
"Gude Abercairnie's gane."
Nae children's play was in the glen
That heard his bugle's swell,
And night closed on a bloody day
When Abercairnie fell.

We brought him hame upon his shield,
His tartans dyed in gore;
And tears were seen in stern auld een,
Whaur ne'er were tears before.
His mither and his bride cam' down—
Ae shuddering look they cast—
Ae waefu' look—it mair than tauld
Their day o' joy had pass'd.

O! for ae soft an' dewy tear
Of pity, not of ire,
For mine are bursting frae my een,
Like draps o' scorching fire;
Or for a blade, whose sweep were death,
And let me face them a',
The traitors wha ha'e slain my chief—
But I'll avenge his fa'.

O! I could lay me down an' dee,
Sin' Abercairnie's gane;
But lang for him the tears shall fa',
And deep shall be our main.
Awa', thou pipe that pleased him sae,
Nae mair thy strains he'll hear—
Dead now the stormy pibroch falls
On Abercairnie's ear.

CUDDIE WILLIE.

AIR—"*The Gaberlunzie Man.*"

AULD Cuddie Willie gaed to the sea side,
To howk for cockles at ebb o' the tide;
He stappit the shore wi' a manly stride,
An' steevely he shool'd up the sand, O;
He wrought an' he sang as merry an' free
As wee curly waves that wimple the sea—
But little guessed he o' the winsome fee
That Beauty had biding his hand, O.

A genty young leddy, bloomin' an' fair,
Cam' down to the shore for the fresh sea air,
An' aye she gazed an' she winkit the mair,
Fu' kind on the strappin' auld man, O.
Auld Cuddie Willie, he looted him low,
He doffed his bonnet an' made her a bow;
Quo' he, "Fair leddy, what's come o' your joe,
That ye're daunderin' here alane, O?"

"Troth, carle," quo' she, "I ha'e wooers no few,
But nane o' them kens, nor has wit to woo—
Gin I had ane wi' the smeddum o' you,
Fu' blithely I'd gi'e him my hand, O.'
Bauld Willie, he passed his arm round her neck,
An' ga'e her wee mou' sic a stoundin' smack,
Her auld faither heard the sound o' the crack
For a mile out ower the land, O.

The faither, he keek't ower his castle wa',
An' grim gloom'd the carle whan his auld een saw
His bonnie young lassie riding awa'
On the cuddy ahint the auld man, O.
"The cocklegatherer's aff wi' my daughter—
Gird every man for the chase an' the slaughter,
Ride ye an' rin until back ye ha'e brought her—
An' I'll gi'e ye a gude strong can, O."

Sic muntin' o' steeds, sic girdin' o' sworas—
'Mang hedgers and ditchers, 'mang flunkies and lords,
Her wooers are roarin' their new-fangled words,
An' loudly an' fiercely they ban' O.
The ploughman has munted his auld grey naig,
The herd ower the foal has striddled his leg,
Blin' uncle Jock carries lame aunty Meg,
An' they're aff like the whirlwin', O.

Sic scuddin' and thuddin', sic swearin' an' sinnin',
Sic gallopin', wallopin', rinnin', and pinnin',
Ilk ane to be foremost wad gi'e a' his winnin',
An' pap his bit breekums in pawn, O.
Bauld Willie, he look't out ower his shouther,
Syne cramm'd his pistols wi' pease and pouther,
"My dear," quo' he, "I'll gi'e them a scouther—
I'll strew them thick on the lan', O."

The first shot he fired, the foremost fell,
Riders and racers a' courin' pell-mell,
Syne up an' ran hame their mischance to tell,
While the bride kissed her brave auld man, O.
Wi' laughin' a' day, an' lovin' a' night,
The comely pair are as canty an' light
As gin she were leddy and he were knight—
They are linkit in true love's ban', O.

James Ballantine

THE MINISTER'S DOCHTER.

AIR—"*Johnny M'Gill.*"

O! THE minister's dochter for daffin's a deil,
There's fire in her e'e an' there's spunk in her heel—
I kenna what ails me—I'm no very weel,
Since the minister's dochter blinked slyly on me.

It's no for her beauty, it's no that she's braw,
Tho' sunny her smile, an' her skin like the snaw,
But I dinna ken what has come ower me ava,
Since the minister's dochter blinked slyly on me.

My cronies a' jeer, for their presence I shun,
They say I am douf, and ha'e tint a' my fun,
An' just like a foggy day wantin' the sun,
For ance I was canty as canty could be.
I look like a man that's been haul'd into law,
Or puir dyvor loon, wi' his back at the wa'—
I whiles try to sing, but the sound dees awa',
Since the minister's dochter blinked slyly on me.

But how should I bother the company sae,
'Tis folly outright to be dowie and wae—
I've nought to complain o'—what mair wad I ha'e?
For did na the lassie blink kindly on me?
How lang I've been progin' my courage in vain—
But birds now or eggs I'm resolved to obtain,
I'm no gaun to sleep this cauld winter my lane—
Na! the minister's dochter maun cuddle wi' me.

Thomas C. Latto

MY AIN WIFE.

AIR—"*John Anderson, my jo.*"

I WADNA gi'e my ain wife for ony wife I see,
For, O my daintie ain wife, she's aye sae dear to me;
A bonnier yet I've never seen, a better canna be—
I wadna gi'e my ain wife for ony wife I see.

Though beauty is a fading flower, as fading as it's fair,
It looks fu' weel in ony wife, an' mine has a' her share;

She ance was ca'd a bonnie lass—she's bonnie aye to me;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife for ony wife I see.

An' couthie is my ingle cheek, an' cheerie is my Jean,
I never see her angry look, nor hear her word on ane—
She's gude wi' a' the neebours roun', and aye gude wi' me;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife for ony wife I see.

An' O her looks sae kindly, they melt my heart outright,
When ower the baby at her breast she hangs wi' fond delight;
She looks intill its bonnie face, an' syne looks to me;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife for ony wife I see.

Alex Laing

OH THE DREICH DAYS O' WINTER.

AIR—"*Come under my Plaidie.*"

OH! the dreich days o' winter are irksome to bear,
When feedin' and cleedin' are baith unco dear,
When the wee birdie haps frae the shelterless tree,
To seek the wheen moolins our table can gi'e;
When the storm-gowlin' cluds row back i' the lift,
And the doors an' the winnocks are chokit wi' drift;
When the snaw's fa'in' fast, and the wind's blawin' keen,
I can nae langer daunder wi' Jessie at e'en.

But the bleak winds o' winter, when ance they blaw by,
Nae mair passin' poortith will cause me to sigh;
For a weel-plenish'd biggin' I ettle to gain,
And syne, my sweet Jessie, I'll ca' ye my ain;

But, tho' fortune should frown, still contented I'll be,
Gin' I'm blest wi' the light o' your laughin' black e'e.
Come, simmer, in kirtle o' gowden and green,
That again I may daunder wi' Jessie at e'en.

WHEN WE WERE AT THE SCHULE.

AIR—"*There's nae luck about the house.*"

THE laddies plague me for a sang,
I e'en maun play the fule,
I'll sing them ane about the days
When we were at the schule.
Though now the frosty pow is seen
Whaur ance wav'd gowden hair;
An' mony a blithesome heart is cauld
Sin' first we sported there.
When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule;
An' O sae merry pranks we play'd
When we were at the schule.

Yet muckle Jock is to the fore,
That used our lugs to pu',
An' Rob, the pest, an' Sugar Pouch,
An' canny Davie Dow.
O do ye mind the maister's hat,
Sae auld, sae bare, an' brown,
We carried to the burnie's side,
An' sent it soomin' down?
When we, etc.

We thocht how clever a' was plann'd,
When, whatna voice was that ?
A head is raised aboon the hedge,—
"I'll thank you for my hat!"
O weel I mind our hingin' lugs,—
Our het an' tinglin' paws,—
O weel I mind his awfu' look,
An' weel I mind his taws!
When we, etc.

O do you mind the countin' time,
How watchfu' he has lain,
To catch us steal frae ither's slates,
An' jot it on our ain ?
An' how we fear'd at writin' hour
His glunches an' his glooms,
How mony times a day he said,
Our fingers a' were thooms ?
When we, etc.

I'll ne'er forget the day ye stood,
'Twas manfu', like yoursel',
An' took the pawmies an' the shame
To save wee Johnny Bell;
The maister found it out belyve,
He took ye on his knee,
An' as he gaz'd into your face,
The tear was in his e'e.
When we, etc.

But mind ye, lad, yon afternoon
How fleet ye skipp'd awa',
For ye had crack'd auld Jenny's pane
When playin' at the ba',
Nae pennies had we: Jenny grat;—
It cut us to the core;
Ye took your mither's hen at nicht,
An' left it at her door.
When we, etc.

An' sic a steer as granny made,
When tale-py't Jamie Rae
We dookit roarin' at the pump,
Syne row'd him down the brae.
But how the very maister leuch
When leein' saddler Wat
Cam' in an' threep't that cripple Tam
Had chas'd an' kill'd his cat.
When we, etc.

Ah, laddies, ye may wink awa'!
Truth maunna aye be tauld,
I fear the schules o' modern days
Are just siclike's the auld.
An' are na we but laddies yet,
An' get the name o' men?
How sweet at ane's fireside to live
The happy days again!
When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule,
An' fling the snawba's ower again
We flang when at the schule.

Thomas C. Latto

I'SE REDE YE TAK' TENT.

AIR—"*Laird o' Cockpen.*"

I'SE rede ye tak' tent o' your heart, young man,
I'se rede ye tak' tent o' your heart, young man,
There's a hizzy I ken,
Wha wons down in the glen,
To wheedle't awa' has the airt, young man.

An' O! she is pawky an' slee, young man,
An' O! she is pawky an' slee, young man,
For sae sweet is her smile
That a saunt she'd beguile,
Sae witchin's the blink o' her e'e, young man.

She's packed wi' mischief an' fun, young man,
She's packed wi' mischief an' fun, young man—
Gin ye dinna beware,
An' tak' unco guid care,
She'll wile you as sure as a gun, young man.

But then she's baith bonny an' gude, young man,
But then she's baith bonny an' gude, young man,
Tho' a wee bit thought wild,
Yet her temper is mild,
An' her kin are o' gentle blude, young man.

Her faither's fu' bien, I can tell, young man,
Her faither's fu' bien, I can tell, young man—
He's a keen canty carl,
Weel to do in the warl'—
Losh, lad! I'm her faither mysel', young man.

Gin ye wish a gude wife to earn, young man,
Gin ye wish a gude wife to earn, young man,
Fast! gae get her consent,
An' ye'll never repent—
Ye'll get a gude wife in my bairn, young man.

Allen Fisher

GI'E MY LOVE GEAR.

GI'E my love gear, gear,
Gi'e my love gear an' siller;
She'll aye be blithe, and fondly kythe,
As lang as ye bring till her.

Gin I were row'd in bings o' gowd,
Had garners stow'd wi' wealth at will,
I mak' nae doubt she'd drain them out,
And speedily my coffers spill.
Where comes the gear, or cheap, or dear,
She'll never spier siclike, I trow,—
E'en beg or steal—gang to the deil!
Saebe't ye keep her happer fu'.
Gi'e my love gear, gear, etc.

At kirk an' fair the lads they stare,
And grudge me sair her courtesy;
They little reck that sic respeck
Has cost maist feck my towmond's fee!
For ilka smile, a plack she'll wile,
For ilka kiss, a crown at least;
And troth I'll swear, the auld ye'll clear
Afore she'll trust you wi' the neist.
Gi'e my love gear, gear, etc.

The tither morn, wi' meikle scorn,
She bann'd me for a niggard loon,
And tauld how Pate had coft to Kate
At Lammas fair a braw new gown;
I'll tak' a wad, I've gi'en the jaud
O' better far a score, d'ye see;
But fient may care! she'll yet ha'e mair—
Ye'll never sair her greedy e'e.
Gi'e my love gear, gear, etc.

I've maidens seen, that roose their een,
Their lips, their cheeks o' rosy hue,
Say they were fair beyond compare,
Ye had but little mair ado:
To siclike phrase, sic wooster ways,
My love she pays but sma' regard—
Tak' ye my word, like simple bird,
Wi' caff for corn she'll ne'er be snared.
Gi'e my love gear, gear, etc.

JOHNNY'S GREY PLAID.

AIR—"*Johnny's grey breeks.*"

I'VE coft a stane o' haslock woo',
To mak' a plaid to Johnny o't;
For Johnny is my only joe,
I lo'e him best o' ony yet.
Gin kindness shou'd wi' kindness meet,
I'm mair in debt than mony, O;
Gin freely gi'en should freely get,
I owe the plaid to Johnny, O.

I'll wile awa', wi' canny skill,
The cardin' an' the spinnin' o't;
I'll gi'e a tenty honest chiel'
The weavin' an' the wynnin' o't;
An' syne I'll tak' a sunny day,
An' scour it clean an' bonny, O;
An' o' the soncy wab o' grey
I'll mak' a plaid to Johnny, O.

O, lang an' weary is the way,
An' Johnny lo'es sae dearly, that
In comin' aye a courtin' me,
The laddie's late an' early out;
An' aye the early mornin's raw,
An' aft the e'enin's rainy, O,
But in a bizzy week or twa
I'll ha'e a plaid to Johnny O.

My Johnny is the wale o' men,
There's nane sae leal an' canty, yet—
That sic a laddie is my ain,
Indeed I'm unco vaunty o't.
I'll do my best—I'll be a wife
As gude an' kind as ony, O,
An' i' the stormy days o' life
I'll share the plaid wi' Johnny O.

Alex Laing

MY HEART'S 'MONG THE HEATHER.

AIR—"*Failte na Miosg.*"

MY heart's 'mang the heather, where fearless and far
Bounds the fleet-footed deer over mountain and scaur;
Where hangs the wild goat like a shrub on the steep,
Where down the deep ravines the cataracts leap;
Where the strong-pinioned tempests in slumber repose,
Or revel in wrath which no strength may oppose;
Where far overhead the proud eagle floats free,
Oh! my heart's 'mong the heather, wherever I be.

They may dungeon me deep, where the day's blessed light
Cometh never to gladden my soul or my sight;
Where grim-bearded silence and solitude reign,
But, scaithless, the spirit will burst from this chain.

Away from the gloom, like a bird on the wing,
O'er the heather-clad mountains I'll soar and I'll sing,
Inhaling the beauty, the breeze, and the bloom:
Oh! my heart's 'mong the heather, whatever my doom.

My heart's 'mong the heather—Oh! never, Oh! never!
Can aught from this bosom my fatherland sever;
Long years have gone by since I left it, a child,
And years from its bosom may keep me exiled;
But if ages on ages might over me roll,
It's features would ne'er be erased from my soul,
And the love which I bear it can never decay—
Oh! my heart's 'mong the heather for ever and aye!

OUR AULD UNCLE JOHN.

AIR—"*When Autumn has laid her sickle by.*"

OUR auld uncle John is an odd sort o' chiel,
As prim as the priest, an' as deep as the deil,
He's proud o' his person, his parts, and his pelf,
But sae closely encased in the mail-coat o' self,
That if saving frae skaith wad but cost a bawbee,
Even that for his mother he scarcely wad gi'e.

Though now near the fifty-third milestane o' life,
He ne'er could be tempted to think on a wife.
"They're fashious," quo' John, "and they're costly beside,
Wi' their muffs, ruffs, and ruffles, their pinks and their pride;

Na, na," quo' our uncle, "nae woman for me,
The clack o' her clapper I never could dree."

Our auld uncle John keeps a house by himsel',
But few, very few, ever tinkle his bell,
Except some poor victim to borrow or pay,
And wae on the debtor wha keeps na his day,
"Ye'll mind, Sir," quo' John, "that the rule is wi' me,
When due, ye maun pay me down plack and bawbee."

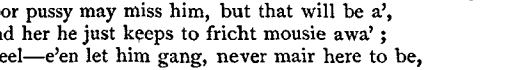
Yet auld uncle's biggin' is cosie and bien,
Where a' things are polish'd like ony new preen,
In ilk scouring dish ye may view your ain face,
Ilk stool and ilk chair keeps its ain proper place,
Gin the carpet be crumpled, or hearth-rug ajee,
The moment it's noticed it righted maun be.

Gin the least puff o' reek down the vent chance to come,
He's up wi' the besom an' bannin' the lum;
Should a flee just but light on his winnock or wa',
He's up wi' the dishclout to daud it awa',—
"Get out o' my house, ye vile vermin," cries he,
"Though I've meat for mysel', I ha'e nane for the flee."

Nae poor beggar bodies e'er darken his door,
The print o' their bauchels would sully his floor;
The toon collies daurna snoke in as they pass,
E'en baudrons maun dight her saft feet on the bass.
"Ay, pussy! ye'll no quat your raking," quo' he,
"But just clean your feet ere you venture to me."

Our youngsters wad visit him last new-year's day,—
He ne'er bade them welcome, nor wish'd them to stay,
But dealt them a crust frae a hard penny brick,
Saying, "Now, weans, our cheese, ye see, winna cut thick;
Rin hame to your mither, and tell her frae me,
I wantna your visits,—I've naething to gi'e."

Our auld uncle John, when he sleeps his last sleep,
What friend will lament him—what kinsman will weep?
Poor pussy may miss him, but that will be a',
And her he just keeps to fricht mousie awa';
Weel—e'en let him gang, never mair here to be,
A tear for his loss ne'er shall moisten an e'e.



THE WANDER'D BAIRN.

THE cluds gaed hurlin' ower the lift,
The snaw in divots fell,
An', like the wullcat's dreesome din,
The lum gi'ed mony a yell;
An' waukrife scream'd the bieldless bird,
An' flaff't its flaket bouk,
An' whirrin' thro' the leafless trees,
The frozen brake forsook;
"Guid guide us aye!" quo' auld Dunrod,
"An' shield us a' frae harm,
I hear a yirmin' i' the blast!—
'Let in a wander'd bairn!'"

"O tak' the puir wee wand'rer in!"
Was heard frae ilka tongue,
While frae the bairnie's tautit hair
The frozen crystals hung,
An' cauld an' blae her gentie han's,
Her feet a' tashed an' torn,
An' duddie bare her brats o' claes,
Unlike a nicht o' storm,
An' 'wilder'd row'd her watery een,
That nane the tale could learn
That tauld o' schillin, scaith, an' wae,
To that wee wander'd bairn.

The auld guidwife wi' kin'ly words,
  The hameless wand'rer cheer'd,
An' frae the cozie ingle neuk
  The grumlin' collie steer'd.
Ilk sough that shook the lanely bield,
  The smorin' cluds sent down,
That gar'd the kin'ly wifie's heart
  Wi' kin'lier feelin's stoun';
For artless was the sonsie face,
  'Twad thow'd a heart o' airn,
To see the trinklin' tear draps fa'
  O' that wee wander'd bairn.

But nane e'er kent the wand'rer's tale,
  Tho' months an' years gaed past,
Sin' first the lanely muirlan' bield
  Had screen'd her frae the blast;
An' wooers cam' to seek the han',
  The lily han' that strove
To mak' her foster-father's hame
  The hame o' peace an' love;
But aye the tear-drap dimm'd her e'e,
  Tho' ne'er a ane could learn
The saikless sorrows that oppress'd
  Dunrod's wee wander'd bairn.

Now simmer clad ilk bower an' brake;
  An' thirlin' ower the lea
The lintie sang a lichtsome lilt
  O' love an' liberty.
To roam amang the snawy flachts
  That spairged the speckled lift,
The lav'rock left its leesome lair,
  An' bathed its head in licht;
An' sweetly smiled the loved o' a',
  Nae mair wi' thocht forfairn,
For Lady o' Ardgowan ha'
  Was now the wander'd bairn.

Saft pity aft a balm has brocht
To lanely widow'd grief,
An' kindred waes ha'e aften socht
In kindred tears relief.
Wi' fortune's favours aft comes pride
Wi' fortune's frowns despair,
An' often has the pauchty breast
Been torn wi' grief an' care;
But ne'er the kindly feelin' hearts
That could ower sorrow yearn,
Had cause to rue the love they show'd
To that wee wander'd bairn.

John Crawford

PITY ME! WHAT I DREE.

Written for a St. Kilda air, or "Haud awa' frae me, Donald."

PITY me! what I dree!
This poor aching heart is breaking,
Here I lie, moan and sigh,
Lanely and forsaken.

Lately I was blithe and cheery,
As the merry maukin;
Now I'm dowie, dull, and dreary,
Baith asleep and waukin'.
Pity me! etc.

On the primrose bank nae mair
I'll flowery chaplets weave me,
Nor deck wi' silken snood my hair,
For ane wha'd sae deceive me.
Pity me! etc.

A' my thochts are thochts o' sorrow,
A' my dreams are sadness;
Not a hope to light the morrow
Wi' a gleam o' gladness.
Pity me! etc.

O! that I had never met him—
Never loved sae fondly,
O! that I could now forget him
Whom I lived for only.
Pity me! etc.

A' my joys are fled for ever,
A' my peace is broken;
Bear, O! bear to my fause lover
This unhonoured token.
Pity me! etc.

Tell him o' a tender blossom,
Trampled down and faded,
Tell him o' a stainless bosom,
Now, alas! degraded.
Pity me! etc.

Yet amid this wreck and ruin—
Not a starlet gleamin',
She he wrong'd for peace is suing
To her faithless leman.

Pity me! what I dree!
This poor aching heart is breaking,
Here I lie, moan and sigh,
Lanely and forsaken.

Alex Rodger

THE AULD EMIGRANT'S FAREWEEL.

AIR—"*Of a' the airts.*"

LAND of my fathers! night's dark gloom
Now shrouds thee from my view;
Land of my birth—my hearth—my home—
A long and last adieu.
Thy sparkling streams—thy plantin's green,
That ring with melodie,
Thy flowery vales—thy hills and dales
Again I'll never see.

How aft ha'e I thy heathy hills
Climb'd in life's early day,
Or pierced the dark depths of thy woods,
To pu' the nit or slae;
Or lain beneath the "milk-white thorn,"
Hid frae the sun's bright beams,
While on my raptured ear was borne
The music of thy streams.

And aft, when frae the schule set free,
I've join'd a merry ban',
Wha's hearts were loupin' licht wi' glee,
Fresh as the morning dawn;
And waunder'd, Crookston, by thy tower,
Or through thy leafy shaw,
The live lang day, nor thocht o' hame,
Till nicht began to fa'.

But now the lichtsomeness o' youth,
And a' its joys are gane,
My children scatter'd far an' wide,
And I am left alane;
For she wha was my hope and stay,
And sooth'd me when distress'd,
Within the "dark and narrow house"
Has lang been laid at rest.

And puirtith's clouds do me enshroud,
Sae, after a' my toil,
I'm gaun to lay my puir auld clay
Within a foreign soil.
Fareweel, fareweel, auld Scotland dear,
A lang fareweel to thee,
Thy tinkling rills, thy heathy hills,
Nae mair, nae mair I'll see.

Wm Finlay

HEATON MILL.[1]

AIR—"*Awa' to bonnie Tweed side.*"

Wi' boundin' step and gladsome e'e,
I'll aff for Heaton Mill,
To steep the line and throw the flee
Amang the streams o' Till.
My end-hook wears a woodcock wing,
Its body dubb'd wi' green,
The freckled drake will upmost swing,
A spider bob between.

My taper gad sae light and fair,
A clear gleg rinnin' wheel,
Wi' sparklin' gut like ony hair,
The tackle-book and creel;
The lang sma' taper gad is swung
Around wi' easy slight,
Across the stream the flies are flung,
Like gossamer they light.

[1] Heaton Mill is situated near Twizel Bridge, in the vicinity of the field where the fatal battle of Flodden was fought.

The water-gowan's silken stem
Floats wavin' on the tide,
And 'neath the flow'rets bonnie gem,
The trooties like to hide.
I'll try my hand—a lucky hit
May bide the ither throw,—
My hook's just struck the very bit,
Light as three flaiks o' snow.

Frae 'neath the weed a gowden gleam
Flash'd frae his burnish'd side,
And at the hook a boil is seen
That scarcely stirs the tide;
The bendin' gad wi' stricken'd line,
Shug-shuggin' like a wand,
A' workin' on a thread sae fine,
Yet brings him safe to land.

There ne'er was aught in nature seen
Whose colour could outvie
The glitter o' its side sae green,
Bathed in the rainbow's dye.
The olive back, the gowden fin,
The belly's silver hue,
A' spread upon a pinkie skin,
That scarcely blushes through.

The mottled drops that mantle far
Out ower his spangled scale,
A' glist'nin' like the gorgeous star
That gems the peacock's tail.
A fishing day, by dam or weir,
Could aye my feelings bind,
And muckle in't there is to cheer
A nature-loving mind.

Aneath yon auld saugh tree I'll lean
Upon a mossy seat,
Wi' Tiptoe braes afore my een,
Till streamin' at my feet;

And list the sandy lav'rock's ca',
Lood wheeplin' out his strain,
Or sweet sang o' yon water craw,
Doup doupin' on the stane.

Gude e'en—the day is wearin' ben,
Far wast the sun has row'd,
The trees adown steep Twizel Glen
Are steep'd in burnish'd gowd.
May peace and plenty mingle there,
And saftly row the Till,
For welcome kind to hamely fare
Is aye at Heaton Mill.

Mr A. Foster

SONG OF THE WANDERING SEA-BREEZE.

Oh! I am the child of an eastern land,
I have roam'd o'er the waters wild,
And I danced a while with a bridal band,
When the spirit of gladness smiled;
'Neath the spreading Banyan's ample shade,
Where they held their revelry,
I stole a kiss from each beautiful maid,
And wing'd me out to sea.

I shook the sails of a lonely bark,
Becalm'd on the glassy deep,
That lay at night 'mid the shoreless dark,
Like a drooping maid asleep;
And the mariner sprang from his dreamy rest,
As he heard the rippling seas,
He look'd to heaven, his sins confess'd,
Then bless'd the wandering breeze.

I curl'd the wave o'er a hero's grave,
Who sank 'mid the battle's storm,
And I heard the shriek that his true-love gave,
As I fann'd her phantom form;
When she lightly wing'd o'er the billow's crest,
With the speed of a spirit's flight,
And she sank in the deep, deep ocean's breast,
Like a living beam of light.

I have gather'd the sweets of the sunny isles,
Where the spirit of beauty dwells,
'Midst the evergreen bloom of fair nature's smiles,
That are woven with hidden spells;
I have tuned my soft voice with the mellow notes
Of a sea-born syren's lyre,
And the magic song of the mermaid floats
Round my harp's unfinger'd wire.

I caught the last prayer of a drowning man,
Ere the chord of life was riven,
And I soar'd to a place that the eye cannot scan,
Till I met the herald of heaven;
And the guerdon I sought was the smile that beam'd
In the angel's lovelit eye,
And the chorus of praise that around him stream'd
As he bore his charge on high.

Where the man-hunter lay, like a serpent coil'd,
'Mid Afric's palmy shades—
I rustled the leaves, and his purpose foil'd,
For I startled the sable maids;
And I bore back his curse to his blacken'd heart,
And murmur'd revenge in his ear,
When a hidden hand launch'd a poison'd dart,
And his life-stream dyed the spear.

I hasten'd the flight of two lovers that fled
In a light and tiny bark,

For I fill'd their white sail when its folds were spread,
  Like the wing of the swan in the dark;
And the blossoms of bliss were around them shed,
  From hope's unfading bowers,
Where the spirit of love, with soundless tread,
  Displays its mystic powers.

Oh! I am the pilgrim of ocean deep,
  And I speed to the golden west,
With whisperings of hope to the hearts that weep,
  And joy to the weary breast;
The tints of the east are on my wing,
  And they smile as I sigh along—
My breath is the kiss of the rosy spring,
  And my voice is the fount of song.

'TIS NAE TO HARP.

AIR—"*My heart and lute.*"

'TIS nae to harp, to lyre, nor lute,
  I ettle noo to sing—
To thee alane, my lo'esome flute,
  This simple strain I bring.
Then let me flee, on memory's wing—
  O'er twice ten winters flee;
An' try, ance mair, that ae sweet spring
  That young love breath'd in thee.

Companion of my happy then!
  Wi' smilin' friends around—
In ilka "but"—in ilka "ben"
  A couthie welcome found;

Ere yet thy master proved the wound
That ne'er gaed skaithless by;
That gi'es to flutes their saftest sound,
To hearts—their saddest sigh.

Since then, my bairns ha'e danced to thee,
To thee my Jean has sung;
An' mony a night, wi' guileless glee,
Our hearty hallan rung.
But noo wi' hardships worn and wrung,
I'll roam the world about;
For her and for her friendless young,
Come forth my faithful flute?

Thy artless notes may win the ear
That wadna hear me speak,
An', for thy sake, that pity spare
My full heart couldna seek.
An' when the winter's cranreuch bleak
Drives houseless bodies in—
I'll aiblins get the ingle cheek,
A' for thy lightsome din.

William Thom

O! HOPE'S LIKE A MINSTREL.

AIR—"*Dumbarton's bonny dell.*"

O! HOPE's like a little minstrel bird,
That sings by the path o' a child,
Aye flittin' frae bloomy bough to bough
Wi' an air sae merry an' wild;
An' maist within grasp o' his gowden wings

He lets the bairnie creep,
Syne, aff bangs he
To a high high tree,
An' the wee thing's left to weep.

O ! Hope's like a maiden o' fair fifteen,
Wi' an e'e as dazzlingly bright
As the dew that blinks i' the violet's cup,
When the sun has reached his height ;
An' she bows her bright head to your sweet waled words,
Till love turns burning pain,
Syne, wi' sudden scorn,
She leaves ye forlorn,
To smile on anither swain.

O ! Hope's like a sun-burst on distant hills,
When stern and cloudy's the day,
An' the wanderer thinks it a heaven-blest spot,
An' his spirit grows licht by the way ;
The bloomy moors seem lakes o' gowd,
An' the rocks glance like castles braw—
But he wins na near
The spot sae dear—
It glides aye awa' an' awa'.

An' whiles Hope comes like a prophet auld,
Wi' a beard richt lang an' grey,
An' he brags o' visions glitterin' an' gran',
An' speaks o' a blither day.
Ne'er heed him ;—he's but a hair-brained bard,
A-biggin' towers i' the air—
A lyin' seer,
Wha will scoff an' jeer,
Though your heart's baith cauld an' sair.

Joseph Grant

HE THAT THOLES OWERCOMES.

AIR—"*Auld Langsyne.*"

A CANTIE sang, my auld guidman,
I'll lilt wi' lichtsome glee,
We winna, shanna yaumerin yirm,
Though fortune's freaks we dree.
Sae, stamp your foot—mak' sorrow flee,
And blithely crack your thum's!
We've fouchten sair, baith late an' ear'—
But he that tholes owercomes.

We've been thegither, man and wife,
For forty years an' mair,
An' leal we've warslet through the warld,
An' gi'en our bairnies lair.
An' aye ye've muckle thocht o' me,
Tho' mony hicks an' hums,
Ye've war'd ower puirtith's antrin dauds—
But he that tholes owercomes.

Sax buirdly chiel's, baith stark an' stieve,
An' bonny dochters three,
As e'er drew huik ower harvest rig,
Or blest a mither's e'e,
We've rear'd an' lair'd; an' weel may we
Think muckle o' our sons,
For aft their kindness to us proves
That he who tholes owercomes.

Our dochters, women-muckle grown,
Wi' a' their winnin' airts,
Can thow the icy tags that hing
About our wallow't hearts.
They bind wi' flowers our wrinkled brows—
Eke out life's brittle thrums,
An' tell us, by their smiles o' love,
That he that tholes owercomes.

Sae round about, and round about,
We'll jump an' dance an' sing;
Noo, up an' till't, my auld guidman,
We'll gar the kebars ring.
Sae, stamp your foot—mak' sorrow flee,
And gaily snap your thum's,
A guid life mak's a happy death,
An' he that tholes owercomes.

John Crawford

LAST WEEK AS I SAT.

AIR—"*Last May a braw wooer.*"

LAST week, as I sat wi' my wheel by the fire,
I heard our wee winnock play dirl,
And said to my mother 'twas time for the byre,
For weel I kent Johnie's love-tirl, love-tirl,
For weel I kent Johnie's love-tirl.

I lifted the leglin and hied out in haste,
Bein' laith that my lover should wearie,
And, swith! ere I kent he'd his arms round my waist,
And kiss'd me, and ca'd me his dearie, his dearie,
And kiss'd me, and ca'd me his dearie.

But ere we had weel gotten time for a smack,
My mother cam' out in a hurry,
And wi' the grape-shank o'er his head came a thwack—
Losh guide's! but she was in a flurry, a flurry,
Losh guide's! but she was in a flurry.

She ca'd me a limmer, she ca'd me a slut,
And vowed she would cure me o' clockin';
Said how that I neither had havens nor wit,
In my life I ne'er gat sic a yokin', a yokin',
In my life I ne'er gat sic a yokin'.

Neist she flew at my lover, wi' tongue like a sword,
Himsel' and his kindred misca'in';
While he, silly doofart, said never a word,
But aye his clower'd cantle keept clawin', keept clawin',
But aye his clower'd cantle keept clawin'.

She said, if again to our town-end he cam',
Or look'd but the gate o' her daughter,
Wi' an auld hazle rung or a wheel-barrow tram,
His muckle thick skull she would flaughter, would flaughter!
His muckle thick skull she would flaughter!

Dumfounder'd at length, he snooved out o' the byre,
As I've aft seen a weel thrashen collie,
And trudged his wa's hameward through dub and through mire,
I've nae doubt, lamentin' his folly, his folly,
I've nae doubt, lamentin' his folly.

And ever sin' syne, when we meet, he looks blate,
As if we had ne'er been acquainted—
He ettles, it's plain, to leave me to my fate,
But, believe me! I'll no gang demented, demented,
Believe me, I'll no gang demented.

For the lover that's scared by an auld woman's tongue,
Though e'en like a dart it rin through him,
Or yet by the weight o' her wrath in a rung,
Ill deserves that a lassie should lo'e him, should lo'e him,
Ill deserves that a lassie should lo'e him.

MADIE'S SCHULE.

AIR—"*The Campbell's are comin'.*"

WHEN weary wi' toil, or when canker'd wi' care,
Remembrance takes wing like a bird of the air,
And free as a thought that ye canna confine,
It flees to the pleasures o' bonnie langsyne.
In fancy I bound o'er the green sunny braes,
And drink up the bliss o' the lang summer days,
Or sit sae demure on a wee creepy stool,
And con ower my lesson in auld Madie's schule.

Up four timmer stairs, in a garret fu' clean,
In awful authority Madie was seen;
Her close-luggit mutch tower'd aloft in its pride,
Her lang winsey apron flowed down by her side.
The taws on her lap like some dreaded snake lay,
Aye watchin' an' ready to spring on its prey;
The wheel at her foot, an' the cat on her knee,—
Nae queen on her throne mair majestic than she!

To the whir o' the wheel while auld baudrons wad sing,
On stools, wee an' muckle, a' ranged in a ring,
Ilk idle bit urchin, wha glower'd aff his book,
Was caught in a twinklin' by Madie's dread look.
She ne'er spak' a word; but the taws she wad fling!
The sad leather whang up the culprit maun bring,
While his sair bluther'd face, as the palmies wad fa',
Proclaim'd through the schule an' example to a'.

But though Madie could punish, she weel could reward,
The gude and the eydant aye won her regard—
A Saturday penny she freely wad gi'e,
And the second best scholar got aye a bawbee.
It sweeten'd the joys o' that dear afternoon,
When free as the breeze in the blossoms o' June,
And blithe as the lav'rock that sang ower the lea,
Were the happy wee laddies frae bondage set free.

And then when she washed we were sure o' the play,
And Wednesday aye brought the grand washin' day,
When Madie relaxed frae her sternness a wee,
And announced the event wi' a smile in her e'e,
The tidings were hail'd wi' a thrill o' delight—
E'en drowsy auld baudrons rejoiced at the sight,
While Madie, dread Madie! wad laugh in her chair,
As in order we tript down the lang timmer stair.

But the schule now is skailt, and will ne'er again meet—
Nae mair on the timmer stair sound our wee feet;
The taws an' the penny are vanish'd for aye,
And gane is the charm o' the dear washin' day.
Her subjects are scatter'd—some lang dead and gane—
But dear to remembrance, wi' them wha remain,
Are the days when they sat on a wee creepy stool,
An' conn'd ower their lesson in auld Madie's schule.

COME, BILLIES, LET'S STEER FOR OUR HAMMOCKS.

AIR—"*Rattlin' roarin' Willie.*"

COME, billies, let's steer for our hammocks,
Consider the nicht's growing late,
Fy rax us our plaids and our crummocks,
It's time we were takin' the gate;
Our dawties at hame will be weary,
Wi' waiting upon us sae lang,
Then why keep them lanely and eerie
While we are enjoying our sang?

It's guid to be social and canty,
  It's cheering to coup aff our horn—
But makin' ower free wi' our *aunty*[1]
  Is sure to bring trouble the morn;
For *aunty*'s a dangerous kimmer,
  And no to be dallied wi' aye,
She'll turn to bleak winter our simmer,
  And sprinkle our haffets wi' grey.

Come now, we ha'e a' gotten ready,
  Na, laird, no anither drap mair,
Weel, Johnny, ye're foremost—be steady,
  And mind there's a turn in the stair—
Shoot out your best fit now before ye,
  And cannily catch ilka step,
Ae stagger, my blade, and we're ower ye,
  Syne wha your fat carcase will kep?

Now, since we're a' landed on Terra,
  Let ilk tak' his several road,
Enough we may manage to carry,
  Ower meikle's a troublesome load.
Guid e'en—ilka man to his dearie,
  As fast as he's able to gang—
To meet a wife smiling and cheery,
  Is ten times mair sweet than a sang.

Alex Rodger

[1] "Aunty,"—the bottle—a debauch. It is a common saying, when a person is seen in liquor—"He's been seeing his aunty."

THE LINTIES' WOOING.

AE day twa wee grey linties sat on a twig,
An' the cock bird sang this canty strain,
"I'll mak' thee my hen, in a nest o' our ain"—
Then he lilted the o'ercome wi' might an' main—
"I will," quoth the merry wee grig.
Awa' then they flew by bush and by brier,
Till they cam' to a bonnie shady bow'r,
An' they sat there fu' cozielie mair than an hour,
Till the drizzlin' drap cam' down in a show'r,
When the canty cock, cunnin' an' queer,

He lifted his wing an' he happit the hen,
An' he chirpit sae cagielie, what do ye think?
That he fairly bamboozl't the hen in a blink,
In the conjugal mire she was willing to sink,
Nor car'd she for clerkly amen.
Fu' blithely they wrought baith stark an' stour,
An' fu'-neat was the biggin'—but here ends the joke.
O' their flytin', an' billin', an' cooin', the book
Telleth not; but I'se warrant thae wee feather'd folk
'Mang their sweets found a sprinklin' o' sour.

James Mason

THE LAST LOOK O' HAME.

Music by John Purdie, Esq.

BARE was our burn brae,
December's blast had blawn,
The last flower was dead,
An' the brown leaf had fa'n:

It was dark in the deep glen,
  Hoary was our hill,
An' the win' frae the cauld north
  Cam' heavy an' chill.

Where I said, "Fare-ye-weel,"
  To my kith an' my kin;
My barque, it lay ahead,
  An' my cot-house ahin':
I had nocht left to tine,
  I'd a wide warl' to try,
But my heart, it wadna lift,
  An' my e'e, it wadna dry.

I look'd lang at the ha'
  Thro' the mist o' my tears,
Where the kind lassie lived
  I had ran wi' for years:
E'en the glens where we sat,
  Wi' their broom-cover'd knowes,
Took a hank on this heart
  That I ne'er can unlouse.

I ha'e wander'd sin' syne
  By gay temples and towers,
Where the ungather'd spice
  Scents the breeze in their bowers:—
O! sic scenes I could leave,
  Without pain or regret,
But the last look o' hame
  I never can forget.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind.
Tho' press'd and hemm'd on ev'ry side, ha'e faith and
ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crost in love, as whiles nae
doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae
your een;
Believe it for the best, an' trow there's gude in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang lang days o' Simmer, when the clear an' cludless
sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd an' dry,
The genial night wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring
anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

So lest 'mid Fortune' sunshine we should feel ower proud
an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's e'e;
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence
or how,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

James Ballantine

MORTAL HAPPINESS.

To sing of human happiness, when all is peace and piping,
Or laugh at love and handkerchiefs, when eyelids need no wiping,
Is but to mock the cruel pangs that now my heart is tearing,
And smuder up the hearty groans that's rowling for a hearing:
Och! if I had my paice of mind, that cruel piece of plunder,
I'd let the jades die wrinkled maids, and then they'd see their blunder.

"Sure, now, an' they are not desarvin' to live an' die, wid never a mouth to spake to but thir own? Och! if I had my own way on't, I'd see them rot an' die like praties in a frost, wid never a morsel of mother earth over them to purtect the blessin'. My heart is batein' agin the sides of my body, an' roarin' like the livin' thunder. I'm thinkin' every joinin' an' corner an' turnin' in my body will be in pieces, lyin' lookin' at aich other, and sayin', 'Will ye shake hands and be friends agin?' They're all roarin' and croakin'—and cryin' and singin', ever like the win' does through the ropes and riggin' and canvas of the ould Molly of Ballynahinch, when she's standin' up for't agin them cross-grained win's that's wantin' to bate the carpenter."

The lovely craturs every one are jewels of perfection,
And mighty need they have indeed of comfort and purtection;
But I, who'd be their guardian through each future generation,
Am trated like the blackguard scamps that roam about the nation.
Oh! paice, throughout the wholesome day, and I have long been strangers,
And all the night in woeful plight I dream of fearful dangers.

Where'er I turn my aching eyes for paice or consolation,
Some cheek, or eye, or lip, or brow, works furder tribulation—

Och murther! but it seems my fate, that some one will
tormint me,
Whene'er I turn me round from one, another is fornint
me;
The saucy flirts, if but a word I'd speak of adoration,
With "Sur?" as sharp's a sword they'd cut the thread
of conversation.

"Now, Tennis, will ye lave off talking? your tongue will be worn as thin as a shilling, rowlin' an' roarin' agin your teeth. At once't an' for ever, tie up the four corners of your mouth wid the tail of your tongue, Tennis, and hould your breath to cool your broth wid when they are too hot for the spoon!" "Och! Europe and the Black Sea to the bargain!—will ye make my heart go all to pieces batein' agin the bone, going agin it that one knock cannot get out'n the way ov the other?—ould Father Time couldn't, for the life on him, wish it faster—at the rate of twenty hunner knocks in a minute —at least two days in the hour. I'm thinkin' it will lape out an' spake to you for itself. Och! you'll not repate thim cruel words agin. Look now! an' have they not broken the skin of them lips, like rose laves, my darlint? Och, now! let them just close sweetly and softly and quietly, like them laves I am spaking of! when thir going to thir bed for the night, and spake a kind word wid the corner of your eye!"

No wonder that the married wives are happy and contented,
Sure of her vows no dacent spouse has ever yet repented;
Whate'er they want their husbands grant, that's fitting
for their station,
While nought they do, 'tween me and you, but raising
botheration.
Then let the female sex now learn to know what most
they're needing,
Nor screw their pretty mouths to No!—when Yes! would show their breeding.

JOHN GRAEME.

THE TROUTIN' DAY.

I'LL mount the creel upon my back, and aff wi' merry glee,
And ha'e a gallant troutin' day, wi' minnie or wi' flee:
I ken ilk stream and wimplin' pool—ilk plaintain, brae, and mead,
By Beaumont fair, the sleepy Till, or the majestic Tweed.

Your swivel mount, the minnie spin, the water's porter brown,
And try the cast abǫon the Cauld, below sweet Cold-stream town.
The wind is saft, the sky is grey, the colour o' the tide
Proclaims the spate frae Slittrick brae, or Yarrow's mountain side.

The laverock's chirlin' in the sky, far, far aboon our ken;
The blackbird's notes are ringin' high, frae out the quarry glen;
The brairdin' bear sae sweet to smell, a' wat wi' dewy spray,
Mak' high our bounding spirits swell on sic a troutin' day.

The saft winds pirlin' through the trees, the gowans at my fit,
The big trouts boilin' at the flees, as ower the stream they flit;
The salmon ware upon the ford, just new run frae the sea;
The swallows swarming ower the tide,—a' please the fisher's e'e.

Fling ower to whaur the eddies boil, aboon their rocky bed:
I ha'e him fast, the greedy gowl,—he struck it like a ged;
The tackle's stout—the haud is fast—for landing, famous ground;
I've worked him down—he's out at last—his weight aboon a pound.

Anither and anither still—they're rising by the score;
Like draps that tail a summer shower, far spreads ilk wimpling bore.
But night is closing in at last—my pouches heavy feel—
I scarce can get the lid made fast, wi' sic a stockit creel.

I'll hame, on Sandy Foster ca'—o' fishers he's the sire—
And wi' the lave we's ha'e a blaw, around his kitchen fire;
The warm cheerer, circling bright—the weary turning gay;
A' listening to the hard-won fight that crowns a troutin' day.

The fish upon the table spread in ashets bright and clean,
The larger spread aboon the fry to glamour anxious een;
The cantie laugh o' harmless glee, the royal lots o' fun
Wi' auld Tam Smith, blithe Uncle John, or cannie Willie Dun.

O Coldstream fair! there's ane, at least, that bears a love for thee—
A fervent, deep, and stirring love, that time will ne'er let dee!
I'd sooner swing at Coldstream Cross, or to a stake be boun',
Than die an honest fair strae death in ony ither toon!

Mr A. Foster

WATTY, THE POACHER.

Wi' a lang rusty gun that looks nae worth a groat,
A horn fu' o' pouther, a pouch fu' o' shot,
An' a black cutty pipe in his cheek reeking hot,
You'll meet auld cunnin' Watty, the poacher.

Ere the grey o' the morn he lea's his theek'd house,
Creeps up the lee side o' the hedge like a mouse;
Though cunnin' an' pawky's the wiles o' puir puss,
She's nae match for slee Watty, the poacher.

Ilk slap that he thinks maukin shouldna gae throu',
He puffs his tobacco reek a' roun' the mou';
Whan they push for the ane whaur his girn's, I trow,
Hangs them dead for auld Watty, the poacher.

When the snell, snawy blast, or the wild drivin' sleet
Gars the paitricks a' croodle thegither for heat,
A shot frae his gun mak's them turn up their feet,
The hale covey for Watty, the poacher.

Or whan winter's white coat lies fu' deep on the grun',
And smoor'd maukin's breath mak's a hole like a lum,
Tho' snug 'neath the snaw, yet without dog or gun,
He's the spoil o' slee Watty, the poacher.

The squire and his keeper, a ne'er-do-weel chiel',
Try a' kin' o' traps to lay Wat by the heel;
The farmers they bribe, but they a' like ower weel
Their frien', cunnin' Watty, the poacher.

Wat wishes the gentry a' roun' at the deil;
He thinks a' the birds an' beasts o' the fiel'
Belang by fair nature to ilk honest chiel'
That can kill them like Watty, the poacher.

The cadgers aye ca' as they pass to the town;
He fills their box fu' for a white siller crown,
Or barters for beef, wi' a drap to wash down
A' their bargains wi' Watty, the poacher.

Wat's aye guid to the puir—aft a farl o' cake,
Wi' the leg o' a pheasant or cutty they get;
An' afttimes this benison's left at his gate—
O' lang life to bauld Watty, the poacher.

R. P. MARSHALL.

THE DRYGATE BRIG.

LAST Monday night, at sax o'clock,
To Mirren Gibb's I went, man,
To snuff, an' crack, an' toom the cap,
It was my hale intent, man :
So down I sat an' pried the yill,
Syne luggit out my sneeshin' mill,
An' took a pinch wi' right good will,
O' beggar's brown (the best in town),
Then sent it roun' about the room,
To gi'e ilk ane a scent, man.

The sneeshin' mill, the cap gaed round,
The joke, the crack an' a', man,
'Bout markets, trade, and daily news,
To wear the time awa', man ;
Ye never saw a blither set,
O' queer auld-fashion'd bodies met,
For fient a grain o' pride nor pet,
Nor eating care got footing there,
But friendship rare, aye found sincere,
An' hearts without a flaw, man.

To cringing courtiers, kings may blaw,
How rich they are an' great, man,
But kings could match na us at a'
Wi' a' their regal state, man ;
For Mirren's swats, sae brisk and fell,
An' Turner's snuff, sae sharp an' snell,
Made ilk ane quite forget himsel',
Made young the auld, inflamed the cauld,
And fired the saul wi' projects bauld,
That daur'd the power o' fate, man.

But what are a' sic mighty schemes,
When ance the spell is broke, man?
A set o' maut-inspired whims,
That end in perfect smoke, man.

An' what like some disaster keen,
Can chase the glamour frae our een,
An' bring us to oursel's again?
As was the fate o' my auld pate,
When that night late, I took the gate
As crouse as ony cock, man.

For, sad misluck! without my hat,
I doiting cam' awa', man,
An' when I down the Drygate cam',
The win' began to blaw, man.
When I cam' to the Drygate Brig,
The win' blew aff my guid brown wig,
That whirled like ony whirligig,
As up it flew, out o' my view,
While I stood glow'ring, waefu' blue,
Wi' wide extended jaw, man.

When I began to grape for't syne,
Thrang poutrin' wi' my staff, man,
I coupet ower a meikle stane,
An' skailed my pickle snuff, man;
My staff out o' my hand did jump,
An' hit my snout a dreadfu' thump,
Whilk raised a most confounded lump,
But whar it flew, I never knew,
Yet sair I rue this mark sae blue,
It looks sae fleesome waff, man.

O had you seen my waefu' plight,
Your mirth had been but sma', man,
An' yet, a queerer antic sight,
I trow you never saw, man.
I've lived thir fifty years an' mair,
But solemnly I here declare,
I ne'er before met loss sae sair;
My wig flew aff, I tint my staff,
I skailed my snuff, I peeled my loof,
An' brak my snout an' a', man.

Now wad you profit by my loss?
Then tak' advice frae me, man,
An' ne'er let common sense tak' wing,
On fumes o' barley bree, man;
For drink can heeze a man sae high
As mak' his head 'maist touch the sky,
But down he tumbles by an' by,
Wi' sic a thud, 'mang stanes an' mud,
That aft it's guid, if dirt and bluid,
Be a' he has to dree, man.

Alex Rodger

WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD RED EARTH AM SLEEPING.

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break,
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make;
Will there be one whose heart despair is crushing
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the Night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,
The great and small—
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneness crowned;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart;
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

William Motherwell

CAULD WINTER IS COME.

CAULD Winter is come, wi' his mantle o' snaw,
To spread over moorland and lea;
The daisy-deck'd web o' green velvet's awa',
An' the last leaf has fa'n frae the tree.

Oh ! sad is the sough o' the cauld norlan blast,
As it sweeps round the hamestead at e'en :
It speaks to the heart, like the voice o' the past,
That comes with its shadows the soul to o'ercast,
As it wails for the things that ha'e been.

Sage grey-beard may tell us 'tis vain to repine !
And reason forbids us to mourn—
But the heart maun ha'e vent when it dreams o' langsyne,
And the joys that will never return.
And there's something that touches its innermost springs
When Summer's last looks disappear ;
O'er the spirit a mantle o' sadness it flings—
A' the past, wi' its joys and its sorrows, it brings
At this cauld dowie fa' o' the year.

By the warm ingle side, when the night closes in,
Such musings will come, when alane,
(But sadness is selfish, and selfishness sin),
Let us feel for the poor that ha'e nane,—
That ha'e nae ingle side ! nor a house ! nor a hame !
In a' the wide warl',—nor a frien' !
But maun bear the cauld blast on a hunger-bit frame,
Life's manifold waes that ha'e never a name,
An' the buffets o' misery keen.

The fox has a home in the deep hollow dell,
And the hare has a form on the lea ;
There's a beild for the creatures in forest and fell,
But there's none, human outcast ! for thee.
And now that the desolate vesture is thrown
Wide, wide over valley and hill,
Let humanity's balm-pouring spirit be shown,
Let us feel for the woes of the nature we own,
And our being's best purpose fulfil.

Robt. L. Malone

THE WEE, WEE MAN.

A WEE, wee man, wi' an unco din,
Cam' to our beild yestreen,
An' siccan a rippet the bodie raised
As seldom was heard or seen ;—
He wantit claes, he wantit shoon,
And something to weet his mou' ;
While aye he spurr'd wi' his tiny feet,
And blink'd wi' his een o' blue.

His face, which nane had seen before,
Thrill'd strangely through ilk min',
Wi' gowden dreams frae mem'ry's store
Of loved anes lost langsyne.
A faither's brow, a mither's een,
A brither's dimpled chin,
Were mingled a' on that sweet face,
Fresh sent frae a Hand abune.

Oh, soon ilk heart grew grit wi' love,
And draps o' joy were seen
To trinkle fast ower channel'd cheeks,
Where streams o' wae had been.
A welcome blithe we gied the chiel'
To share our lowly ha' ;
And we row'd him warm in fleecy duds,
Wi' linen like Januar' snaw.

Our gudeman has a way o' his ain,
His word maun aye be law—
Frae Candlemas to blithe Yule e'en
He rules baith grit an' sma ;
But the howdie reign'd last nicht, I trow,
And swagger'd baith but and ben—
Even the big arm-chair was push'd ajee
Frae the cosie chimley en'.

The gudeman snooved about the house,
Aye rinnin' in some ane's way,
Yet aft he glanced at the wee thing's face
On the auld wife's lap that lay;
His breist grew grit wi' love and pride,
While the bairn was hush'd asleep,
And a gush of blessings frae his heart
Came welling warm and deep.

I canna boast o' gowd, quoth he—
My wealth a willing arm;
Yet health and strength and wark be mine,
And wha shall bode thee harm?
To fill thy wee bit caup and cog,
And gi'e thee claes and lair,
Wi' joy I'll strive, and sweet content
Through poortith, toil, and care.

There's joy within the simmer woods
When wee birds chip the shell,
When firstling roses tint wi' bloom
The lip of sunlit dell;
But sweeter than the nestling bird,
Or rosebud on the lea,
Is yon wee smiling gift of love
Unto a parent's e'e.

HUGH MACDONALD.

THE MILLER OF DEANHAUGH.

O KEN ye the auld mill o' bonnie Deanhaugh,
Whaur the wheel tears in tatters the wud waterfa';
Ye maunna rin by it, but pap in and ca',
For blithe is the miller o' bonnie Deanhaugh.

He maun ha'e his mouter, he maun ha'e his maut,
He tak's muckle gowpins, but wha can find fau't?
What he skims aff the fu' dish, the toom get awa',
The poor bless the miller o' bonnie Deanhaugh.

His hand is aye open to help poortith's woes,
Poor folk may want brogues, but they never want brose;
And gin stern Oppression ower them shakes his paw,
He's felled by the miller o' bonnie Deanhaugh.

It's gude to be muckle, it's gude to be kind,
It's gude when a weak chield can boast a stout mind;
Gin strength succoured weakness, how blest were we a',
Heaven bless the stout miller o' bonnie Deanhaugh.

James Ballantine

BONNIE NELLY RICHARDSON.

BONNIE Nelly Richardson,
Bonnie Nelly Richardson,
Fairest lass in a' the toun!
Bonnie Nelly Richardson.

Frae the gowden yetts on hie,
Spring peeps out wi' laughing e'e,
To wile thee to the flow'ry lea,
My bonnie Nelly Richardson.

Winter now has fled awa',
Sweetly blooms the birken shaw,
Saft the dews o' e'enin' fa',
My bonnie Nelly Richardson.

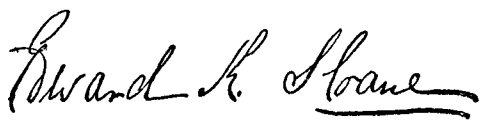
Streams are dancing thro' the wuds,
Birds are singing in the cluds,

Bees are sipping hinny buds,
My bonnie Nelly Richardson.

Roses sweet for thee I'll pu'—
Wat wi' blobs o' siller dew—
To wreath aroun' thy pearly brow,
My bonnie Nelly Richardson.

In some flow'ry scented glen—
Far awa' frae din o' men—
Hours o' transport there we'll spen',
My bonnie Nelly Richardson.

Bonnie Nelly Richardson,
Bonnie Nelly Richardson,
Fairest lass in a' the toun!
Bonnie Nelly Richardson.



THE FLOWER OF BANCHORY.

To a Melody by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

YOUNG Spring, with opening flowers,
Was bright'ning vale and lea;
While Love, 'mid budding bowers,
Woke sweet melody:
When by Dee's noble river
I strayed in happy glee,
And left my heart for ever
In fair Banchory.
O Banchory! fair Banchory!
How dear that happy day to me,
I wandered by the banks o' Dee,
And won the flower o' Banchory!

How was't that I, a rover
So reckless and so free,
Became a constant lover
By flowing Dee?
Because, like Spring, my charmer,
When fondly, kindly press'd,
Became like Summer warmer,
And Love's power confess'd.
O Banchory! etc.

The streamlet onward flowing,
Still gathers as it flows;
The breast with true love glowing,
Still warmer glows.
And my fond heart grows fonder,
More firm my constancy,
For dearer still and kinder
Is my Love to me.
O Banchory! fair Banchory!
How dear that happy day to me,
I wandered by the banks o' Dee,
And won the flower o' Banchory!

James Ballantine

OULD MURPHY THE PIPER.

AIR—"*The Boys of Kilkenny.*"

OULD Murphy the Piper lay on his death-bed,
To his only son, Tim, the last words he said:
"My eyes they grow dim, and my bosom grows could,
But ye'll get all I have, Tim, when I slip my hould,
Ye'll get all I have, boy, when I slip my hould.

"There's three cows and three pigs and three acres of land,
And this house shall be yours, Tim, as long as 'twill stand;
All my fortune is threescore bright guineas of gould,
And ye'll get all I have, Tim, when I *slip my hould*,
Ye'll get all I have, Tim, when I *slip my hould*.

"Go fetch me my pipes, Tim, till I play my last tune,
For Death is a coming, he'll be here very soon;
Those pipes that I've played on, ne'er let them be sould,
If you sell all I have, Tim, when I *slip my hould*,
If you sell all I have, Tim, when I *slip my hould*."

Then ould Murphy the Piper, wid the last breath he drew,
He played on his pipes like an Irishman true;
He played up the anthem of green Erin so bould—
Then calmly he lay down, and so slipt his hould!
Then gently he lay down, and slipt his last hould!

A SCOTTISH WELCOME TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

AS SUNG AT THE BANQUET GIVEN HER IN EDINBURGH, ON WEDNESDAY, 20TH APRIL 1853.

AIR—"*Carle, an' the King come.*"

COME, Scotland, tune your stock and horn,[1]
And hail with song this joyous morn,
When on Love's eagle pinions borne,
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.
Freedom's angel now's come,
Mercy's sister now's come;
Grim Oppression drees his doom:
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

[1] The *stock* and *horn*, the ancient pastoral pipe of Scotland.

Through hostile ranks our sires of yore,
Fair Freedom's flag unsullied bore,
And still she fills our bosom's core:
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

Chorus.

A woman's arm Truth's falchion bears,
A sweet low voice stern Conscience fears,
And stony hearts dissolve in tears:
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

Chorus.

And far as rolls the ocean wave,
Is heard that voice now raised to save,
Alike the slaver and the slave:
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

Chorus.

And tyrants scared the writing scan,
O'er-arching heaven with rainbow span,
MAN HATH NO PROPERTY IN MAN:
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

Chorus.

Then welcome be that honoured name,
So dear to freedom and to fame;
Come, rend the welkin with acclaim:
Harriet Beecher Stowe's come.

Chorus.

James Ballantine

MARY'S FLITTIN'.

THE term o' Martimas cam' roun',
When Mary had to flit;
She sich'd an' sabb'd wi' dowie soun',
Her heart was sair and grit.
She faulded up her workin' claes,
Her kist-lid stood ajee—
Look'd roun' wi' sair bewilder'd gaze,
Syne cried out, "O waes me!

"When fell disease spread ower the muir,
Heaven took my parents twain—
I was left penniless an' bare,
An' lost my couthie hame!
You acted then a faither's part,
An' dried my tearfu' e'e—
Syne brought me here in your ain cart,
But noo, alas, waes me!

"You hired me then to tent your weans,
At ae set penny-fee—
Your kin'ness fley'd awa' my pains,
You've a' been guid to me.
You treat me as I'd been your bairn,
My heart lap licht wi' glee:
But noo a heavy weight, like airn,
Lies on my breast; waes me!

"O dool's the day an' dool's the hour,
When frae the tryst ye came!
Ye look'd as ye ne'er look'd afore,
And surly cried, 'Gae hame!
Nae idlers here! Na, na, forsooth!'
You said, while flash'd your e'e;
My puir young heart lap to my mouth,
I was sair fley'd; waes me!

"I ken't na then 'twas losses there,
That changed to me your face—
I thocht ye wish'd I was elsewhere,
An' sae gae up my place!
Neist day when ye was like yersel',
An' kin'ly spak' to me,
I rued far mair than tongue can tell
What I had done; waes me!

"For five lang years I've faithfu' sair'd,
Sae happy in this house,
While a' the bairnies sweet ha'e shar'd
My joy wi' daffin' crouse.
An' maun I lea' them a' e'en now,
An' them sae fond o' me?
'Twill surely be my death, I trow,"
And aye she sabb'd, "waes me!"

The colley kin'ly lick'd her han',
Grey baudrons rubb'd her feet,
An' e'en the weanies cudna' stan',
They a' began to greet.
She hugg'd them to her beatin' breast,
She kiss'd ilk wat'ry e'e—
While sichin' deep, an' sair distress'd,
She cried out, "O waes me!"

The auld gudeman sweet Mary bless'd
Wi' a tear-blinded e'e—
The gudewife op'd her muckle kist,
Whar' lay her naperie.
Aff claith, sax Flemish ells she tare,
An' laid on Mary's knee;
Puir thing, she only grat the mair,
An' sabb'd out, "O waes me!

"I'll sair you freely a' my days,
Without ae penny-fee—
I'll no seek mony duds o' claes,
If you will just keep me."

Wi' tears ilk cheek was weet a' roun',
'Twas unco sair to see—
An' hearts gae aye the tither stoun'
As she cried, "O waes me!"

But manly up, wi' mickle grace,
Spak' Rab, their auldest son—
"Let orphan Mary keep her place,
What ill has she e'er done?
Leal love our hearts has bound in ane,
To us your blessings gi'e—
'Twad melt the hardest heart o' stane
To hear her cry, Waes me!"

Her little kist's ta'en aff the cart,
Ilk tear is wip'd awa',
Joy fills ilk bairn an' parent's heart,
An' smiles gae roun' the ha':
An' in sax short weeks after this,
Rab's bride she is to be;
Wi' frien's surrounded wi' sic bliss,
She'll nae mair cry, Waes me!

R. P. M.

AS THE AULD COCK CRAWS.

As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns,
Aye tak' ye care what ye do afore bairns;
Their heads are muckle, though their limbs are wee,
An' O! the wee totts are gleg in the e'e:
Then dinna fricht your laddie wi' the "black boo" man,
But let him douk his lugs in his wee parritch pan;
Lay ye his rosy cheek upon your mou' a wee,
How the rogue will laugh when his minny's in his e'e.

As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns,
Aye tak' ye care what ye do afore bairns;

Though vice may be muckle, and virtue may be wee,
Yet a sma' speck o' light will woo the dullest e'e:
Then dinna fright us a' wi' the muckle black deil,
Show us mercy's bonnie face, an' teach us to feel;
Though we think like men, we should feel like bairns,—
As the auld cock craws, sae the young cock learns.

James Ballantine

LAY OF THE BROKEN HEART.

THE rude and the reckless wind,
ruthlessly strips
The leaf that last lingered on
old forest tree;
The widowed branch wails for
the love it has lost;
The parted leaf pines for
its glories foregone.
Now sereing, in sadness, and
quite broken-hearted,
It mutters mild music, and
swan-like on-fleeteth,
A burden of melody,
musing of death,
To some desert spot where,
unknown and unnoted,
Its woes and its wanderings may
both find a tomb,
Far far from the land where
it grew in its gladness,
And hung from its brave branch,
freshly and green,

Bathed in blithe dews and
soft shimmering in sunshine,
From morn until even-tide,
a beautiful joy?

William Motherwell

THE OTTER HOUND.

WHEN the grey morning mist in the glen lies at rest,
And the bright summer sun in full splendour is dress'd;
While each far mountain top in his ray seems to be
An island of gold on a silvery sea.
Hark! the hunters already are down from the hill,
With their otter-dogs tracking each streamlet and rill;
And the voice of each echo replies to the sound
Of the musical bay of the bold Otter-hound.

'Tis the sport of the brave, it has spirit to cheer
When the hound's in the stream and the hand on the spear;
To the light-balanced shaft well the hunter must look,
For a stroke at the game or a bound o'er the brook.
As swift down the stream sweeps the quarry they chase,
Yet sure are the hounds, tho' far slower in pace;
While freshens the scent at each hillock or mound,
And loud rings the bay of the Water-train'd hound.

The vents[1] grow more frequent, the music more deep,
And scarce from the surface the otter can keep;
While gallant and staunch the whole pack make a rush,
As his form from the pool stirs the wild willow-bush.
The battle now rages, the game brought to bay,
The wounded dogs yelling and limping away;

[1] When the otter comes to breathe at the surface, he does so by only putting up his nose at first, but after a few runs his sweeps are shorter, till at last he is forced to take his stand upon the surface.

But the point of a spear pins him fast to the ground,
And his blood is the spoil of the Water-bred hound!

The hounds of the Border which hunted the Tweed,
Were a cross from the Yetholm and Rothbury[1] breed;
Strongly cast in their limbs, muzzles drooping and full,
With a haunch like a race-horse, a breast like a bull—
Broad pendulous ears hanging over each jaw,
Feet webb'd like a duck to the root of each claw—
Deep, mellow, and strong, like a bugle in sound,
Is the call from the voice of the true Otter-hound.

Still like spells of romance o'er my spirit are cast,
The sports that I loved and the scenes that are past—
When with hound at my heel, or my angle in hand,
I wandered the wilds of my own border land:
And shared my repast at the streamlet or spring,
With stalwart Will Faa,[2] the brave old Gipsy King;
And heard him recite to the sportsmen around,
The feats of his youth with the brave Water-hound.

I loved the old man for his love of the chase,
Like a ruin he stands now the last of his race;
For the tide of improvement, the strength of the law,
Have ruined the subjects and sway of Will Faa:
Still the fire from his eye as those stories he told,
Took the chill from a heart once so free and so bold;
Tho' lonely he lived, still companion he found
In Beaumont, his faithful old Water-trained hound.

Wm A. Foster

[1] The author's dogs were from Rothbury, on the Coquet, bred by Mr. George Humble. Yetholm was famous for the breed of otter-hounds, and Will Faa's dogs were considered very pure.

[2] Since the above ballad was written, the Gipsy King has fallen—before THE KING OF TERRORS, in warfare with whom there is neither discharge nor escape.

ARNISTON.

A HEART SONG.

O ARNISTON! sweet Arniston!
  Dear, dear art thou to me;
For wandering 'mang thy leafy woods,
  My wife and bairnies three
Ha'e gathered rose-bloom on their cheeks,
  Now dimpled high wi' glee,
That lately sad and dowie dwined,
  In death's dark hame wi' me.

O Arniston! fair Arniston!
  By burn and flowery brae,
By upland lawn and craggy glens,
  How sweet at eve to stray!
While round us a' our blooming pets
  Their joyous pranks resume,
An' romp like fays amang thy braes,
  Thick strewn wi' gowden broom.

O Arniston! dear Arniston!
  My first, my greatest grief,
'Mid thy lone woods, in tears of joy,
  Felt genial kind relief.
The cushat lo'es thy forest glades,
  The lark thy verdant lea;
But by dim memory's grateful ties
  Thou'rt knit to mine and me.

James Ballantine

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

AIR—"*The Hills o' Glenorchy.*"

AN' O! may I never live single again—
I wish I may never live single again;
I ha'e a gudeman, an' a hame o' my ain,
An' O! may I never live single again.
I've twa bonnie bairns the fairest of a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa';
I've ane at my foot, an' I've ane on my knee,
An' fondly they look, an' say "Mammy" to me.

At gloamin' their daddy comes in frae the plough,
The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,
Says, "How are ye lassie, O! how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gaed awa'?"
He sings i' the e'enin' fu' cheerie an' gay—
He tells o' the toil an' the news o' the day;
The twa bonnie lammies he tak's on his knee,
An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

O! happy's the father that's happy at hame,
An' blithe is the mither that's blithe o' the name;
The frown o' the warld they ha'e na to dree—
The warld is naething to Johnny an' me.
Tho' crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,
Awa', bonnie lasses—awa' wi' your fears;
Gin ye get a laddie that's loving an' fain,
Ye'll wish ye may never live single again!

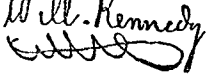
Alexander

NO—COME NOT, MY LIFE.

No—come not, my life ! till the gay sun is waking
The slumbering flowers of a distant land ;
Till the pensive moon on the still heaven breaking,
Greets, like a mother, her starry band.
As the planet of love leaves, silent and lonely,
The coral caves of a waveless sea ;
So come to the bower, where thou art the only
One that will ever be met by me.

Thy voice is the music of Memory, swelling,
Through clefts, a grief-stricken heart hath known,
Like the autumn winds through some tenantless dwelling,
Making, by fits, a desolate moan.
And pleasant it is, in the moments of sorrow,
To have thy spirit to meet with mine,
That its dream may be blessed, and its dark mood borrow
A beam from the holier light of thine.

Then come all alone, when the happy lie sleeping,
When night-dews sparkle on flower and tree ;
One tear from thine eye, while our sad watch we're keeping,
More than dew to the flower will be to me.
Let the icy of soul, or the hopeful-hearted,
Sport in the blaze of the regal sun ;
'Tis meet, love, that we, from whom joy hath departed,
Should wait and weep when his course is run.



HE COURTED ME IN PARLOUR.

He courted me in parlour, and he courted me in ha',
He courted me by Bothwell banks, amang the flowers sae sma',
He courted me wi' pearlins, wi' ribbons, and wi' rings,
He courted me wi' laces, and wi' mony mair braw things,
But O! he courted best o' a' wi' his black blithesome e'e;
Whilk wi' a gleam o' witcherie cuist glaumour over me.

We hied thegither to the Fair—I rade ahint my joe,
I fand his heart leap up and doun, while mine beat faint and low;
He turn'd his rosy cheek about, and then, ere I could trow,
The widdifu' o' wickedness took arles o' my mou'!
Syne, when I feigned to be sair fleyed, sae pawkily as he
Bann'd the auld mare for missing fit, and thrawin' him ajee.

And aye he waled the loanings lang, till we drew near the town,
When I could hear the kimmers say—"There rides a comelie loun!"
I turned wi' pride and keeked at him, but no as to be seen,
And thought how dowie I wad feel, gin he made love to Jean!
But soon the manly chiel, aff-hand, thus frankly said to me,
"Meg! either tak' me to yoursel, or set me fairly free!"

To Glasgow Green I link'd wi' him, to see the ferlies there,
He birled his penny wi' the best—what noble could do mair?

But ere ae fit he'd tak' me hame, he cries—"Meg, tell me noo:
Gin ye will ha'e me, there's my loof, I'll aye be leal an' true."
On sic an honest, loving heart how could I draw a bar?
What could I do but tak' Rab's hand, for better or for waur?

William Motherwell

AE GUDE TURN DESERVES ANITHER.

YE maunna be proud, although ye be great,
The poorest bodie is still your brither;
The king he may come in the cadger's gate,
An' ae gude turn aye deserves anither.

The hale o' us spring frae the same cauld clay,
An hour we bloom, in an hour we wither;
Then let us help ither to climb the brae,
As ae gude turn aye deserves anither.

The highest among us are unco wee,
Frae Heaven we get a' our gifts thegither;
Then let us divide what we get so free,
As ae gude turn aye deserves anither.

O! life is a weary journey alane,
But blithe's the road when we wend wi' ither;
And mutual gi'eing is mutual gain,
When ae gude turn aye deserves anither.

James Ballantine

THE SEASON OF LOVE.

THE spirit of Beauty's abroad o'er the land,
Mother Earth dons her robes at the touch of his wand,
And the daisy comes forth, and the blossoms expand,
And the fair face o' Nature looks gaily.
There's music, sweet music, in woodland and hill,
There's a song in the breeze, there's a tune in the rill,
And the merle and the mavis are singing their fill,
Till echo rings down in the valley.

And Summer, his beautiful Queen, with her train,
Comes strewing her roses wide over the plain;
And the lark in the cloud sings her welcome again,
As she trips it along so airy.
The carpet they tread is the brightest of green,
Enamell'd with flowers of the loveliest sheen,
And the traces are left of their gambols yestreen,
In the haunts of the fay and the fairy.

'Tis the season of gladness, of joy, and of love,
Within us, around us—below, and above;
On the earth, in the air, and the stream and the grove,
All Nature is striving to please us.
Then how happy to rove in a season like this,
Wi' a sweet bonnie lassie wha'll no tak' amiss,
Wi' an arm roun' her waist, tho' we steal a bit kiss,
In the gloamin' when naebody sees us!

O! love it will last while the world can go round,
In spite o' the icicle tribe, I'll be bound—
Whase cauld frozen blood still at zero is found,
Or but thaws in the height of a fever.

Love—love's been supreme sin' the warld it began,
It's the tocher o' woman ! the birthright of man !
An' nane worth the name, but ha'e join'd in the plan,
An' will be its votaries for ever.

Robt. L. Malone

O SAY NOT PURE AFFECTIONS CHANGE!

O SAY not pure affections change
When fixed they once have been,
Or that between two noble hearts
Hate e'er can intervene !

Though coldness for a while may freeze
The love-springs of the soul,
Though angry pride its sympathies
May for a time control,

Yet such estrangement cannot last—
A tone, a touch, a look,
Dissolves at once the icyness
That crisp'd affection's brook :

Again they feel the genial glow
Within the bosom burn,
And all their pent-up tenderness
With tenfold force return !

William Motherwell

THE NAMELESS LASSIE.

Music by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, Esq.

THERE'S nane may ever guess or trow my bonnie lassie's name ;
There's nane may ken the humble cot my lassie ca's her hame ;
Yet tho' my lassie's nameless, an' her kin o' low degree,
Her heart is warm, her thoughts are pure, an' O ! she's dear to me.
Her heart is warm, her thoughts are pure, an' O ! she's dear to me.

She's gentle as she's bonnie, an' she's modest as she's fair ;
Her virtues, like her beauties a', are varied as they're rare ;
While she is light an' merry as the lammie on the lea,
For happiness an' innocence thegither aye maun be !

When she unveils her blooming face the flowers may cease to blaw ;
An' when she ope's her hinnied lips, the air is music a' ;
But when wi' ither sorrows touched, the tear starts to her e'e,
Oh ! that's the gem in beauty's crown, the priceless pearl to me.

Within my soul her form's enshrined, her heart is a' my ain ;
An' richer prize, or purer bliss, nae mortal e'er can gain ;
The darkest paths o' life I tread wi' steps o' bounding glee,
Cheered onward by the love that lights my nameless lassie's e'e !

James Ballantine

THE RAVEN.

AIR—"*Row weel, my boatie, row weel.*"

"SING low, pretty linnet, sing low,
The raven comes down from his nest;
The castle-wood rings
With the flap of his wings,
Sing low till the spoiler is past."

The dear little linnet sung low,
Till past flew the fierce bird of prey;
And then, O! how clear
On echo's glad ear,
The linnet renew'd her sweet lay.

Had I, like the linnet, sung low,
As warn'd like her I had been;
Or thought of the blight
That follow'd his flight—
The spoiler had pass'd me unseen.

But vain of my voice and my song,
And proud of his praise and his vow,
I fell—hapless hour—
And ah! never more
Will sing as the linnet sings now!

Alex Laing

THE PEARLY BROW.

AIR—"*The Shepherd's Wife.*"

Arranged as a Duet, and sung by Miss ISAACS and Mr. HAIGH in the Operetta of "the Provost's Daughter."

"O! WHAUR gat ye that pearly brow,
An' whaur gat ye that rosy mou',
An' whaur gat ye thae een sae blue,
That play sic pranks on mine, joe?"
"The ne'er a pearl there's on my brow
The ne'er a rose blaws on my mou',
My een ye canna ken they're blue,
They ne'er were raised to thine, joe."

"Ae glance, ae sparkling glance was mine,
An' Hope has dwalt wi' me sinsyne;
Then let these stars in mercy shine
On him wha worships thee, joe."
"Seek stars in heaven, for there they shine,
Gae worship at some holy shrine,
Pay homage to some saint divine,
Ye maunna worship me, joe."

"But I maun love, and loving seek
Like love frae thee, sae pure and meek;
Then dinna that fair bosom steek
'Gainst ane wha loves but thee, joe."
The lassie blushed, she couldna speak,
Deep crimson roses flushed her cheek,
While wi' a silent sidelang keek,
She shower'd love's light on me, joe.

James Ballantine

BAITH SIDES O' THE PICTURE.

AIR,—"*Willie was a Wanton Wag.*

GIN ye ha'e pence, ye will ha'e sense,
Gin ye ha'e nought, ye will ha'e nane;
When I had cash, I was thought gash,
And my advice by a' was ta'en;
The rich and poor then thrang'd my door,
The very dog cam' for his bane,
My purse, my ha', were free to a',
And I was roosed by ilka ane.

Guid freens, and true, I had enow,
Wha to oblige me aye were fain,
Gin I but said, "I want your aid,"
I didna need to say't again.
Whene'er I spak', and tald my crack,
Loud plaudits I was sure to gain;
For ilka word, howe'er absurd,
Was for undoubted wisdom ta'en.

At catch or glee, I bore the gree,
For music's powers were a' my ain;
And when I sang, the hale house rang,
Wi' rapturous encores again.
At pun or jest I shone the best,
For nane had sic a fertile brain;
My jibes and jokes, my satire strokes,
Were—like my wine—a' kindly ta'en.

But when I brak', and gaed to wrack,
Ilk gowden prospect fairly gane,
My judgment wi' my wealth did flee,
And a' my sense was frae me ta'en;
Nor rich, nor poor, cam' near my door,
My freens a' vanished ane by ane;
Nor word, nor crack, was worth a plack,
For I was listened to by nane.

My jests and wit, they wadna hit,
My singing met wi' cauld disdain,
The distant look, or dry rebuke,
Was a' that e'er I could obtain.
But, thanks to Gude, I've fortitude,
Adversity's sour cup to drain,
And ae true freen, as e'er was seen,
And that's the Dog that shares my bane.

Alex Rodger

BONNIE BONALY.

Music by ALEX. MACKENZIE, Esq.

BONNIE Bonaly's wee fairy-led stream,
Murmurs and sobs like a child in a dream;
Falling where silver light gleams on its breast,
Gilding through nooks where the dark shadows rest,
Flooding with music its own tiny valley,
Dances in gladness the stream o' Bonaly.

Proudly Bonaly's grey-browed Castle towers,
Bounded by mountains, and bedded in flowers—
Here hangs the blue bell, and there waves the broom;
Nurtured by art, rarest garden sweets bloom.
Heather and thyme scent the breezes that dally,
Playing amid the green knolls o' Bonaly.

Pentland's high hills raise their heather-crowned crest;
Peerless Edina expands her white breast,
Beauty and grandeur are blent in the scene,
Bonnie Bonaly lies smiling between.
Nature and art, like fair twins, wander gaily;
Friendship and Love dwell in Bonnie Bonaly.

James Ballantine

THE HUNTER'S WELL.

LIFE of this wilderness,
Pure gushing stream,
Dear to the Summer
Is thy murmuring!
Note of the song-bird,
Warbling on high,
Ne'er with my spirit made
Such harmony
As do thy deep waters,
O'er rock, leaf, and flower,
Bubbling and babbling
The long sunny hour!

Tongue of this desert spot,
Spelling sweet tones,
To the mute listeners—
Old mossy stones;
Who ranged these stones near
Thy silver rim,
Guarding the temple
Where rises thy hymn?
Some thirst-stricken Hunter—
Swarth priest of the wood,
Around thee hath strewn them,
In fond gratitude.

Orb of the green waste,
Open and clear,
Friend of the Hunter,
Loved of the deer;
Brilliantly breaking
Beneath the blue sky,
Gladdening the leaflets
That tremulous sigh;

Star of my wandering,
Symbol of love,
Lead me to dream of
The Fountain above!

William Motherwell

A BONNIE BRIDE IS EASY BUSKIT.

To a Melody by ALEX. MACKENZIE, Esq.

"COME Mary, dinna say me nay,
But fix at ance our bridal day;
Let love dispel your doubts for aye,
And dinna let your brow be duskit.
Although I canna cleed ye braw,
And tho' my house and mailen's sma',
Your angel form will hallow a'—
A bonnie bride is easy buskit."

"O dinna press our bridal now,
But rest content ye ha'e my vow,
My father's frozen breast will thowe,
So let the spring-fed burnie gather.
He says my weal is a' his care,
He bends, I streak his siller hair,
He weeps, I breathe a silent prayer—
I daurna leave my dear auld father."

"Alack! your father's fond o' gear,
At my poor suit again he'll sneer,
And I maun lose thee, Mary dear,
Unless his angry ban ye risk it.
But gin our humble cot he'll share,
He'll welcome be, ye'll nurse him there;
I seek yoursel', I ask nae mair—
A bonnie bride is easy buskit."

Unseen the carle stands listening by,
Wi' smiling mou' and glistening eye;
He hears his Mary heave a sigh,
And out he bawls in tones sae huskit:
"Here tak' her, Rab, my blessing ha'e,
Your kindly heart has won the day;
And be your bridal when it may,
Your bride shall be fu' brawly buskit."

James Ballantine

IF TO THY HEART I WERE AS NEAR.

If to thy heart I were as near
As thou art near to mine,
I'd hardly care though a' the year
Nae sun on earth suld shine, my dear,
Nae sun on earth suld shine!

Twin starnies are thy glancin' een—
A warld they'd licht and mair—
And gin that ye be my Christine,
Ae blink to me ye'll spare, my dear,
Ae blink to me ye'll spare!

My leesome May I've wooed too lang—
Aneath the trystin' tree,
I've sung till a' the plantins rang,
Wi' lays o' love for thee, my dear,
Wi' lays o' love for thee.

The dew-draps glisten on the green,
The laverocks lilt on high,

We'll forth and doun the loan, Christine,
And kiss when nane is nigh, my dear,
And kiss when nane is nigh!

William Motherwell

WEE ANNIE O' AUCHINEDEN.

A GOWDEN dream thou art to me,
From shades of earth and evil free;
An angel form of love and glee,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's cheek was wet and pale,
While aft in sighs her words wad fail,
As in mine ear she breathed thy tale,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

That low sweet voice through many a yea
If life is mine, shall haunt my ear,
Which pictured thee with smile and tear,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Lone was thy hame upon the moor,
'Mang dark brown heaths and mountains
Thou wert a sunbeam at the door,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

A winsome beild was thine, I ween,
Far peeping o'er its belt o' green,
Wi' curls o' reek in summer's sheen,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Sweet-scented nurslings o' sun and dew,
In bosky faulds o' the burn that grew,
Were the only mates thy bairnhood knew,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the swallow biggit aneath the eaves,
And the bonnie cock-shilfa 'mang the leaves
Aft lilted to thee in the silent eves,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Ilk fairy blossom ye kent by name,
And birds to thy side all fearless came,
Thy winning tongue could the wildest tame,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's a deep, deep lore in hearts o' love,
And kindness has charms a' charms above;
'Twas thine the cauldest breast to move,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the auld folk shook their heads to see
Sic wisdom lent to a bairn like thee;
And they sighed, "Lang here ye wadna be,"
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

And thou wert ta'en frae this world o' tears,
Unstained by the sorrow or sin of years;
Thy voice is now in the angels' ears,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's e'e has been dimmed with wae—
The licht o' her smile has passed away;
But a better hame is thine for aye,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's an eerie blank at yon fireside,
And sorrow has crush'd the hearts of pride;
For sair in thy loss their faith was tried,
Wee Annie of Auchineden.

The primrose glints on the spring's return,
The merle sings blithe to the dancin' burn;
But there's ae sweet flower we aye shall mourn,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Life's waning day wears fast awa'—
The mirk, mirk gloamin' soon shall fa';
To death's dark porch we journey a',
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

When the weary wark o' the world is dune,
And the streams o' the heart ha'e ceased to rin,
May we meet wi' thee in the hame abune,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

HUGH MACDONALD.

THE MERMAIDEN.

"THE nicht is mirk, and the wind blaws schill,
And the white faem weets my bree,
And my mind misgi'es me, gay maiden,
That the land we sall never see!"
Then up and spak' the mermaiden,
And she spak' blithe and free,
"I never said to my bonnie bridegroom,
That on land we sud weddit be.

"O! I never said that ane erthlie priest
Our bridal blessing should gi'e,
And I never said that a landwart bouir
Should hauld my love and me."
"And whare is that priest, my bonnie maiden,
If ane erthlie wicht is na he?"
"O! the wind will sough, and the sea will rair,
When weddit we twa sall be."

"And whare is that bouir, my bonnie maiden,
If on land it sud na be?"
"Oh! my blithe bouir is low," said the mermaiden,
"In the bonnie green howes of the sea:
My gay bouir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
And the banes o' the drowned at sea;
The fish are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my dourie.

"And my bouir is sklaitit wi' the big blue waves,
And paved wi' the yellow sand,
And in my chaumers grow bonnie white flowers
That never grew on land.
And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie bridegroom,
A leman on earth that wud gi'e
Aiker for aiker o' the red plough'd land,
As I'll gi'e to thee o' the sea?

"The mune will rise in half ane hour,
And the wee bright starns will shine;
Then we'll sink to my bouir, 'neath the wan water
Full fifty fathom and nine;"
A wild, wild skreich gi'ed the fey bridegroom,
And a loud, loud lauch, the bride;
For the mune raise up, and the twa sank down
Under the silver'd tide.

William Motherwell

THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

Published to a melody by PETER M'LEOD.

O! WHAUR gat ye that manly bairn?
I ance had ane his marrow,
Who shone out like a heavenly starn,
Amid my nicht o' sorrow.

Nae ferlie that I lo'e your wean,
An' o' his sweets envy ye,
For my poor heart, sae sad and lane,
Grows glad when I am nigh ye.

My boy was fair, my boy was brave,
Wi' yellow ringlets flowing;
But now he sleeps in yon cauld grave,
Sweet flowerets o'er him growing.
When his dear father joined the blest,
I fain wad ha'e gane wi' him;
But that sweet child clung to my breast,
I couldna gang an' lea' him.

My boy he grew, he better grew,
Nae marrow had he growin',
Till ae snell blast that on us blew,
Set my sweet bud a dowin'.
But aye as dowed the outward rind,
The core it grew the dearer,
And aye as his frail body dwined,
His mind it shone the clearer.

O! bright, bright shone his sparklin' e'e—
His cheek the pillow pressing;
He cast his last sad glance on me—
"Sweet mother, ha'e my blessing."
Then oh! the childless heart forgi'e,
That canna but envy ye;
For still that e'e seems fixed on me,
While thus I linger by ye.

James Ballantine

SONG OF THE SHIP.

WHEN surly winds and gruesome clouds
Are tilting in the sky,
And every little star's abed,
That glimmered cheerily—
O! then 'tis meet for mariners
To steer right carefully!
For mermaids sing the shipman's dirge,
Where ocean weds the sky—
A blessing on our gude ship, as lustily she sails,
O! what can match our gude ship when blest with favouring gales!

Blithely to the tall top-mast,
Up springs the sailor boy—
Could he but hail a distant port,
How he would leap with joy!
By bending yard and rope he swings—
A fair-haired child of glee—
But oh! a cruel saucy wave
Hath swept him in the sea!
There's sadness in the gude ship that breasts the waters wild,
Though safe ourselves we'll think with tears of our poor ocean-child!

Our main-mast now is clean cut down,
The tackle torn away—
And thundering o'er the stout ship's side,
The seas make fearful play!
Yet cheerily, cheerily on we go,
Though fierce the tempest raves,
We know the Hand unseen that guides
The ship o'er stormy waves!
We'll all still stand by the old ship as should a trusty crew,
For He who rules the wasting waves may some port bring to view!

Our good ship is a shapely ship—
A shapely and a strong—
Our hearts sang to our noble ship,
As she careered along!
And fear ye not, my sturdy mates,
Though sails and masts be riven—
We know, while drifting o'er the deep,
Above there's still a haven!
Though sorely we're benighted upon the weltering foam,
The sun may rise upon the morn, and guide us to a home!

William Motherwell

THE BARD OF ARMAGH.

AIR—"*The Exile of Erin.*"

OH! list to the lay of a poor Irish Harper,
Though wayward and fitful his old withered hand;
Remember his touch once was bolder and sharper,
When raising the strains of his dear native land.
Long before the shamrock, our isle's lovely emblem,
Was crush'd in its bloom 'neath the Saxon lion's paw,
I was called by the coleens around me assembling,
Their bold Phelim Brady, the bard of Armagh!

Oh! how I love to muse on the days of my boyhood,
Tho' fourscore and three years have flitted since then!
Still it gives sweet reflection, as ev'ry first joy should,
For free-hearted boys make the best of auld men.
At the fair or the wake I could twirl my shillelah,
Or trip through the jig in my brogues bound wi' straw;
Faith, all the pretty girls in the village and the valley
Loved bould Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh!

Now tho' I have wander'd this wide world over,
Still Ireland's my home and a parent to me ;
Then O ! let the turf that my bosom shall cover,
Be cut from the ground that is trod by the free !
And when in his cold arms Death shall embrace me,
Och ! lull me asleep wid sweet Erin go Bragh !
By the side of my Kathlin, my first love, O ! place me ;
She loved Phelim Brady, the Bard of Armagh ;

I PLUCK'D THE BERRY.

I PLUCK'D the berry from the bush, the brown nut from the tree,
But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me :
I saw them in their curious nests close couched, and slyly peer,
With their wild eyes like glittering beads, to note if harm were near :
I passed them by, and blessed them all ; I felt that it was good
To leave unharmed God's creatures small, whose home is in the wood.

And here, even now, above my head, a lusty rogue doth sing ;
He pecks his swelling breast and neck, and trims his little wing :
He will not fly ; he knows full well, while chirping on that spray,
I would not harm him for a world, or interrupt his lay.

Sing on, sing on, blithe bird! and fill my heart with
summer gladness:
It has been aching many a day with measures full of
sadness.

William Motherwell

MY WILLIE AN' ME.

My minny is pawky, my minny is slee,
She keeps me aye close 'neath the kep o' her e'e;
She bids me gae nurse my young billie awee,
But wots nae how sleely my Willie woos me.

What ails my auld minny at Willie an' me?
How e'er can my minny wyte Willie an' me,
When nought but the wean an' the wee butterflee
Can see the stoun' kiss o' my Willie an' me?

My grandfather suns himsel' on the door-stane,
And dreams o' my grandmother lang dead and gane;
He gazes on heaven wi' his lustreless e'e,—
They surely ance *loved* like my Willie an' me?

I ken Willie's true, and I ken he's my ain,
He courts nae for gear, an' he comes nae for gain;
He leaves a' his flocks far outoure on yon lea,
What true heart wad sinder my Willie an' me?

Then what ails my minny at Willie an' me?
She shouldna be sair on my Willie an' me;
Her black ribboned snood brings the tear to my e'e,
But weel my dear father lo'ed Willie an' me.

James Ballantine

HEIGH! HO!

TELL me, Maiden, tell me truly,
Hast thou lost thy heart or no?
In the charming month of July
Hearts will go a wandering so;
Is it so,
Ay or no?
Hearts will go—with a—heigh! ho!

Dew bespangles mead and mountain,
Sunbeams kiss, and flowerets blow;
By the shady fell and fountain
Lovers will a wooing go;
Is it so,
Ay or no?
Hearts will go—with a—heigh! ho!

Ope thine eyes, and spare thy roses,
Thus outblushing Nature so;
Love is still and ne'er discloses
What the July gloamings know;
Is it so,
Ay or no?
Hearts will go—with a—heigh! ho!

James Ballantine

"DINNA FORGET."

AIR—"*When Adam at first was created.*"

COME, put on thy finger this ring, love;
And, when thou art far o'er the sea,
Perhaps to thy mind it will bring, love,
Some thought—some remembrance—of me:

Our moments of rapture and bliss, love,
The haunts where so oft we have met,
These tears, and this last parting kiss, love,
It tells thee—O "dinna forget!"

We might look on yonder fair moon, love,
Oft gazed on by us with delight,
And think of each other alone, love,
At one sacred hour every night:
But, ah! ere she'd rise to thy view, love,
To me, she long, long would be set;
Then look to this token more true, love,
On thy finger —and "dinna forget!"

Thou mayest meet faces more fair, love,
And charms more attractive than mine;
Be moved by a more winning air, love,
Or struck by a figure more fine:
But, shouldst thou a brighter eye see, love,
Or ringlets of more glossy jet,
Let this still thy talisman be, love,
Look on it, and "dinna forget!"

And, oh! when thou writest to me, love,
The sealing impress with this ring;
And that a sweet earnest will be, love,
To which, with fond hope, I will cling;
That thou to thy vows wilt be true, love;
That happiness waiteth us yet;
One parting embrace—now adieu, love—
This moment I'll never forget!

Alex Rodger

AWAY, WHILE YET THY DAYS ARE FEW.

AWAY, while yet thy days are few, forsake thy quiet home,
And in a bark of buoyant hope on Life's wide waters roam;
With Passion at the rudder, boy! steer bold for every shore
Which to thy ardent fancy seems with sunshine glistening o'er,
And gladden thee and madden thee with all the earth can give,
Nor let thy bosom feel repose till thou hast learned to live.

O'er many a glancing summer wave thou'lt find an island fair,
A paradise of living flowers most beautiful and rare;
Its beacon fires are numberless, all lighted up by Love,
And brighter than the brightest stars that grace the heavens above;
And free to thee its flowers shall be,—the choicest thou may'st wear,
If thou wilt stay thy morning course, and take thy haven there.

If onward still thy bark must go—then onward lies a strand,
Whose towers and domes, of burning gold, proclaim a royal land.—
Ambition holds a gallant sway o'er that imperial soil,
And, loftily, will he repay thy danger and thy toil:
His power can frame, from out thy name, a spell of joy or pain,
To make or mar, a nation's lot, if thou wilt bear his chain.

But if, in Beauty's fairy isle, from blossoms fondly pressed—
Though of all hues the sky hath known—thy soul should rise unblessed—

And if, in the gigantic halls that zone Ambition's state,
Thy heart beneath a diamond's blaze, feel cold and desolate;
And if thy will incline thee still for other shores to steer,
Yet no spot like the fancied one, to welcome thee appear;

Then—I implore thee, by the name thy father gave to thee,
And by the dust of her who bore thy weakness on her knee,
That thou wilt not, however late, persuade thyself to stay,
In recklessness, where joy or peace afford no lasting ray;
But, though estranged, and something changed, haste to thy quiet home,
And spend thy days, as they were spent, ere thou hadst learned to roam.

Will. Kennedy

WHO'LL GO WITH ME?

Music by PETER M'LEOD, Esq.

WHO'LL go with me over the sea,
Breasting the billows merrily?
With a tight little ship, and a bright can of flip,
What heart but braves it cheerily?
Winds may blow,
High or low,
Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go.

The star of love that beams above,
Shines down all pure and holily;

We'll brave the breeze, we'll sweep the seas,
With bosoms beating jollily;
Winds may blow,
High or low,
Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go.

Then, while we're afloat in our island boat,
Let's reef and steer her warily;
And if our foes dare come to blows,
We'll meet them taut and yarily;
Winds may blow,
High or low,
Steady, ready, merry, cheery, Jack's the go.

James Ballantine

TIME'S CHANGES.

To a melody by KIESER.

O DAYS long forgotten, why rise ye again,
When all your remembrance brings sorrow and pain?
When she wha's fair picture was 'graved in your heart,
Appears shrunk an' faded, nae ferlie ye start.

When he wha has taught ye, a bairn at the school,
Wha's wise pow aye made ye a poor donner't fool,
Comes seekin' your aid, wi' his head hingin' low,
O! sair is the shock, aye, an' hard is the blow.

The whiteheaded elder, whom lang syne ye mind,
Wha aye to your puir widowed mother sae kind;
When stricken wi' poortith, an' laden wi' years,
Ye help him, ye bless him, ye gi'e him your tears.

The wee cockin' bailie ye liket sae weel,
Wha aye was sae mensefu' wi' maut an' wi' meal,
When fastin' has come, and when feastin's awa',
Ye mourn for his fate, an' ye feel for his fa'.

Yon mansion sae hoary, ye mind a laird's ha',
Now lane an' deserted, is crumbling awa';
Ye think on the days the auld biggin' has seen,
An' thoughts of the past bring the tears to your een.

Thus Time shows us a' what maun soon come to pass,
We're backward to keek in his truth-telling glass;
New buds may sprout out frae the auld hoary tree,
But e'en these young buds soon maun wither an' dee.

Yet, though your frail body maun mingle wi' clay,
Sweet Virtue bears flowers that can never decay;
An' oh! gin ye've grafted ae bud on her tree,
You'll see your ain flower blooming brightly on hie.

James Ballantine

SONGS FOR THE NURSERY.

It is in filling a child's mind as in packing a trunk—we must take care what we lay in below, not only to secure for that a safe place, but to prevent it from damaging what is to come after.—*Quarterly Review.*

NOTICE FROM THE PUBLISHER.

THE contributors to this little work, being too numerous to speak for themselves, have devolved that duty on the Publisher. It were a work of supererogation to speak of the difficulty of writing songs for the Nursery. To invest with poetic imagery and associations subjects calculated to interest the infant mind, is no easy achievement; nor is the difficulty lessened by an attempt to blend instruction with amusement. Yet to such task have the various writers of the pieces contained in this little volume addressed themselves, and, I trust, not altogether without success.

It has been said that it is the schoolmaster who forms the national character, and this is so far true; but unless the basis on which the moral and intellectual character is to be formed has been carefully prepared before the transfer is made from the nursery to the public seminary, the labours of the teacher will be arduous, and their results uncertain. Few impressions made in early life, whether for good or evil, are ever entirely effaced from the memory; the former continuing through succeeding years to purify and elevate the affections, the latter to strengthen and stimulate the passions; thus rendering it of the last

importance that these impressions should be associated with a love of the pure and beautiful.

The following Lyrics inculcate kindness in the treatment of children, in the belief that such treatment is better calculated to promote their improvement than severity. Parents should be, as far as circumstances will permit, the associates and playmates of their children in their innocent amusements. Instead of this, how often do we see those who ought to recollect what impression gentleness made on themselves during early years, speak to their children in a spirit and manner calculated rather to repel than attract; as if, in the field of nature, the prickly stem which supports the opening bud, were to employ its thorny armour to lacerate the flower which it is armed to protect!

To those who object to the use of our national dialect in the nursery, as being the language of the vulgar and uneducated, we would submit the following remarks on this subject by Lord Jeffrey:—"The Scotch is not to be considered as a provincial dialect—the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity, and rude local humour. It is the language of a whole country, long an independent kingdom, and still separate in laws, character, and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar; but is the common speech of the whole nation in early life, and, with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals, throughout their whole existence; and though it be true that, in later times, it has been in some measure laid aside by the more ambitious and aspiring of the present generation, it is still recollected, even by them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration. It is connected in

their imagination not only with that olden time which is uniformly conceived as more pure, lofty, and simple than the present, but also with all the soft and bright colours of remembered childhood and domestic affection. All its phrases conjure up images of school-day innocence and sports, and friendships which have no pattern in succeeding years. Add to all this, that it is the language of a great body of poetry, with which almost all Scotchmen are familiar; and, in particular, of a great multitude of songs, written with more tenderness, nature, and feeling, than any other lyric compositions that are extant—and we may perhaps be allowed to say, that the Scotch is, in reality, a highly poetical language; and that it is an ignorant, as well as an illiberal prejudice, which would seek to confound it with the barbarous dialects of Yorkshire or Devon." To this eloquent tribute to the beauty of our native language, may be added that of Robert Hall of Bristol, who says:—"The Scottish language has a fine Doric sound. When spoken by a woman it is incomparably the most romantic and melodious language to which I ever listened." Emanating from an Englishman, and a man of the highest order of intellect, this must be considered as unprejudiced testimony.

With such authorities as these on our side, we can listen without much discomposure to those who insist on calling our language vulgar, and who anticipate with satisfaction its speedy commutation into that of the Saxon.

What, I would ask, are we to think of the feeling of the Scotsman, what of his patriotism, who could desire the extinction of that language in which Burns sang, in

which Scott and Wilson have written—of the language of his childhood, the language which first fell on his infant ear in all its endearing tenderness and pathos from the lips of a fond mother? That man, be his position and pretension what they may, must be dead to some of the best feelings of our nature!

With regard to the lyrics contained in this little volume, it affords me unfeigned satisfaction to acknowledge the highly flattering manner in which they were received by the press and by the public generally, when they appeared in their original and more expensive form. It was then said, and I hope truly, that they supplied a desideratum in our national poetry—namely, songs calculated at once to interest and instruct the infant mind—songs which should supplant those senseless unmeaning rhymes that had hitherto held supreme sway in the nursery.

To the general testimony above alluded to in favour of these songs may be added that of an authority already quoted, perhaps the highest living authority in our land, Lord Jeffrey, who has said of them in a letter to the Publisher:—"There are more touches of genuine pathos, more felicities of idiomatic expression, more happy poetical images, and, above all, more sweet and engaging pictures of what is peculiar in the depth, softness, and thoughtfulness of our Scotch domestic affections, in this extraordinary little volume, than I have met with in anything like the same compass since the days of Burns."

SONGS FOR THE NURSERY.

WILLIE WINKIE.

AIR by Rev. W. B.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs in his nicht-gown,
Tirling at the window, crying at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed, for it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey, Willie Winkie, are ye coming ben?
The cat's singing grey thrums to the sleeping hen,
The dog's spelder'd on the floor, and disna gi'e a cheep,
But here's a waukrife laddie! that winna fa' asleep."

Onything but sleep, you rogue! glow'ring like the moon,
Rattling in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,
Rumbling, tumbling round about, crawing like a cock,
Skirling like a kenna-what, wauk'ning sleeping fock.

"Hey, Willie Winkie—the wean's in a creel!
Wambling aff a bodie's knee like a very eel,
Rugging at the cat's lug, and ravelling a' her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie—see, there he comes!"

Wearied is the mither that has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an e'e—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gi'es strength anew to me.

William Miller

NURSERY SCARECROWS.

AIR—"*Chevy Chase.*"

GAE wa', ye silly, senseless quean!
Nor frighten sae my wean
Wi' tales o' bogles, ghaists, and elves,
That he'll no sleep his lane.
Come! say your prayers, my bonnie bairn,
And saftly slip to bed—
Your guardian angel's waiting there,
To shield your lovely head.

O never mind the foolish things
That clavering Jenny says—
They're just the idle silly tales,
The dreams o' darker days;
Our grannies, and our gran'dads too,
They might believe them a',
And keep themsel's in constant dread
O' things they never saw.

Lie still, lie still, my ain wee man!
Sic stories are na true,
There's naething in the dark can harm
My bonnie harmless doo;

The WATCHFU' E'E that never sleeps,
That never knows decay,
Will tent frae skaith my bonnie bairn,
By night as weel's by day.

THE SELFISH LADDIE.

AIR—"*When the kye come hame.*"

FY! on the selfish laddie
Who tak's but never gi'es,
Wha canna part wi' aught he gets,
But covets a' he sees.
He's just a little miser brat,
A greedy glow'ring elf,
Wha grabs at a' within his grasp,
And thinks on nought but self.

Though his bit pouch is cramm'd sae fu'
That it can haud nae mair;
And little Mary pleads for some,
Yet no ae crumb he'll spare.
Nae bairn can e'er deserve to get,
Wha winna freely gi'e;
But weel I lo'e the open heart—
The heart that's warm and free.

When Mary gets an apple,
It maun be cut in twa,
And aye, I'm sure, the biggest half
The wee thing gi'es awa'.

She shares her goodies round about
Sae kindly and sae free,
That nane can be mair blithe to get
Than Mary's glad to gi'e.

THE NEW COMER.

"WHA'S aught this wee wean
That my minnie has now,
To clasp to her bosom,
And press to her mou',
While I, ance her dawtie,
Am laid by the wa',
Or set out a' couring
To try the stirk's sta'?[1]

"That wean is your Billie,
My ain son and heir!
You'll see your ain picture
A wee wee-er there:
You'll sleep wi' your father,
Your Billie is sma',
And now that ye're strong,
Ye maun try the stirk's sta'."

"Ye're kind to me, father,
Nane kinder may be,
But your bosom can ne'er
Be a mither's to me;

[1] When the pet child is transferred from his mother's to his father's bosom, in consequence of a younger aspirant coming on the field, he is said to be sent to the *stirk's sta'*.

O ! dinna me tak'
Frae that bosy awa',
Dinna ask your wee laddie
To try the stirk's sta' !"

" Dear bairn ! 'tis a foretaste
O' a' ye'll find here—
We step o'er our elders,
As year follows year,
We're a' marching onward,
Our hame's far awa'—
Sae kiss your young Billie,
And try the stirk's sta'."

James Ballantine

THE FAMILY CONTRAST.

AIR—"*John o' Badenyon.*"

O SIRS ! was e'er sic difference seen
As 'twixt wee Will and Tam ?
The ane's a perfect ettercap,
The ither's just a lamb ;
Will greets and girns the leelang day,
And carps at a' he gets—
Wi' ither bairns he winna play,
But sits alane and frets.

He flings his piece into the fire,
He yaumers at his brose,
And wae betide the luckless flee
That lights upon his nose !
He kicks the collie, cuffs the cat,
The hen and birds he stanes—
Na, little brat ! he tak's a preen
And jags the very weans.

Wi' spite he tumbles aff his stool,
And there he sprawling lies,
And at his mother thraws his gab,
Gin she but bid him rise.
Is there in a' the world beside
Sae wild a wight as he?
Weel! gin the creature grow a man,
I wonder what he'll be!

But Tammy's just as sweet a bairn
As ane could wish to see,
The smile aye plays around his lips,
While blithely blinks his e'e;
He never whimpers, greets, nor girns!
Even for a broken tae,
But rins and gets it buckled up,
Syne out again to play.

He claps the collie, dauts the cat,
Flings moolins to the doos,
To Bess and Bruckie rins for grass,
To cool their honest mou's;
He's kind to ilka living thing,
He winna hurt a flee,
And, gin he meet a beggar bairn,
His piece he'll freely gi'e.

He tries to please wee crabbit Will,
When in his cankriest mood,
He gie's him a' his taps and bools,
And tells him to be good.
Sae good a wean as our wee Tam
It cheers the heart to see,—
O! gin his brither were like him,
How happy might we be!

ALEX. RODGER.

GREE, BAIRNIES, GREE!

AIR—"*Oh! no, we never mention her.*"

THE Moon has rowed her in a cloud,
  Stravaging win's begin
To shuggle and daud the window-brods,
  Like loons that would be in!
"Gae whistle a tune in the lum-head,
  Or craik in saughen tree!
We're thankfu' for a cozie hame"—
  Sae gree, my bairnies, gree!

Tho' gurling blasts may dourly blaw,
  A rousing fire will thow
A straggler's taes, and keep fu' cosh
  My tousie taps-o'-tow.
O who would cool your kail, my bairns,
  Or bake your bread like me?—
Ye'd get the bit frae out my mouth,
  Sae gree, my bairnies, gree!

Oh, never fling the warmsome boon
  O' bairnhood's love awa';
Mind how ye sleepit, cheek to cheek!
  Between me and the wa';
How ae kind arm was ower ye baith—
  But, if ye disagree,
Think on the saft and kindly soun'
  O' "Gree, my bairnies, Gree."

WILLIAM MILLER

THE BONNIE MILK COW.

AIR—"*The auld wife ayont the fire.*".

Moo, moo, proochy lady!
Proo, Hawkie, proo, Hawkie!
Lowing i' the gloaming hour,
Comes my bonnie cow.
Buttercups an' clover green,
A' day lang her feast ha'e been,
Then laden hame she comes at e'en—
Proo, Hawkie, proo!

Bairnies for their porridge greet,
Proo, Hawkie, proo, Hawkie!
And milk maun ha'e their mou's to weet,
Sweet and warm frae you.
Though ither kye gae dry an' yel',
Hawkie ne'er was kent to fail,
But aye she fills the reaming pail—
Proo, Hawkie, proo!

Best o' butter, best o' cheese,
Proo, Hawkie, proo, Hawkie!
That weel the nicest gab may please,
Yields my dainty cow.
When the gudewife stirs the tea,
Sweeter cream there canna be,—
Sic curds an' whey ye'll seldom see—
Proo, Hawkie, proo!

ALEX. SMART.

ROSY CHEEKIT APPLES.

AIR—"*What's a' the steer, kimmer.*"

COME awa', my bairnie, for your bawbee
Rosy cheekit apples ye shall ha'e three.
A' sae fu' o' hinny, they drappit frae the tree;
Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter they are wee.

Come awa', my bairnie, dinna shake your head,
Ye mind me o' my ain bairn, lang, lang, dead.
Ah! for lack o' nourishment he drappit frae the tree;
Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter he was wee.

Oh! auld frail folk are like auld fruit trees;
They canna stand the gnarl o' the cauld winter breeze.
But heaven tak's the fruit tho' earth forsake the tree;
And we mourn our fairy blossoms, a' the sweeter they were wee.

Come awa', my bairnie, for your bawbee
Rosy cheekit apples ye shall ha'e three.
A' sae fu' o' hinny, they drappit frae the tree;
Like your bonny sel', a' the sweeter they are wee.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

THE SLEEPY LADDIE.

ARE ye no gaun to wauken th' day, ye rogue?
Your parritch is ready and cool in the cog,
Auld baudrons sae gaucy, and Tam o' that ilk,
Would fain ha'e a drap o' the wee laddie's milk.

There's a wee birdie singing—get up, get up!
And listen, it says, tak' a whup, tak' a whup!
But I'll kittle his bosie—a far better plan—
And pouther his pow wi' a watering-can.

There's a house redd up like a palace, I'm sure,
That a pony might dance a jig on the floor;
And father is coming, so wauken and meet,
And welcome him hame wi' your kisses sae sweet.

It's far i' the day now, and brawly ye ken,
Your father has scarcely a minute to spen';
But ae blink o' his wifie and bairn on her knee,
He says lightens his toil, tho' sair it may be.

So up to your parritch, and on wi' your claes;
There's a fire that might warm the cauld Norlan braes;
For a coggie weel fill'd and a clean fire-en'
Should mak' ye jump up, and gae skelping ben.

WILLIAM MILLER.

MOTHER'S PET.

AIR—"*The maid that tends the goats.*"

MOTHER'S bairnie, mother's dawtie,
Wee wee steering, stumping tottie,
Bonnie dreamer,—guileless glee
Lights thy black and laughing e'e.
Frae thy rosy dimpled cheek—
Frae thy lips sae saft and sleek,
Aulder heads than mine might learn
Truths worth kenning, bonnie bairn.

Gabbing fairie! fondly smiling!
A' a mother's cares beguiling;
Peacefu' may thy fortune be,
Blithesome braird o' purity.
Ne'er may poortith, cauld and eerie,
Mak' thy heart o' kindness wearie;
Nor misfortune, sharp and stern,
Blight thy bloom, my bonnie bairn.

Stourie, stoussie, gaudy brierie!
Dinging a' things tapsalteerie;
Jumping at the sunny sheen,
Flickering on thy pawky een.
Frisking, lisping, fleeching fay,
Dinna towt poor baudrons sae!
Frae her purring kindness learn
What ye awe me, bonnie bairn.

John Crawford

LEARN YOUR LESSON.

AIR—"*The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

YE'LL no learn your lesson by greeting, my man,
Ye'll never come at it by greeting, my man,
No ae word can ye see, for the tear in your e'e,
But just set your heart till't, for brawly ye can.

If ye'll like your lesson, it's sure to like you,
The words then so glibly would jump to your mou',
Ilk ane to its place a' the ithers would chase,
Till the laddie would wonder how clever he grew.

O who would be counted a dunce or a snool,
To gape like a gomeral, and greet like a fool,
Sae fear'd, like a coof, for the taws ower his loof,
And laugh'd at by a' the wee bairns in the school!

Ye'll greet till ye greet yoursel' stupid and blind;
And then no a word in the morning ye'll mind;
But cheer up your heart, and ye'll soon ha'e your part,
For a' things come easy when bairns are inclin'd.

ALEX. SMART.

THE TRUANT.

AIR—"*When the kye come hame.*"

WEE Sandy in the corner
Sits greeting on a stool,
And sair the laddie rues
Playing truant frae the school;
Then ye'll learn frae silly Sandy,
Wha's gotten sic a fright,
To do naething through the day
That may gar ye greet at night.

He durstna venture hame now,
Nor play, though e'er so fain,
And ilka ane he met wi'
He thought them sure to ken;
And started at ilk whin bush,
Though it was braid daylight—
Sae do naething through the day
That may gar ye greet at night.

Wha winna be advised
Are sure to rue ere lang;
And muckle pains it costs them
To do the thing that's wrang,
When they wi' half the fash o't
Might aye be in the right,
And do naething through the day
That would gar them greet at night.

What fools are wilfu' bairns
Who misbehave frae hame!
There's something in the breast aye
That tells them they're to blame;
And then when comes the gloamin',
They're in a waefu' plight!—
Sae do naething through the day
That may gar ye greet at night.

ALEX. SMART.

MY AIN KINDLY MINNIE.

AIR—"*Over the water to Charlie.*"

"MY ain kindly minnie, when ance I'm a man,
I'll big a wee housie, sae cosie,
And, O! I'll be kind, and be gude to you than,
For cuddling me now in your bosie.
Dry up your saut tears that sae thickly now fa',
What for are ye greetin' sae sairly?
Tho' my daddie lie deep in the sea, far awa'!
Has he no left ye me, his ain Charlie?"

"Oh, bless ye, my darling, ance mair I'm mysel',
Your sweet rosy lips they reprove me:
How sinfu' it is on my sorrows to dwell,
When thy dad lives in thee still to love me.
I will live on to love ye, my bonnie wee man!
Oh! yet we'll be happy and cosie,
And when heaven sees fitting to close my short span,
Then I'll lay my auld head on your bosie."

THE FATHER'S KNEE.

AIR—"*Buy broom besoms.*"

O! HAPPY is the mother o' ilk little pet,
Who has a happy father by the ingle set.
Wi' ae wee tottum sleeping 'neath its mother's e'e,
Anither tottum creeping up its father's knee.
Aye rocking, rocking, aye rocking ree,
Pu'ing at his stocking, climbing up his knee.

Although our wee bit bigging there be few who ken,
Beneath our theekit rigging, bien's the but and ben.
Although about the creepy bairnies canna gree,
They cuddle, when they're sleepy, on their father's knee.
They're aye wink, winking, wi' the sleepy e'e,
Or aye jink, jinking, round their father's knee.

Although the sun o' summer scarce glints through the boal,
O ! kindly is the glimmer o' our candle coal.
And bright the rays o' glory stream frae heaven hie,
When gude grandsire hoary bends his aged knee;
Baith the parents kneeling by their totts sae wee—
Holy is the feeling offered on the knee.

I wonder gin in palace, or in lordly ha',
Their hearts are a' as happy as in our cot sae sma'—
Gin the Royal Mother can her lassies see,
Cuddling their wee brother on their father's knee,
What to her kind bosie are her kingdoms three,
Unless her totts are cosie on their father's knee!

JAMES BALLANTINE.

CREEP AFORE YE GANG.

CREEP awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang,
Cock ye baith your lugs to your auld Granny's sang;
Gin ye gang as far ye will think the road lang—
Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.

Creep awa', my bairnie, ye're ower young to learn
To tot up and down yet, my bonnie wee bairn;
Better creeping cannie, than fa'ing wi' a bang,
Duntin' a' your wee brow,—creep afore ye gang.

Ye'll creep, and ye'll laugh, and ye'll nod to your mother,
Watching ilka step o' your wee dousy brother;
Rest ye on the floor till your wee limbs grow strang,
And ye'll be a braw chield yet,—creep afore ye gang.

The wee birdie fa's when it tries ower soon to flee;
Folks are sure to tumble when they climb ower hie;
They wha dinna walk aright, are sure to come to wrang,—
Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

DINNA FEAR THE DOCTOR.

AIR—"*Gin a body meet a body.*"

O DINNA fear the doctor,
He comes to mak' ye weel,
To nurse ye like a tender flower,
And your wee head to heal;
He'll bring the bloom back to your cheek,
The blithe blink to your e'e,
An't werena for the doctor,
My bonnie bairn might dee.

O who would fear the doctor!
His pouthers, pills, and a';
Ye just a wee bit swither gi'e,
And then the taste's awa'!
He'll mak' ye sleep as sound's a tap,
And rise as light's a flee,—
An't werena for the doctor,
My bonnie bairn might dee.

A kind man is the doctor,
As mony poor folk ken;
He spares nae toil by day or night
To ease them o' their pain;
And O, he lo'es the bairnies weel!
And tak's them on his knee,—
An't werena for the doctor,
My bonnie bairn might dee.

ALEX. SMART.

THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

AIR—"*The Campbell's are coming.*"

OUR wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw,
It would tak' me a lang summer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the morning till night shuts his e'e,
When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father and me.
For in his quiet turns, siccan questions he'll speir :—
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear?
What gars the wind blaw? and whar frae comes the rain?
He's a perfect divert—he's a wonderfu' wean.

Or who was the first bodie's father? and wha
Made the very first snaw-shower that ever did fa'?
And who made the first bird that sang on a tree?
And the water that sooms a' the ships in the sea—
But after I've told him as weel as I ken,
Again he begins wi' his who? and his when?
And he looks aye sae watchfu' the while I explain,—
He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk who ha'e skill o' the lumps on the head,
Hint there's mae ways than toiling o' winning ane's bread;
How he'll be a rich man, and ha'e men to work for him,
Wi' a kyte *like* a bailie's, shug shugging afore him;
Wi' a face like the moon, sober, sonsy, and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.
'Tweel I'm unco ta'en up wi't, they mak' a' sae plain :—
He's just a town's talk—he's a by-ord'nar' wean!

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
To see him put on father's waistcoat and hat;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far ower his knees,
The tap loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease,
Then he march'd thro' the house, he march'd but, he
march'd ben,
Like ower mony mae o' our great-little men,

That I leugh clean outright, for I couldna contain,
He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean.

But 'mid a' his daffin' sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose;
And the unclouded hinnie-beam aye in his e'e,
Mak's him every day dearer and dearer to me.
Though fortune be saucy, and dorty, and dour,
And gloom through her fingers, like hills through a shower,
When bodies ha'e got ae bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts,—he's the wonderfu' wean.

WILLIAM MILLER.

BAIRNIES, COME HAME.

AIR—"*Logie o' Buchan.*"

THE sun's awa' down to his bed in the sea,
And the stars will be out on their watch in a wee:
The beasts ha'e gane hame in their coverts to rest,
And ilka wee bird's cuddled down in its nest;
The kye are a' sta'd, and there's no a wee lamb
But has cower'd itsel' down by the side o' its dam;
The rose and the gowan are closing their leaves,
And the swallow's last twitter is hush'd in the eaves;
And it's time that gude weans were a' doing the same,—
Come hame to your downy dreams! bairnies, come hame!

Come hame! frae your howfs, down amang the green corn,
Where the lee rigg is lown, and be up in the morn;
Be up in the morn! when the sun's glinting thro'
Wi' his beams 'mang the blossoms to lick up the dew:
Frae your bonnie green dens on the sides o' the wood,
Where the blaeberry blooms, and the wild roses bud,
And warms for your play-ground the gowany braes,
By the burn where your mammies are tending their claes:
Aye! be up in the morn to your sportive wee game—
But now that the gloamin' fa's, bairnies, come hame.

Come hame ! for the bat is abroad in his hour,
And the howlet is heard frae the auld hoary tower—
Come hame ! and your fathers will daut ilka brow,
A mother's warm welcome is waiting for you.
Ah ! aft, when lang years ha'e pass'd over your prime,
Your changed hearts will turn to this innocent time,
And the sunshiny past, wi' its love-lighted gleams,
Will rise on your waking thoughts—smile in your dreams ;
Then your hearts will fill fu', as ye breathe the loved name
Of her whose soft smile nae mair welcomes ye hame.

ROBT. L. MALONE.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn, who sits poking in the ase,
Glowering in the fire wi' his wee round face ;
Laughing at the fuffin' lowe, what sees he there ?
Ha ! the young dreamer's bigging castles in the air.

His wee chubby face, and his touzie curly pow,
Are laughing and nodding to the dancing lowe ;
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny hair,
Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon !
He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' doun !
Worlds whomling up and doun, bleezing wi' a flare,—
See how he loups ! as they glimmer in the air.

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken ?
He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty men ;
A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us stare,—
There are mair folk than him bigging castles in the air.

Sic a nicht in winter may weel mak' him cauld :
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him auld ;
His brow is brent sae braid, O pray that daddy Care
Would let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air !

He'll glower at the fire ! and he'll keek at the light !
But mony sparkling stars are swallowed up by Night ;
Aulder een than his are glamoured by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turned, wi' castles in the air.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

THE WATCH DOG.

AIR—" *The British Grenadiers.*"

Bow-wow-wow ! it's the muckle watch dog,
I ken by his honest bark ;
Bow-wow-wow ! says the muckle watch dog,
When he hears a foot in the dark.
No a breath can stir but he's up wi' a wirr !
And a big bow-wow gi'es he,
And wi' tail on end, he'll the house defend,
Mair siccar than lock or key.

When we sleep sound, he takes his round,
A sentry ower us a',
Through the lang dark night till braid daylight,
He fleys the thieves awa'.
But through the hale day wi' the bairns he'll play,
And daff about in the sun ;
On his back astride they may safely ride,
For weel does he lo'e their fun.

Wi' a cogie fu' to his gratefu' mou',
How he wags his trusty tail !
And weel does he like a bane to pike,
Or a lick o' the lithey kail.
By a' he's kenn'd as a faithfu' friend,
Nae flattering tongue has he,
And we a' may learn frae the muckle watch dog
Baith faithfu' and fond to be.

ALEX. SMART.

THE BASHFU' BAIRN.

AIR—*"Saw ye my father."*

THE bashfu' wee laddie! what makes him sae shy?
And what is't that gars him think shame?
Or how does it come that the blatest outbye
Are often the bauldest at hame?
A stranger might think he was sulky or doure;
For scarcely a word will he speak,
But hangs down his head, like a wee modest flower,
To hide the warm blush on his cheek.

'Mang rin-ther'-out laddies he's counted a snool:
He cares na for bools nor for ba's;
But yet he's a match for the best at the school—
He ne'er gets a tip o' the taws.
And aye when he plays wi' the bairns in the house,
The cock o' the roost he maun be;
He's bauld as a bantam, and craws there sae crouse,
Nae bairn can be brisker than he.

There's mair in his head, or I'm sairly mista'en,
Than ye'll find in some auld-farrant men;
Sae lang are his lugs, and sae gleg are his een,
He notices mair than ye ken.
Sometimes he'll sit still like a howlet sae grave,—
His thoughts then can naebody tell;
And sometimes he wanders awa' frae the lave,
And speaks, like a gowk, to himsel'!

Be kind to the laddie that's bashfu' and shy!
He'll be a braw fellow belyve;
Ye'll drive him dementit if harshness ye try—
Ye'll lead him, but never can drive.
Some think him half-witted, and some *think him* wise,
And some think him naething ava;
But tent him wi' love, if ye'll take my advice,
And he'll yet be the flower o' them a'.

ALEX. SMART.

A MOTHER'S CARES AND TOILS.

AIR—"*Willie was a wanton wag.*"

WAUKRIFE wee thing, O! I'm wearie
Warsling wi' you late and ear',
Turning a' things tapsalteerie,
Tearing mutches, towzling hair,
Stumping wi' your restless feetie,
Ettling, like the lave, to gang;
Frae the laughter to the greetie,
Changing still the hale day lang.

Now wi' whisker'd baudrons playing,
By the ingle beeking snug,
Now its wee bit leggie laying
O'er the sleeping collie dog;
Thumping now its patient minnie,
Scaulding syne its bonnie sel',
Then wi' kisses, sweet as hinnie,
Saying mair than tongue can tell.

O! its wearie, wearie winkers,
Close they'll no for a' my skill,
Wide they'll glower, thae blue bit blinkers,
Though the sun's ayont the hill.
Little they for seasons caring,
Morning, gloamin', night, or noon,
Lang's they dow, they'll aye keep staring,
Heeding neither sun nor moon.

E'en when sound we think him sleeping
In his cozie cradle-bed,
If we be na silence keeping,
Swith! he's gleg as ony gled.
If the hens but gi'e a cackle,
If the cock but gi'e a craw,
If the wind the window shake, he'll
Skirl like wild aboon them a'.

Who a mother's toils may number?
Who a mother's cares may feel?
Let her bairnie wake or slumber,
Be it sick or be it weel!
O! her heart had need be tender,
And her love had need be strang,
Else the lade she bears would bend her
Soon the drearie mools amang.

W. Ferguson

ERRAND-RINNING MARY.

AIR—"*O'er the muir amang the heather.*"

I NEVER saw a bairnie yet
An errand rin mair fleet than Mary,
And O she's proud the praise to get
When hame she trips as light's a fairy.
In ae wee hand the change she grips,
And what she's sent for in the other;
Then like a lintie in she skips,
Sae happy aye to please her mother.

She never stops wi' bairns to play,
But a' the road as she gaes trotting,
Croons to hersel' what she's to say,
For fear a word should be forgotten;
And then, as clear as A B C,
The message tells without a blunder,
And like the little eident bee,
She's hame again—a perfect wonder.

It's no for hire that Mary rins,
For what ye gi'e she'll never tease ye;
The best reward the lassie wins
Is just the pleasure aye to please ye.
If bairns would a' example tak',
And never on their errands tarry,
What happy hames they aye would mak',
Like our wee errand-rinning Mary.

ALEX. SMART.

THE SILENT CHILD.

AIR—"*Handel's Dead March.*"

"WHAT ails brother Johnny, he'll no look at me,
But lies looking up wi' a half steekit e'e?
Oh! cauld is his hand, and his face pale and wee—
What ails brother Johnny, he'll no speak to me?"

"Alack, my wee lammie! your brother's asleep,
He looksna, he speaksna—yet, dear, dinna weep;
Ye'll break mother's heart gin ye gaze on him sae;
He's dreaming—he's gazing—on friends far away!"

"Oh, who can he see like the friends that are here?
And where can he find hearts that lo'e him sae dear?
Just wauken him, mother! his brother to see,
I'll gi'e him the black frock my father ga'e me."

"Your black frock, my bairn, ah! your brother is dead!
That symbol o' death sends a stound through my head.
I made mysel' trow he wad wauken ance mair;
But now he's in Heaven—he's waiting us there."

JAMES BALLANTINE.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

AIR—"*John Anderson, my jo.*",

O WHO would harry the wee bird's nest,
That sings so sweet and clear,
And bigs for its young a cozy biel',
In the spring-time o' the year;
That feeds its gapin' gorlins a',
And haps them frae the rain?
O who would harry the wee bird's nest,
And gi'e its bosom pain?

I wouldna harry the lintie's nest,
That whistles on the spray;
I wouldna rob the lav'rock,
That sings at break of day;
I wouldna rob the shilfa,
That chants so sweet at e'en;
Nor plunder wee wee Jenny Wren
Within her bower o' green.

For birdies are like bairnies,
That dance upon the lea;
They winna sing in cages
So sweet's in bush or tree.
They're just like bonnie bairnies,
That mithers lo'e sae weel—
And cruel, cruel is the heart
That would their treasures steal.

ALEX. SMART.

THE WIDOW TO HER BAIRNS.

AIR—"*The Miller of Dee.*"

NOW, bairnies, mind your mother's words,
For kind to you she's been,
And mony a waukrife night she's had
To keep you tosh an' clean—

And mony a shift she's ta'en to mak'
Her sonsie stouries braw;
For through her lanely widowhood
Her back's been at the wa'.
But ye'll yet cheer the widow's hearth,
And dry her watery een,
And when ye've bairnies o' your ain,
Ye'll mind what ye ha'e been.

The bitter sneer o' witless pride,
In sorrow ye maun thole,
Sae lang as poortith on our hearth,
Cours ower a cauldrife coal;
But when ye've brought your heads aboon
Your dour, your early lot,
And rowing grit wi' happiness,
Your cares ye've a' forgot;
Then cozie mak' the widow's hearth,
And dry her tearfu' een,
And when ye've plenty o' your ain,
Oh, think what ye ha'e been.

What's fortune but a passing gleam
Of pleasure, toil, and care;
The stanie heart, o' worldly gear,
Gets aft the better share;
But gi'e ye aye wi' willing heart
What mercy sends to cure
The troubles o' the lowly cot,
The sorrows o' the poor.
Then warm the widow's lanely hearth,
And dry her tearfu' een,
And when your cup o' pleasure's fu',
Oh, think what ye ha'e been.

JOHN CRAWFORD.

OUR AIN FIRE-END.

AIR—"*Kelvin Grove.*"

WHEN the frost is on the grun',
Keep your ain fire-end,
For the warmth o' summer's sun
Has our ain fire-end;
When there's dubs ye might be lair'd in,
Or snaw ye could be smoor'd in,
The best flower in the garden
Is our ain fire-end.

You and father are sic twa!
Round our ain fire-end,
He mak's rabbits on the wa',
At our ain fire-end.
Then the fun as they are mumping,
When, to touch them ye gae stumping,
They're set on your tap a' jumping,
At our ain fire-end.

Sic a bustle as ye keep,
At our ain fire-end,
When ye on your whistle wheep,
Round our ain fire-end;
Now, the dog maun get a saddle,
Then a cart's made o' the ladle,
To please ye as ye daidle
Round our ain fire-end.

When your head's lain on my lap,
At our ain fire-end,
Taking childhood's dreamless nap,
At our ain fire-end;
Then frae lug to lug I kiss ye,
An' wi' heart o'erflowing bless ye,
And a' that's gude I wish ye,
At our ain fire-end.

When ye're far, far frae the blink
  O' our ain fire-end,
Fu' monie a time ye'll think
  On our ain fire-end;
On a' your gamesome ploys,
On your whistle and your toys,
And ye'll think ye hear the noise
  O' our ain fire-end.

WILLIAM MILLER.

GI'E AS YE WAD TAK'.

AIR—"*Auld Langsyne.*"

MY bairnies dear, when ye gang out,
  Wi' ither bairns to play,
Tak' tent o' everything ye do,
  O' every word ye say;
Frae tricky wee mischievous loons
  Keep back, my dears, keep back;
And aye to a' such usage gi'e
  As ye would like to tak'.

To thraw the mouth, or ca' ill names,
  Is surely very bad;
Then, a' such doings still avoid,
  They'd mak' your mother sad.
To shield the feckless frae the strong
  Be neither slow nor slack;
And aye to a' such usage gi'e
  As ye would like to tak'.

Ne'er beat the poor dumb harmless tribe,
  Wi' either whip or stick;
The mildest beast, if harshly used,
  May gi'e a bite or kick.

On Silly Sam, or Crooked Tam,
The heartless joke ne'er crack;
But aye to a' such usage gi'e
As ye would like to tak'.

A kindly look, a soothing word,
To ilka creature gi'e;
We're a' ONE MAKER'S handywork,
Whatever our degree.
We're a' the children o' HIS care,
Nae matter white or black;
Then still to a' such usage gi'e
As ye would like to tak'.

ALEX. RODGER.

THE IDLER.

AIR—"*The Miller o' Dee.*"

GAE awa' to your task, and be eident, my man,
And dinna sit dozing there;
But learn to be busy, and do what ye can,
For ye neither are sickly nor sair.
It's laziness ails ye, the sluggard's disease,
Who never has will for his wark,
Though it cures a' the tantrums that idle folk tease,
And makes them as blithe as the lark.

O shame on the sloven, the lubberly loon!
He kensna the ills he maun dree,
Like a dog in the kennel he flings himself down,
And the poor beggar's brother is he.
So up to your task now, and then to your play,
And fright the auld tyrant awa';
For sloth's the worst master that laddies can ha'e,
If ance in his clutches they fa':

He cleeds them in rags, and he hungers them too,
For nane o' his subjects can thrive;
They're aye 'mang the foremost when mischief's to do,
But they're naething but drones in the hive.
O dear, what a picture! Would I be his slave?
It weel may make industry sweet,
And teach idle laddies to strive like the lave,
Who win baith their claes and their meat.

Your father and mother ha'e toiled for ye sair,
And keepit ye cozie and clean;
But think how ye'll do, when ye ha'e them nae mair,
And maun fight through the world your lane!
Then rouse like a hero, wi' might and wi' main,
For time never stops on his way;
The present hour's a' we can weel ca' our ain,
And nane can be sure o' a day.

ALEX. SMART.

THE HERD LADDIE.

AIR—"*When the kye come hame.*"

IT'S a lang time yet till the kye gae hame,
It's a weary time yet till the kye gae hame;
Till the lang shadows fa' in the sun's yellow flame,
And the birds sing gude night, as the kye gae hame.

Sair langs the herd laddie for gloamin's sweet fa',
But slow moves the sun to the hills far awa';
In the shade o' the broom-bush how fain would he lie,
But there's nae rest for him when he's herding the kye.

They'll no be content wi' the grass on the lea,
For do what he will to the corn aye they'll be;—
The weary wee herd laddie to pity there is nane,
Sae tired and sae hungry wi' herding his lane.

When the bee's in its byke, and the bird in its nest,
And the kye in the byre, that's the hour he lo'es best;
Wi' a fu' cog o' brose he sleeps like a stane,—
But it scarce seems a blink till he's wauken'd again.

ALEX. SMART.

O LEESE ME ON THEE, BONNIE BAIRN.

AIR—"*Kind Robin lo'es me.*"

O LEESE me on thee, bonnie bairn!
Sae sweet, sae wise, sae apt to learn,
And true as load-stone to the airn,
Thou dearly, dearly, lo'es me.
Thou'rt just thy daddy's wee-er sel',
Fresh—blooming as the heather bell;
While blithe as lammie on the fell,
Thy frisking shows thou lo'es me.

Thy comely brow, thy e'e's deep blue,
Thy cheek of health's clear rosy hue;
And O! thy little laughing mou',
A' tell me how thou lo'es me.
Reclining softly on this breast,
O! how thou mak'st my bosom blest,
To see thee smiling, 'mid thy rest,
And ken how much thou lo'es me.

Wi' mother's e'e I fondly trace
In thee thy daddy's form and face,
Possess'd of every manly grace,
And mair—a heart that lo'es me.
Lang be thou spared, sweet bud, to be
A blessing to thy dad and me;
While some fond mate shall sing to thee,
"Dear laddie, how thou lo'es me."

ALEX. RODGER.

COCKIE-LEERIE-LA.

AIR—"*John Anderson, my jo.*"

THERE is a country gentleman, who leads a thrifty life,
Ilk morning scraping orra things thegither for his wife—
His coat o' glowing ruddy brown, and wavelet wi' gold—
A crimson crown upon his head, well-fitting one so bold.

If ithers pick where he did scrape, he brings them to disgrace,
For, like a man o' mettle, he—siclike meets face to face;
He gi'es the loons a lethering, a crackit croon to claw—
There is nae gaun about the bush wi' Cockie-leerie-la!

His step is firm and evenly, his look both sage and grave—
His bearing bold, as if he said, "I'll never be a slave;"
And, tho' he hauds his head fu' high, he glinteth to the grun,
Nor fyles his silver spurs in dubs wi' glow'ring at the sun:

And whiles I've thocht had he a hand wharwi' to grip a stickie,
A pair o' specks across his neb, and round his neck a dickie,
That weans wad laughing haud *their* sides, and cry—
"Preserve us a'!
Ye're some frien' to Doctor Drawblood, douce Cockie-leerie-la!"

So learn frae him to think nae shame to work for what ye need,
For he that gapes till he be fed, may gape till he be dead;
And if ye live in idleness, ye'll find unto your cost,
That they who winna work in heat, maun hunger in the frost.

And hain wi' care ilk sair-won plack, and honest pride will fill
Your purse wi' gear—e'en far-aff frien's will bring grist to your mill;

And if, when grown to be a man, your name's without a flaw,
Then rax your neck, and tune your pipes to—Cockie-leerie-la!

WILLIAM MILLER.

HOGMANAY.

AIR—"*The young May Moon.*"

COME, bairns a', to your Hogmanay,
The morn, ye ken, is New-year's day;
The cauld wind blaws, and the snaw down fa's
But merrily, merrily dance away.

There's Johnny Frost wi' his auld white pow,
Would fain be in to the chimla low;
But if he should come, he'll flee up the lum
In a bleeze that his frozen beard will thow!

He stoppit the burnie's todling din,
Hung frosty tangles outower the linn;
The flowers are a' dead, and the wee birds fled,
But they'll a' be back when the spring comes in.

There's mony a ane gane sin' the last New-year,
But let us be happy as lang's we're here;
We've aye been fed, and cozily clad,
And kindness will sweeten our canty cheer.

We'll no sleep a wink till the year come in,
Till the clock chap twal, and the fun begin;
And then wi' a cheer to the new-born year,
How the streets will ring wi' the roaring din!

A blithe new year we wish ye a',
And mony returns to bless ye a';
And may ilk ane ye see aye cantier be—
While round the ingle we kiss ye a'.

So bairns come a' to your Hogmanay,
The morn, ye ken, is New-year's day;
Though the cauld wind blaws, and the snaw down fa's,
Yet merrily, merrily dance away.

ALEX. SMART.

WILLIE'S AWA'.

AIR—"*Nannie's awa'.*"

LIKE wee birdies couring when frosty winds blaw,
The bairns a' look dowie, for Willie's awa'!
The brae o' the burnie looks wither'd and bare,
Though it bloom'd aye sae bonnie when Willie was there.

His fond heart at parting was ower fu' to speak,
He tried aye to smile, though the tear wet his cheek;
And when wee Mary waukened—her Willie awa'—
She grat as her young heart would bursted in twa.

Now Jamie maun gae to the school a' his lane,
And lang sair for Willie to come back again;
The burn that sang sweetly to them at their play,
Looks sullen and drumly, and Jamie looks wae.

The auld thorny tree, where he carv'd his ain name,
Was a' clad wi' blossoms when Willie left hame;
Now Jamie gaes haunting the dowie haw-tree,
And thinking on Willie brings tears to his e'e.

Its leaves a' will wither when autumn winds blaw,
But wi' spring it will blossom as white as the snaw;
Then linties will sing in its branches o' green,
And a' join to welcome our Willie again.

And O! we'll be happy when Willie comes back,
And round our ain ingle sae kindly we'll crack;
He'll tell o' the ferlies and folks that he saw,
And hear a' that happen'd since he gaed awa'.

ALEX. SMART.

THE BUDS NOW OPEN TO THE BREEZE.

THE buds now open to the breeze,
The birds begin to sing,
The gowans keeking thro' the sward,
To hear the voice o' spring.
Fu' blithe the maukin mumps the sward,
Wi' pleasure in its e'e,
Or pu's the budding heather bell,
A type, my wean, o' thee.
Unnumber'd webs o' fairy weft,
Wi' pearlie dew-drops weet,
Are spread ower sprouting furze and fern,
To bathe my bairnie's feet.

Then dinna dicht, my drousie tot,
The silken fringe awa',
That shades the bonniest e'e o' blue
That e'er fond mother saw!
Twa hours an' mair the gouldie's lilt
I've heard sae shrill an' sweet;
And mony a thistle tap has fa'n
Beneath the sangster's feet.
Then, rise, ye rogueie!—dinna think
That minnie means ye harm,
Saft kisses for your smiles she'll gi'e,
My sweet! wee, sleepy bairn.

Down by the burnie's brierie banks,
Where water-lilies blaw,
Nae mair is seen the dazzling sheen
Of sheets o' frost and snaw;
But flowers and bowers, wi' balmy showers
Are budding in the breeze;
Nae mournfu' wail o' dowie bird
Is heard amang the trees.

Then rise, my wee, wee winsome wean!
This lesson ye maun learn,
That spring-time winna bide for thee,
Nor me, my bonnie bairn.

JOHN CRAWFORD.

SPRING.

THE Spring comes linking and jinking through the woods,
Opening wi' gentle hand the bonnie green and yellow buds—
There's flowers and showers, and sweet sang o' little bird,
And the gowan wi' his red croon peeping thro' the yird.

The hail comes rattling and brattling snell an' keen,
Dauding and blauding, though red set the sun at e'en;
In bonnet and wee loof the weans kep and look for mair,
Dancing thro'ther wi' the white pearls shining in their hair.

We meet wi' blithesome an' kythesome cheerie weans,
Daffing and laughing far adoon the leafy lanes,
Wi' gowans and buttercups busking the thorny wands,
Sweetly singing wi' the flower branch waving in their hands.

'Boon a' that's in thee, to win me, sunny Spring!
Bricht cluds and green buds, and sangs that the birdies sing;
Flower-dappled hill-side, and dewy beech sae fresh at e'en;
Or the tappie-toorie fir-tree shining a' in green—

Bairnies, bring treasure and pleasure mair to me,
Stealing and speiling up to fondle on my knee!—
In spring-time the young things are blooming sae fresh and fair,
That I canna, Spring, but love and bless thee evermair.

WILLIAM MILLER.

BE A COMFORT TO YOUR MOTHER.

AIR—"*O'er the muir amang the heather.*"

COME here, my laddie, come awa'!
And try your first new breekies on ye;
Weel, weel I like to see you braw,
My ain wee sonsy smiling Johnnie!
Strip aff, strip aff! your bairnish claes,
And be a laddie like your brother,
And gin you're blest wi' health and days,
Ye'll be a pleasure to your mother.

Now rin and look ye in the glass!
And see how braw you're now, and bonnie;
Wha e'er wad think a change o' claes
Could mak' sic change on my wee Johnnie?
You're just your daddy's picture now!
As like as ae bean's like anither!
And gin ye do like him I trow,
Ye'll be an honour to your mither.

But upward as ye grow apace,
By truth and right keep ever steady;
And gin life's storms ye whiles maun face,
Aye meet them firmly like your daddy.
If steep and rugged be your way,
Ne'er look behind, nor stand and swither!
But set a stout heart to the brae,
And be a comfort to your mither.

ALEX. RODGER.

PACE EGGS.

THE morn brings Pace, bairns!
And happy will ye be,
Wi' a' your bonnie dyed eggs,
And ilka ane has three,

Wi' colours like the rainbow,
And ne'er a crack nor flaw,
Ye may row them up and row them down,
Or toss them like a ba'.

There's some o' them are rosy red,
And some o' them are green,
And some are o' the bonnie blue
That blinks in Mary's een;
And some o' them like purple bells,
And others like the bloom
O' the bonnie gowden tassels
That blossom on the broom.

Ye'll toss them up the foggy banks,
And row them down the brae,
Where burnies sing to sweet wee flowers,
And milk-white lammies play;
And when they burst their tinted shells,
And a' in fragments flee,
The crumbs will feed the bonnie bird
That sings upon the tree.

ALEX. SMART.

MAY MORNING.

AIR—"*Bonnie Dundee.*"

HURRAH! for the morning, the merry May morning!—
Come, rouse up my laddie! the summer's begun,
The cock has been crawing an hour sin' the dawning,
And gowans and buttercups glint in the sun.
Frae clover fields springing the skylark is singing,
And straining his throat wi' a sweet hymn o' joy;
The burnie rins glancing, and sings as it's dancing,
"Come, try me a race, now, my bonnie wee boy."

While Johnnie lies winking, the sun will be drinking
The dew frae the primrose and bonnie blue bell,
Like fresh roses blowing, his cheeks will be glowing,
This morning, when washed in the dews o' the dell.
Awa' wi' your gaunting! the linties are chaunting,
The bees are abroad in the sweet-scented air;
They tell by their humming the roses are coming,
To busk a gay garland for Johnnie to wear.

In wide circles wheeling the swallow comes speiling,
Sweet bird o' the summer frae far ower the sea;
The lammies are jumping, and frisking, and romping,
And dancing as blithe as the bairns on the lea.
Then up, my wee laddie, and come wi' your daddy,
He'll lead you to banks where the sweetest flowers blaw;
By the burnie down rowin', we'll pu' the May gowan,
A necklace for Mary as white as the snaw.

ALEX. SMART.

THE SUNNY SUMMER MONTHS.

AIR—"*Jock o' Hazeldean.*"

THE sultry, sunny, summer months
Are come wi' joy and glee,
And furzy fell, and rashy dell,
Are fill'd wi' melody;
The roving rae, frae break o' day,
Now roams frae break to burn,
Then who would think, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn?

The butterflee has flung awa'
The shell that bound it fast,
And screen'd it frae the chilling breeze—
The winter's bitter blast;

How like some moths o' mortal mould,
It flutters round its urn !—
But dinna think, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn.

The lav'rock high in middle air,
Is chirling loud and clear,
He early leaves his lowly lair,
The cottar's toil to cheer ;
Unvex'd by care he sings the joys
That in his breastie burn,—
Then who would say, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn ?

The song of nature's happiness
Is heard o'er meadows green,
And opening to the fresh'ning breeze
The blawart's bell is seen ;
The fragrance o' some Eastern clime
Is frae our plantin's borne,—
Then who can think, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn ?

The kye in languid listlessness
Now seek the caller brook,
The streamlet's speckled finny tribe
Now shun the barbed hook ;
O ! who would grasp a gilded lure,
And nature's riches spurn ?
We camna here, my bairnies dear,
For goud and gear to mourn.

The lambkins o'er the daisied dell,
In gambols wild and free,
Enjoy the sweets, the halesome sweets,
O' blissfu' liberty ;
The fetters o' the prison-fauld
The fleecy wanderers spurn,—
Oh ! never think, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn.

JOHN CRAWFORD.

LADY SUMMER.

AIR—"*Blythe, blythe, and merry are we.*"

BIRDIE, birdie, weet your whistle!
Sing a sang to please the wean;
Let it be o' Lady Summer,
Walking wi' her gallant train!
Sing him how her gaucy mantle!
Forest green trails ower the lea,
Broider'd frae the dewy hem o't
Wi' the field flowers to the knee!

How her foot's wi' daisies buskit,
Kirtle o' the primrose hue,
And her e'e sae like my laddie's,
Glancing, laughing, loving, blue!
How we meet on hill and valley,
Children sweet as fairest flowers,
Buds and blossoms o' affection,
Rosy wi' the sunny hours.

Sing him sic a sang, sweet birdie!
Sing it ower and ower again;
Gar the notes fa' pitter patter,
Like a shower o' summer rain.
"Hoot, toot, toot!" the birdie's saying,
"Who can shear the rigg that's shorn?
Ye've sung brawlie simmer's ferlies,
I'll toot on anither horn."

WILLIAM MILLER.

PETTING AT FOOD.

AIR—"*The Laird o' Cockpen.*"

IF ye'll no tak' your breakfast, just let it alane!
The porridge can wait till ye're hungry again;
Though saucy e'en now, ye'll be glad o' them soon—
Sae tak' ye the pet now and lay down your spoon!

Ye'll weary for them ere they weary for you,
And when they grow cool they'll no blister your mou';
A twa three hours' fast might be gude for ye a',
And help aye to drive the ill humours awa'.

Yon fat little doggie that waddles alang!
Sae pamper'd and peching he scarcely can gang!
At daintiest dishes he turns up his nose,
But scrimp him a wee, he'll be blithe o' his brose.

There's nane kens the gude o' a thing till it's gane—
Yon barefitted laddie, ye met wi' yestreen,
Had he such a cogie he'd no let it cool—
Na! just let them stand till ye come frae the school.

The best cure for bairnies when nice wi' their meat,
Is the fresh air o' morning and naething to eat;
Sae tak' your ain time, like the cattle out-bye—
Just eat when you're hungry and drink when your dry.

ALEX. SMART.

THE ABSENT FATHER.

"O! MOTHER, what tak's my dear father awa',
When moor and when mountain are heapit wi' snaw—
When thick swirling drift dauds the dead sapless earth,
And a' thing is drear, save our ain cozie hearth?"

"The young hill-side lammies wou'd die wi' the cauld,
Wer't no for your father, who leads them a fauld;
His voice is well kenn'd by ilk poor mother ewe—
He's saving their lives while he's toiling for you."

"Gin e'er I'm man muckle, and poor father spared,
I'll mak' ye a leddy, and father a laird;
I'll brave the dour winter on mountain and lea,
And toil for ye baith, who ha'e toil'd sae for me."

"Come, lay your wee head on your ain minnie's knee!
And gaze in her face, wi' your ain father's e'e!
The night settles down—O! I wish he were here—
Hush! is na that Collie's wouff?—maybe they're near!"

The door gets a dirl, and flees back to the wa',—
'Tis he! frae his bonnet he dauds aff the snaw—
"I'm here! my sweet son, and my bonnie wee dame!
Down Collie! Be thankfu' we're a' now at hame."

JAMES BALLANTINE.

YOUR DADDY'S FAR AT SEA.

AIR—"*My love's in Germanie.*"

YOUR daddy's far at sea, bonnie bairn! bonnie bairn!
Your daddy's far at sea! bonnie bairn!
Your daddy's far at sea! winning gold for you and me,
And how happy yet we'll be! bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn!
And how happy yet we'll be, bonnie bairn!

Your daddy's leal and true, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
Your daddy's leal and true, bonnie bairn;
Your daddy's leal and true, to your minnie and to you,
And beloved by all the crew, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
And beloved by all the crew, bonnie bairn!

Then we'll pray for daddy's weal, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
Then we'll pray for daddy's weal, bonnie bairn;
We'll pray for daddy's weal, that distress he ne'er may feel,
While he guides the sheet or wheel, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
While he guides the sheet or wheel, bonnie bairn!

Should hurricanes arise, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
Should hurricanes arise, bonnie bairn,
Should hurricanes arise, lashing seas up to the skies,
May his guide be the ALL-WISE, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
May his guide be the ALL-WISE, bonnie bairn!

'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, bonnie bairn;
'Mid the tempest's gloomy path, may he brave its wildest wrath,
While it strews the deep with death, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
While it strews the deep with death, bonnie bairn!

And on wings of mercy borne, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
And on wings of mercy borne, bonnie bairn;
On wings of mercy borne, may he soon and safe return,
To make glad the hearts that mourn, bonnie bairn, bonnie bairn,
To make glad the hearts that mourn, bonnie bairn!

ALEX. RODGER.

THE WASHING.

AIR—"*Willie was a wanton Wag.*"

BAULD wee birkie, what's the matter,
That ye're raising sic a din?
Weel ye ken it's caller water
Gi'es ye sic a bonnie skin;
Cease your spurring, tak' your washing,
Syne ye'll get your milk and bread;
Gin ye dinna quit your splashing,
I may douk ye ower the head.

Now it's ower, my bonnie dearie,
There's a skin like driven snaw,
Lively, louping, plump wee peerie,
See how soon I'll busk you braw;
Let me kame your pretty pow now,
Let me shed your shining hair—
To your gambles! romp and row now,
Whisk and whid round daddy's chair.

Now, ye funny frisking fairy!
See how snod ye're now and sleek!
Water mak's you brisk and airy,
Lights your e'e and dyes your cheek;
O! there's nought like being cleanly!
Cleanliness is mair than wealth,
Let us cleed however meanly—
Cleanliness gi'es joy and health.

ALEX. RODGER.

HAPPY HARVEST.

AIR—"*Of a' the airts the win' can blaw.*"

AGAIN has happy harvest come
To cheer ilk cottage hearth,
To sweeten lowly labour's toils
Wi' happiness and mirth;
For lightsome hearts are ower the lawn,
And plenty ower the lea,
Sae ye shall welcome harvest in,
My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The garden's tint its gaudy garb,
The glebe its robe o' green,
For summer's sun the glade and glen
Another shade has gi'en;

But love nae season kens but ane,
Then come, my bairns, wi' me,
And welcome merry harvest in
Wi' a' its mirth and glee.

The lily's lost its loveliness,
The thistle sheds its down,
The tulip's tint its summer braws,
The buttercup its crown;
But fairer flowers are in the bowers
O' love and charity,
Sae welcome merry harvest in,
My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The nut and slae, ower bank and brae,
In rip'ning clusters hing,
And happy hearts, wi' harmless glee,
Now gar the welkin ring;
The reapers reap, the gleaners glean,
A cantie sight to see;
Then welcome merry harvest in,
My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The wren has left her cosie cot,
Aboon yon siller spring,
And haps in eerie laneliness,
A waesome wearied thing;
But Nature feeds wi' open hand
Ilk birdie on the tree,
Sae ye shall welcome harvest in,
My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

The squirrel springs frae tree to tree;
The eident ant has gaen
To sip the balmy sweets o' thrift,
And share the joys o' hame;
And ye shall share a mother's care,
And a' she has to gi'e—
Sae welcome merry harvest in,
My bonnie bairns, wi' me.

JOHN CRAWFORD.

HAIRST.

AIR—"*Coming through the rye.*"

THO' weel I lo'e the budding spring,
I'll no misca' John Frost,
Nor will I roose the summer days
At gowden autumn's cost;
For a' the seasons in their turn
Some wished-for pleasures bring,
And hand in hand they jink about,
Like weans at jingo-ring.

Fu' weel I mind how aft ye said,
When winter nights were lang,
"I weary for the summer woods,
The lintie's tittering sang;"
But when the woods grew gay and green,
And birds sang sweet and clear,
It then was, "When will hairst-time come,
The gloaming o' the year?"

Oh! hairst time's like a lipping cup
That's gi'en wi' furthy glee!
The fields are fu' o' yellow corn,
Red apples bend the tree;
The genty air, sae ladylike!
Has on a scented gown,
And wi' an airy string she leads
The thistle-seed balloon.

The yellow corn will porridge mak',
The apples taste your mou',
And ower the stibble riggs I'll chase
The thistle-down wi' you;
I'll pu' the haw frae aff the thorn,
The red hip frae the brier—
For wealth hangs in each tangled nook
In the gloaming o' the year.

Sweet Hope ! ye biggit ha'e a nest
Within my bairnie's breast—
Oh ! may his trusting heart ne'er trow
That whiles ye sing in jest ;
Some coming joys are dancing aye
Before his langing een,—
He sees the flower that isna blawn,
And birds that ne'er were seen ;—

The stibble rigg is aye ahin' !
The gowden grain afore,
And apples drap into his lap,
Or row in at the door !
Come hairst-time then unto my bairn !
Drest in your gayest gear,
Wi' saft and winnowing win's to cool
The gloaming o' the year !

WILLIAM MILLER.

GANG TO YOUR BEDS.

AIR—"*Miller o' Dee.*"

H'AE done wi' your daffing, and gae to your beds,
It's time ye were a' sleeping sound—
Nae thought o' the morn, or the school in your heads,
Till morning and school-time come round !
I'll wager a plack ye'll be changing your sang,
Nae laughing or merriment then !
It's ower bright a blink this, and canna last lang,
And it's sure to be followed by rain !

Ye merry wee madcaps ! when ance ye begin,
Ilk ane might be tied wi' a strae.
Whisht ! whisht ! or ye'll wauken my bairn wi' your din,
For aye ower the score ye maun gae.

Ye waukrife wee totums ! ye've laughed now your fill,
Sae try wha will first be asleep,
And think on poor bairns who would gladly lie still,
If to your cozie bed they could creep !

When father comes hame now, ye'll get a surprise !
Ye'll soon hear his fit on the stair—
Ye're sweer to lie down, and ye're sweerer to rise,
And ye'll no fa' asleep when ye're there.
But bairns aye at night should slip canny to bed,
And think as they're closing their een,
That nane can be sure, when they lay down their head,
If they'll rise i' the morning again.

ALEX. SMART.

KINDNESS TO SERVANTS.

Now what was yon ye said to May,
Sae pettishly yestreen ?
Ay ! weel may ye think shame to tell
How saucy ye ha'e been.
There's naething spoils a bonnie face
Like sulks, in auld or young,—
And what can set a lassie waur
Then an ill-bred, saucy tongue ?

It's ill your part to jeer at May,
To you she's aye been kind
And aft she's sung ye ower asleep,
Lang, lang, ere ye can mind.
She mak's the meat, she works the wark
She cleans when ye but soil,
And what would helpless bairnies be
Without the hands that toil ?

The kindly look, the gentle word,
Mak' friends o' a' ye see,

And gi'e a charm to ilka face,
That nothing else can gi'e.
It's weel for bairns, wha ha'e a friend
That watches them wi' care,
For when in fault they'll learn frae him
To do the like nae mair.

ALEX. SMART.

THE WINTER'S COME AT LAST.

AIR—"*John Anderson, my jo.*"

A BURNING sun nae langer flames aboon the greenwood shaw,
For cauldrife winter's keeking down through clouds o' sleet and snaw;
And the chirping o' the robin gars thy mother's heart be wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The cuckoo lang has ta'en his flight for warmer climes than ours,
The nipping blasts ha'e reft us o' our sweetly scented flowers;
I'm glad to see my totties weel, but, O! my heart is wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The swallow's sought a shelter in some sunny southern nook,
For weel it likes to skim aboon the sparkling siller brook;
Aye when it leaves our hills behind, my heart is ever wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The corncraik now is never heard amang the rip'ning corn;
The lintie limps sae listlessly beneath the leafless thorn,
That its chirping and its chirming gar thy mother's heart be wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The bat has made a cozie bield in yon auld castle wa',
To dream through lang and eerie nights, if dream it can ava ;
And the snell and crisping cranreuch gars thy mother's heart be wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The bee, the bumming bee, nae mair is heard wi' cheery din,
Like summer breezes murmuring outower the foaming linn ;
The window's spraing'd wi' icy stars, sae weel may we be wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

The butterflee nae mair is seen amang the woodland bowers ;
Auld baudrons, purring pawkily, ayont the ingle cowers.
I like to see ilk creature weel, and, oh ! my heart is wae
For the sailor on the sea, and the shepherd on the brae.

We fret at what we ne'er can win, and yaumer at our lot,
And fractious fock would fractious be, tho' half the world they got ;
But let us aye contented be, as weel, my bairns, we may,
When we think upon the sailor, and the shepherd on the brae.

JOHN CRAWFORD.

JOHN FROST.

AIR—"*The Campbells are coming.*"

YOU'VE come early to see us this year, John Frost !
Wi' your crisping and pouthering gear, John Frost,
For hedge, tower, and tree,
As far as I see,
Are as white as the bloom o' the pear, John Frost.

You're very preceese wi' your wark, John Frost!
Altho' ye ha'e wrought in the dark, John Frost,
For ilka fit-stap,
Frae the door to the slap,
Is braw as a new linen sark, John Frost.

There are some things about ye I like, John Frost,
And ithers that aft gar me fyke, John Frost;
For the weans, wi' cauld taes,
Crying "shoon, stockings, claes,"
Keep us busy as bees in the byke, John Frost.

And gae wa' wi' your lang slides, I beg, John Frost!
Bairns' banes are as bruckle's an egg, John Frost;
For a cloit o' a fa'
Gars them hirple awa',
Like a hen wi' a happity leg, John Frost.

Ye ha'e fine goings on in the north, John Frost!
Wi' your houses o' ice, and so forth, John Frost!
Tho' their kirn's on the fire,
They may kirn till they tire,
Yet their butter—pray, what is it worth, John Frost?

Now, your breath would be greatly improven, John Frost,
By a scone pipin'-het frae the oven, John Frost;
And your blae frosty nose
Nae beauty wad lose,
Kent ye mair baith o' boiling and stovin', John Frost.

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE BLIND BEGGAR-MAN.

AIR—"*Johnnie Macgill.*"

THERE'S auld Johnnie Gowdie, the blind beggar-man!
Haste, rin! like gude bairns, bring him in by the han';
Tak' care o' the burn, bid him set his staff steeve!
Swith! grip his coat-tails, or tak' haud o' his sleeve.

Poor John was ance glegger than ony ane here,
But has wander'd in darkness for mony a lang year;
Yet his mind lives in sunshine, although he is blin'—
Though it's darkness without, a' is brightness within.

"Come awa', my auld friend! tak' the pock aff your back,
Draw your breath, tak' your mouthfu', then gi'e us your crack;
I ha'e just been discoursing the bairnies e'en now,
How they ought to befriend helpless bodies like you."

To the feckless and friendless, my bairns, aye be kind,
Be feet to the lame, and be eyes to the blind;
'Twas to share wi' the needfu' our blessings were gi'en,
And the friend o' the poor never wanted a frien'!

He who tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn,
Will bless those who take from life's pathway a thorn,
And the "cup of cold water" that kindness bestows,
On the heart back in rivers of gladness o'erflows.

Oh, tent you the lear' frae your mother ye learn!
For the seed springs in manhood that's sawn in the bairn,
And, mind, it will cheer you through life's little span!
The blessing that fa's frae the blind beggar-man!

Robt. L. Malone.

CHUCKIE.

Saw ye chuckie wi' her chickies,
Scraping for them dainty pickies,
Keeking here and keeking there,
Wi' a mother's anxious care
For a pick to fill their gebbies,
Or a drap to weet their nebbies?
Heard ye weans cry "teuckie, teuckie!
Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie?"

When her chickens a' are feather'd,
And the school weans round her gather'd,
Gi'en each the prettiest name,
That their guileless tongues can frame;
Chuckie then will bend her neck!
Scrape wi' pride, and boo and beck!
Cluckin' as they're crying "teuckie!
Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie!"

Chuckie wi' her wheetle-wheeties
Never grudged a pick o' meat is;
High and low alike will stand
Throwing crumbs wi' kindly hand
While about she'll jink and jouk,
Pride and pleasure in her look,
As they're crying "teuckie, teuckie,
Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie!"

But sic fortune disna favour
Aye the honest man's endeavour;
Mony a ane, wi' thrawart lot,
Pines and dees, and is forgot;
But, my bairn, if ye've the power,
Aye to lessen want be sure—
Fin' your pouch, cry "teuckie, teuckie,
Here's some moolins, chuckie, chuckie!"

WILLIAM MILLER.

THE ORPHAN WANDERER.

"O HELP the poor orphan! who, friendless, alone,
In the darkness of night o'er the plain wanders on,
While the drift rushes fleet, and the tempest howls drear,
And the pelting snow melts as it meets the warm tear."

"Press onward! a light breaks from yon cottage door—
There lives a lone widow, as kind as she's poor;

Go! let your sad plaint meet her merciful ear,
She'll kiss from your cold cheek that heart-bursting tear."

"I'm fatherless! motherless! weary, and worn,
Dejected, forsaken, sad, sad, and forlorn!
A voice 'mid the storm bade me bend my steps here—
O help the poor orphan! O lend him a tear!"

"That voice was from Heaven—God hath answer'd my prayer!—
My dead boy's blue eyes and his bright sunny hair!
Thou com'st, my sweet orphan, my lone heart to cheer!
Thou hast met with a home and a fond mother here!"

JAMES BALLANTINE.

THE A, B, C.

AIR—"*Clean pease strae.*"

IF ye'd be daddie's bonnie bairn, and mammie's only pet,
Your A B brod and lesson time ye maunna ance forget;
Gin ye would be a clever man, and usefu' i' your day,
It's now your time to learn at e'en the A, B, C.

To win our laddie meat and claes has aye been a' our care;
To get you made a scholar neist, we'll toil baith late and ear';
And gin we need, and ha'e our health, we'll join the night to day,
Sae tak' your brod and learn at e'en the A, B, C.

Wha kens but ye may get a school, and syne ye'll win our bread?
Wha kens but in a *pu'pit yet, we'll see you wag your head?*
Our minister and dominie were laddies i' their day,
And had like you to learn at e'en the A, B, C.

Now come and read your lesson ower, till ance your
supper cool—
O what would monie a laddie gi'e to ha'e a father's
school?—
To be a mother's only care, as ye are ilka day,
Should mak' ye like to learn at e'en the A, B, C!

Alex Laing

YE MAUN GANG TO THE SCHOOL.

AIR—"*As Jonny sat down wi' her wheel by the fire.*"

YE maun gang to the school again' summer, my bairn,
It's no near sae ill as ye're thinking to learn;
For learning's a' worldly riches aboon—
It's easy to carry, and never gaes done.

Ye'll read o' the land, and ye'll read o' the sea!
O' the high and the low, o' the bound and the free!
And maybe a tear will the wee bookie stain,
When ye read o' the widow and fatherless wean!

And when 'tis a story of storms on the sea,
Where sailors are lost, who have bairnies like thee,
And your heart, growing grit for the fatherless wean,
Gars the tearies hap, hap o'er your cheekies like rain;

I'll then think on the dew that comes frae aboon,
Like draps frae the stars or the silvery moon,
To freshen the flowers:—but the tears frae your e'e
For the woes of another, are dearer to me.

So ye'll gae to the school again' summer, my bairn—
Ye're sae gleg o' the uptak' ye soon will learn;—
And I'm sure ere the dark nights o' winter keek ben,
Ye'll can read William Wallace frae en' to en'!

WILLIAM MILLER.

A MOTHER'S JOYS.

AIR—"*The boatie rows.*"

I'VE gear enough! I've gear enough!
I've bonnie bairnies three;
Their welfare is a mine o' wealth,
Their love a crown to me.
The joys, the dear delights they bring,
I'm sure I wadna tyne
Though a' the good in Christendie
Were made the morrow mine!

Let others flaunt in fashion's ring!
Seek rank and high degree;
I wish them joy, wi' a' my heart—
They're no envied by me.
I wadna gi'e thae lo'esome looks!
The heaven o' thae smiles!
To bear the proudest name—to be
The Queen o' Britain's isles!

My sons are like their father dear,
And a' the neighbours tell
That my wee blue-e'ed dochter's just
The picture o' mysel'!
O.! blessings on my darlings a'!
'Bout me they're aye sae fain,
My heart rins ower wi' happiness
To think they're a' my ain!

At e'ening, morning, ilka hour,
I've ae unchanging prayer,
That heaven would my bairnies bless,
My hope, my joy, my care.
I've gear enough! I've gear enough!
I've bonnie bairnies three;
A mine o' wealth their welfare is,
Their love a crown to me.

W. FERGUSSON.

WEE NANNY.

AIR—"*Ower the muir amang the heather.*"

WEE Nanny weel deserves a sang,
Sae weel she tends her little brither;
For aye when mother's working thrang,
Awa' they tot wi' ane anither;
His face she washes, kaims his hair,
Syne, wi' a piece weel spread wi' butter,
She links him lightly down the stair,
And lifts him cannie ower the gutter.

Where bees bum ower the flowery green,
Wi' buttercups and gowans glancing,
There may the happy totts be seen,
Like lammies in the meadow dancing;
Then wi' their laps weel filled wi' flowers,
And glowing cheeks as red as roses,
They toddle hame, and play for hours
At busking necklaces and posies.

You never need tell Nanny twice,
To do your bidding aye she's ready;
And hearkens sae to gude advice,
Nae doubt, if spared she'll be a leddy!
When ither bairns fa' out and fight,
She reds the quarrel aye sae cannie,
Wee Nannie soon mak's a' things right,
And a' the bairns are friends wi' Nanny.

ALEX. SMART.

MY DRAGON.

AIR—"*Logie o' Buchan.*"

THE hip's on the brier, and the haw's on the thorn,
The primrose is wither'd, and yellow the corn;
The shearers will be soon on Capilrig brae,
Sae I'll aff to the hills wi' my dragon the day.

The wind it comes snelly, and scatters the leaves,
John Frost on the windows a fairy web weaves;
The robin is singing, and black is the slae,
Sae I'll aff to the hills wi' my dragon the day!

I've bought me a string that will reach to the moon,
I wish I could rise wi't the white clouds aboon,
And see the wee stars as they glitter and play!—
Let me aff to the hills wi' my dragon the day!

GEORGE DONALD.

UNCLE JAMIE.

AIR—"*Ewie wi' the crookit horn.*"

WEEL the bairns may mak' their mane,
Uncle Jamie's dead and gane!
Though his hairs were thin and grey,
Few like him could frisk and play.
Fresh and warm his kindly heart
Wi' the younkers aye took part;
And the merry sangs he sung
Charm'd the hearts o' auld and young.

Uncle Jamie had a mill,
And a mousie it intil,
Wi' a little bell to ring,
And a jumping-jack to fling;
And a drummer, rud-de-dud,
On a little drum to thud,
And a mounted bold dragoon,
Riding a' the lave aboon.

When the mousie drave the mill,
Wi' the bairns the house would fill;
Such a clatter then began!
Faster aye the mousie ran!

Clinkum, clankum ! rad-de-dad !
Flang the jumping-jack like mad !
Gallop went the bold dragoon,
As he'd gallop ower the moon !

Some, wha maybe think they're wise,
Uncle's frolics may despise ;
Let them look as grave's they may,
He was wiser far than they.
Thousands a' the world would gi'e
Could they be as blithe as he.
Weel the bairns may mak' their mane,
Uncle Jamie's dead and gane !

ALEX. SMART.

CUR-ROOK-I-TY-DOO.

AIR—"*Laird o' Cockpen.*"

CUR-ROOK-I-TY-DOO ! cur-rook-i-ty-doo !
Wi' your neck o' the goud and your wings o' the blue ;
Pretty poll, like a body, can speak, it is true,
But you're just my ain pet ! my cur-rook-i-ty-doo !

My father's awa' wi' his dog and his gun,
The moorfowl to shoot on the hills o' Kilmun,
My brothers to fish in the burns o' the Rue,
But I'm blither at hame wi' cur-rook-i-ty-doo.

I'll feed ye wi' barley ! I'll feed ye wi' pease !
I'll big ye a nest wi' the leaves o' the trees ;
I'll mak' ye a dooket, sae white to the view,
If ye'll no flee awa', my cur-rook-i-ty-doo !

There's the hen wi' her teuckies thrang scraping their meat,
Wi' her cluckety-cluck, and their wee wheetle-wheet !

And bauld leerielaw would leave naething to you,
Sae pick frae my hand, my cur-rook-i-ty-doo!

They bought me a pyet—they gi'ed me a craw,
I keepit them weel, yet they baith flew awa';
Was that no unkindly?—the thought gars me grue—
But ye'll no be sae fause, my cur-rook-i-ty-doo!

Ye blink wi' your e'e like a star in the sky,—
Here's water to wash ye, or drink if you're dry;
For I see by your breastie your crappie is fu'—
Now, croodle a sang, my cur-rook-i-ty-doo!

When I grow up a man, wi' a house o' my ain,
Ye needna be fear'd that I'll leave ye alane;
But maybe ye'll die, or tak' on wi' the new,
Yet I'll never forget my cur-rook-i-ty-doo!

GEORGE DONALD.

O THIS IS NO MY AIN BAIRN.

AIR—"*This is no my ain house.*"

O THIS is no my ain bairn,
I ken by the greetie o't!
They've changed it for some fairy elf
Aye kicking wi' the feetie o't!
A randy, roaring, cankert thing,
That nought will do but fret and fling,
And gar the very rigging ring
Wi' raging at the meatie o't!

This canna be my ain bairn,
That was so gude and bonnie O!
Wi' dimpled cheek and merry een,
And pawky tricks sae mony O!

That danced upon her daddy's knee,
Just like a birdie bound to flee,
And aye had kisses sweet to gi'e
A' round about to ony O!

O yes, it is my ain bairn!
She's coming to hersel' again!
Now blessings on my ain bairn,
She's just my bonnie Bell again!
Her merry een, her rosy mou',
Ance mair wi' balmy kisses fu'—
I kent the bonnie bairn would rue,
And soon would be hersel' again.

ALEX. SMART.

CHEETIE PUSSIE.

AIR—"*Saw ye my Peggy?*"

CHEETIE! cheetie pussie! slipping thro' the housie,
Watching frighted mousie—making little din;
Or by fireside curring, sang contented purring,
Come awa' to Mirren, wi' your velvet skin!

Bonny baudrons! grip it! *straik it weel and clap it!*
See the milk, it's lappit ilka drap yestreen!
Hear to hungry cheetie! mewling for her meatie,
Pussie, what a pity ye should want a friend!

Throw the cat a piecie, like a kindly lassie
Ne'er be proud and saucy, hard and thrawn like Jean;
Doggie wants a share o't, if ye've ony mair o't,
Just a wee bit spare o't, and you're mother's queen!

Cheetie! cheetie pussie! watching frighted mousie,—
Slipping thro' the housie wi' your glancing een,
Or by fireside curring, sang contented purring,
Come awa' to Mirren, tell her where you've been!

GEORGE DONALD.

THE DREAMING CHILD.

"BE still, my dear darling, why start ye in sleep?
Ye dream and ye murmur! ye sob and ye weep;
What dread ye, what fear ye? oh, hush ye your fears—
Still starting, still moaning—still, still shedding tears!

"Be still, my dear darling, oh, stay your alarm!
Your brave-hearted father will guard you from harm;
With bare arm he toils by that red furnace glare,
His child, and his wife, and his home all his care.

But hark! what a crash—hush, my darling, be still,
Those screams 'mid dark night bode some terrible ill—
Your father is there—death and danger are there!"
She bears forth her child, and she flies fleet as air.

A slow measured tread beats the smoke-blackened way,
On which a pale torch sheds a dim sickly ray;
The dreaming child's father stalks sad and forlorn—
His dead neighbour home to a widow is borne.

The mother her baby clasps close to her breast,
"Thank heaven he is safe—my dear child, safely rest,
While I fly to the aid of this daughter of sorrow,
God help me! I may be a widow to-morrow!"

JAMES BALLANTINE.

A MOTHER'S SONG.

AIR—"*O rest thee, my darling.*"

O COME now, my darling, and lie on my breast,
For that's the soft pillow my baby loves best;
Peace rests on thine eyelids, as sweetly they close,
And thoughts of to-morrow ne'er break thy repose.

What dreams in thy slumber, dear infant, are thine?
Thy sweet lips are smiling when prest thus to mine!
All lovely and guileless thou sleepest in joy,
And Heaven watches over my beautiful boy.

O would thus that ever my darling might smile,
And still be a baby, my griefs to beguile!
But hope whispers sweetly, ne'er broken shall be
The tie that unites my sweet baby and me.

ALEX. SMART.

YE MAUNNA SCAITH THE FECKLESS.

"COME, callans, quit sic cruel sport; for shame, for shame, gi'e ower!
That poor half-witted creature ye've been fighting wi' this hour;
What pleasure ha'e ye seeing him thus lay his bosom bare?
Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar care.

"The wild flower seeks the shady dell, and shuns the mountain's brow,
Dark mists may gather ower the hills, while sunshine glints below;
And, oh! the canker-worm oft feeds on cheek o' beauty fair,—
Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar care.

"The sma'est things in nature are feckless as they're sma',
They tak' up unco little space—there's room enough for a';
And this poor witless wanderer, I'm sure ye'd miss him sair—
Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar care.

"There's some o' ye may likely ha'e, at hame, a brother dear,
Whose wee bit helpless, mournfu' greet ye canna thole to hear;
And is there ane amang ye but your best wi' him would share?—
Ye maunna scaith the feckless! they're God's peculiar care."

The callans' een were glist wi' tears, they gazed on ane anither,
They felt what they ne'er felt before, "the feckless was their brither!"
They set him on a sunny seat, and strok'd his gowden hair—
The bairnies felt the feckless was God's peculiar care.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

THE SCARLET ROSE-BUSH.

AIR—"*There grows a bonnie brier bush.*"

COME see my scarlet rose-bush
My father gied to me,
That's growing in our window-sill
Sae fresh an' bonnilie;
I wadna gi'e my rose-bush
For a' the flowers I see,
Nor for a pouchfu' o' red gowd,
Sae dear it is to me.

I set it in the best o' mould
Ta'en frae the moudie's hill,
And cover'd a' the yird wi' moss
I gather'd on the hill;
I saw the blue bell blooming,
And the gowan wat wi' dew,
But my heart was on my rose-bush set;
I left them where they grew.

I water't ilka morning,
Wi' meikle pride and care,
And no a wither'd leaf I leave
Upon its branches fair;
Twa sprouts are rising frae the root,
And four are on the stem,
Three rosebuds and six roses blawn;
'Tis just a perfect gem!

Come, see my bonnie blooming bush
My father gied to me,
Wi' roses to the very top,
And branches like a tree;
It grows upon our window-sill,
I watch it tentilie;
O! I wadna gi'e my dear rose-bush
For a' the flowers I see.

GEORGE DONALD.

THE WAY-SIDE FLOWER.

THERE's a moral, my child,
In the way-side flower;
There's an emblem of life
In its short-liv'd hour;
It smiles in the sunshine,
And weeps in the shower;
And the footstep falls
On the wayside flower!

Now see, my dear child,
In the way-side flower,
The joys and the sorrows
Of life's passing hour;
The footstep of time
Hastens on in its power;
And soon we must fall
Like the way-side flower!

Yet know, my dear child,
That the way-side flower
Will revive in its season,
And bloom its brief hour;
That again we shall blossom
In beauty and power,
Where the foot never falls
On the way-side flower!

ALEX. LAING.

THE WILD BEE.

CANNIE wee body wha rises sae early,
And fa's to thy work in the morning sae merrily,
Brushing thy boots on the fog at thy door,
And washing thy face in the cup o' a flower;
Welcoming blithely the sun in the east,
Then skimming awa' to the green mountain's breast;
Or crooning sae cantie thy sweet summer sang,
While roaming the meadows the sunny day lang.

Thou mightest teach wit to the wisest o' men,
Nature has gi'en thee sic gifts o' her ain;
Thou needest nae almanac, bonnie wild bee,
For few ha'e sic skill o' the weather as thee.
Aye carefu' and cunning, right weel thou canst tell
If the sun's gaun to blink on the red heather bell,
And thou canst look out frae thy ain cozie door,
And laugh at the butterfly drown'd in the shower.

Hast thou ony bairnies wha claim a' thy care,
That thou must e'en toil, tho' thy banes may be sair?
Do they hing round thy wee legs sae weary and lame,
A' seeking for guid things when father comes hame?
Nae doubt thou'lt be happy to see them sae fain,
For a kind father aye maun be proud o' his ain;
And their mother will tell how they've wearied a' day,
And a' that has happened since thou gaed'st away.

When night darkens down o'er the hill and the glen,
How snugly thou sleep'st in thy warm foggy den ;
Nae master to please, and nae lesson to learn,
And no driv'n about like a poor body's bairn.
O ! happy would I be could I but like thee
Keep dancing a' day on the flowers o' the lea ;
Sae lightsome and lively o' heart and o' wing,
And naething to do but sip honey and sing.

William Gardiner

JOHNNY ON HIS SHELTY.

AIR—"*The ewie wi' the crooked horn.*"

SAW ye Johnny on his shelty,
Riding, brattling, helty skelty,
In his tartan trews and kilty—
Was there ever sic a wean?
Only eight years auld come Lammas,
Yet he's bigger than our Tammas,
If he's spared he winna shame us,
Else I'm unco sair mista'en.

Brattling thro' the blooming heather,
By the side o' tenty father,
Ne'er a bridle nor a tether—
Hauding steevely by the mane :
Did ye only see our Johnny
Sitting on his Hieland pony !
Him ! he wadna beck to ony,—
E'en the Duke is no sae vain.

Sic a beast frae Moss o' Balloch
Ne'er was seen in a' Glen-Falloch,
No like Duncan's shilly shalloch !
Naething left but skin and bane.

Scarce the size o' faithfu' Keeper—
Ower the dykes as gude a leaper—
Toozie skin, and tail a sweeper;
Sic a pair I'm sure there's nane!

GEORGE DONALD.

MY DOGGIE.

AIR—"*A' body's like to get married but me.*"

YE may crack o' your rabbits and sing o' your doos
O' gooldies and linties gae brag, if ye choose,
O' your bonnie pet lambs, if ye like, ye may blaw,
But my wee toozie doggie's worth mair than them a'.

Twa hard-hearted laddies last Martinmas cam'
To drown the poor thing in the auld miller's dam,
I gied them a penny, and ran wi't awa',
For I thought it was sinfu' sic harshness to shaw.

When I gang to the school, or am sent on an errand,
It's aff like a hare, it has grown sae auld-farrand—
Then waits till I come, sae I'm laithfu' to thraw
My wee toozie doggie, or send it awa'.

Fu' brawly it kens ilka word that I speak,
And winna forget what I say for a week;
My bonnet it carries, or gi'es me a paw—
Sic a doggie as Rover I never yet saw!

Sae wise and sae gaucy, the sight o't's a feast!
For its liker a body in sense, than a beast;
Wi' a breast like the drift, and a back like the craw—
A doggie like Rover there's nane ever saw!

GEORGE DONALD.

THE SPRING TIME O' LIFE.

AIR—"*O wat ye wha I met yestreen?*"

THE summer comes wi' rosy wreaths,
And spreads the mead wi' fragrant flowers,
While furthy autumn plenty breathes,
And blessings in abundance showers.
E'en winter, wi' its frost and snaw,
Brings meikle still the heart to cheer,
But there's a season worth them a',
And that's the spring-time o' the year.

In spring the farmer ploughs the field
That yet will wave wi' yellow corn,
In spring the birdie bigs its bield
In foggy bank or budding thorn;
The burn and brae, the hill and dell,
A song o' hope are heard to sing,
And summer, autumn, winter, tell,
Wi' joy or grief, the work o' spring.

Now, youth's the spring-time o' your life,
When seed is sown wi' care and toil,
And hopes are high, and fears are rife,
Lest weeds should rise the braird to spoil.
I've sown the seed, my bairnies dear,
By precept and example baith,
And may the HAND that guides us here
Preserve it frae the spoiler's skaith!

But soon the time may come when you
Shall miss a mother's tender care,
A sinfu' world to wander through,
Wi' a its stormy strife to share;
Then mind my words whare'er ye gang,
Let fortune smile or thrawart be,
Ne'er let the tempter lead ye wrang—
If sae ye live, ye'll happy dee.

GEORGE DONALD.

A MOTHER'S WELCOME.

AIR—"*Maid of Isla.*"

WELCOME, welcome, little stranger!
Stranger never more to be,
To our world of sin and danger—
'Tis thy mother welcomes thee.
Oh, wi' bliss my breast is swelling!
Tears of joy are on my cheek,
In their own heart-language telling
What my tongue can never speak.

All my fondest hopes are crowned:
Thus I clasp them all in thee!
And a world of fears are drowned
In this moment's ecstasy.
Oh, that voice! did sound fall ever
Half so sweet on woman's ear?
Music charms—but music never
Thrill'd me like the notes I hear.

Not so welcome is the summer
To the winter-housed bee,
As thy presence, sweet new-comer,
Is this blessed hour to me.
Not so welcome is the morning
To the ship-wrecked mariner,
Though his native hills adorning,
Peril past, and succour near.

Welcome, welcome, bonnie wee-thing,
After all my fond alarm;
Oh, the bliss! to feel thee breathing
In my bosom free from harm.
Not for all the world's treasure,
Doubled, would I thee resign—
Give one half the nameless pleasure,
Thus to know thee, feel thee mine!

W. FERGUSSON.

A MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

AIR—"*Caledonia.*"

I'M wearing aff this weary warld
Of trouble, toil, and tears,
But thro' the dusk of death the dawn
Of happiness appears;
And, oh! wi' a' I lo'ed sae weel,
It's sair for me to part,
The bairnie at my breast who clung,
The treasure o' my heart;

Who fondly toddled round my knee,
When cauld misfortune's blast
In eerie sough gaed thro' my breast,
And laid my bosom waste.
I'm wae to leave the friends I lo'e,
In tearfu' grief forfairn,—
Oh who can tell a mother's thoughts
When parting wi' her bairn!

The tender twig, by nursing care,
Will grow a stately tree,
But who will turn the withering blast
O' warldly scorn frae thee?
The stranger's hand may crush my flower,
May scaith its earthly peace;
But we shall meet to love for aye,
Where toil and troubles cease.

Ae kiss, a last fond kiss, my bairn,
And then, oh then we part!
Ae kiss, my ain, my only bairn!
Ere breaks my widowed heart.
I'm laith to leave ilk lovesome thing
Thro' life I've ca'd mine ain;
Oh who can read a mother's heart
When parting wi' her wean!

JOHN CRAWFORD.

MY LAVEROCK.

AIR—"*Scotland's Hills for me.*"

COME sing a sang, my bonnie bird,
Come sing a canty sang!
It cheers my heart to hear thy notes,
Ere to the school I gang;
Where gowans white and buttercups
Besprinkle a' the lea,
Frae there I've cut a dewy turf,
To make a bed for thee.

'Tis true I like my lintie weel,
Wi' wing o' green and grey,
And weel I like my sparrow pet,
That "filip" seems to say;
But better far I lo'e my lark
Wi' glad and glancing e'e,
Whose early morning melody
Frae slumber wakens me.

I found thee when a nestling young,
And tended thee wi' care;
And weel thou hast repaid my toil
Wi' music rich and rare;
I see thee cock thy tappit pow!
Thy fluttering wings I see;
And now thou hast begun to sing
A warbling sang to me!

But yet I better like to hear
Thy kindred birdies sing,
At morn or noon in cloudless lift,
Their sang on soaring wing.
Yet thou'rt contented wi' thy lot,
And kensna to be free,
Though whiles I wish I hadna ta'en
Thy liberty frae thee.

Sing on, my lav'rock, sing awa' !
  Thy loud and lively lays
Remind me o' the verdant fields,
  And flowery sunny braes,
When spring and summer threw their charms
  On bank and bower and tree,
Then sing awa', my bonny bird !
  A canty sang to me !

GEORGE DONALD.

MY BAIRNIES, YOU'RE A' THE WIDE WORLD TO ME !

THE flower's on the thorn, and the saft tassell'd bloom
Is hanging like gowd on the bonnie green broom,
While fluttering awa' o'er the heath and the lea,
And kissing their sweets, is the young butterflee !

The lark's in the lift, and the lintie its sang
Is lilting sae lightsome the wild woods amang ;
While, dancing wi' gladness frae blossom to flower,
Is seen the blithe bumbee by bank, brae, and bower.

Then gi'e me my rod ! and my line, and my creel !
And gi'e me my hooks father buskit sae weel ;
For skailed is the school, sae I'll aff to the burn,
And winna be lang till wi' trouts I return !

Your brither's awa' wi' his rod and his creel—
Your brither's awa' wi' his line and his reel—
And a red spreckled trout to his sister he'll bring,
Wi' a bab o' white gowans to mind ye o' spring.

And ye shall be bonnie, and ye shall be braw !
For you're just my ain bairn when your brither's awa' ;
You're just my ain pet wi' your bright glancin' e'e,
My bairnies, you're a' the wide warld to me !

GEORGE DONALD.

SCENES AND PIECES SUITED TO THE NURSERY.

A NOISY NURSERY.

PARTIES REPRESENTED.

A group of romping children—Servant Mysie using severe measures to repress the boisterous merriment—Children appeal from the tyranny to old Granny—Mysie might chant her notes to the strain of "Low down in the broom"—Granny to "Gin a body meet a body"—The children to "Highland Laddie"—and Granny take up the same strain.

MYSIE.

"WHISHT! whisht! ye restless, noisy things!
Ye deave me wi' your din;
I canna hear your granny's voice,
As round the house ye rin.
Gae 'wa' and learn your lessons a',
Or ye may soon ha'e cause
To sing yoursel's anither sang,
If ance I streek the taws!

The house like ony bedlam rings,
When ye come frae the school;
The auldest too's the warst of a',
Rampaging like a fool.

The neebours—they'll be chapping through—
They canna thole your noise !
For whar's the house in a' the land
Like ours for daft-like ploys ?

'It's better wearing shoon than sheets,'
Ye'll hear your granny say,
For weel ken ye she tak's your part,
Be as mislear'd's ye may.
And syne ye rant about the house,
Or roar upon the stair !
It's aye the way ilk rainy day,
Till my poor head grows sair."

GRANNY.

"O let the bairnies play themsel's !
I like to hear their din ;
I like to see ilk merry face,
As they tot out and in.
When young hearts dance in happy breasts,
They canna lang be still ;—
Sae let the wee things rant awa'—
It mak's me young mysel'.

"Ye wouldna ha'e them dull and douce,
To sit like you and me,
Like howlets in a corner a',
Whilk bairnies canna be.
An auld head set on shouthers young !
The like was never seen ;
For bairnies will be bairnies aye,
As they ha'e ever been.

"Their morning sun shines warm and sweet,
The flowers are blooming fair,
A wee bird sings in ilka breast,
That kens nae dool nor care.
So let the birdies sing their fill,
And let the blossoms blaw,

For bairnies round their granny's hearth
Are the sweetest flowers of a'.

"They mind me, like a happy dream,
O' days that ance were mine;
They mind me aye o' voices sweet
That I ha'e heard langsyne:
I see blithe faces I ha'e seen,
My mother's hame I see;—
Auld folk, ye ken, grow bairns again,
And sae it fares wi' me."

CHILDREN'S APPEAL.

"GRANNIE! Mysie's ta'en my ba',
Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie,
And flung my Hollan's bools awa'—
Cankert, flyting Mysie;
The bonnie ba' ye made to me,
The bools I bought wi' yon bawbee,
She's gart them o'er the window flee—
Cankert, flyting Mysie.

"Mysie winna let me play,
Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie,
Girning a' the lee lang day—
Cankert, flyting Mysie;
Mary sits upon the stair,
Sabbing wi' a heart fu' sair,—
And ither bairns sae happy there—
And a' for flyting Mysie."

GRANNY.

"O THAT Mysie's tongue would tire!
Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie,
Never done wi' spitting fire—
Cankert, flyting Mysie;
Raging aye the bairns amang,
Be they right or be they wrang,

Endless is the weary clang
O' cankert, flyting Mysie.

"Up the stair and down the stair,
Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie,
Rings her tongue for ever mair—
Cankert flyting Mysie;
Aye the latest sound at night,
Aye the first wi' morning light,
Waukening bairnies in a fright—
Cankert, flyting Mysie.

"Peace and love a' frightit flee,
Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie;
Hame can never happy be
For cankert, flyting Mysie;
Seldom blinks a sunny hour,
Mysie's tongue so sharp and dour,
Turns a' the bairnies' tempers sour—
Fy on flyting Mysie!

"Muckle ye've to answer for,
Flyting Mysie, flyting Mysie,
Driving kindness to the door,
Cankert, flyting Mysie;
Maids and mothers aye should mind,
'As bends the twig the tree's inclined,'
Rear them kindly, they'll grow kind—
But dinna flyte like Mysie!"

ALEX. SMART.

THE AULD BEGGAR-MAN.

A PARABLE.

"Wha totters sae wearily up to the stile,
Wi' back sairly bent, and forfoughten wi' toil,
Wi' age-wrinkled face, and the tear in his e'e—
I wonder wha this weary body can be."

"I'll hound out our Towser," quo' wee Johnnie Graeme,
"Whose barking and biting will chase frae our hame
The sair ragged gangrel;" sae aff like the win'
Ran Johnnie to loose the big dog frae the chain.

"Stop, stop," quoth his father, and mildly replied,
While Johnnie sair frighted crap close to his side;
"Gae down bye and meet him, and gi'e him your hand—
Speak kindly, and welcome the auld beggar-man."

Wee Johnnie stood swithering, baith angry and fear'd—
What a pity that bairns should be cross and mislear'd—
Till up cam' the wanderer, wha craved this small boon—
A cup of cold water, and leave to sit down.

"Come in to the ingle and rest you a while,"
Quoth Johnnie Graeme's father; and then wi' a smile,
Wi' a heart fu' o' kindness he reached out his han',
And heartily welcom'd the auld beggar-man.

Nae frown on his father's face wee Johnnie sees,
While he cracks wi' the auld beggar-man at his ease;
And he wonders what charm conjured up the sweet smile,
Which played round the mouth of his mother the while.

He wondered to hear the tired stranger narrate,
How the sun of his life had been dimmed by the hate
And the fell disobedience of his only son,
Whose ill deeds had brought his grey hairs to the grun'.

How his auld wife had wept when her ne'er-do-weel bairn,
Wi' feelings like snaw, cauld, and heart hard as airn,
Had driven them out on a pitiless warl',
Where rich folk ha'e nae ruth, and poorer folk snarl.

How she wept, broken-hearted, in hunger she pined,
How her last breath had pass'd 'mid the cauld winter's wind.
Johnnie glower'd when he saw how the het, het tears ran
O'er the cheeks and the chin o' the auld beggar-man.

He look'd at the auld man, and syne at his father,
And he saw pity's tear dew the cheeks o' his mother;
And the wee heart o' Johnnie was sair rack'd wi' pain;
And he grat till the auld beggar-man was lang gane.

O Pity! thy form, like an angel's, is bright,
Thou Cherub commissioned from realms of pure light.
May Pity and Charity, linked with Love,
Dwell on earth as they dwell with our FATHER above.

James Mason

JOHN HOWARD.

A BIOGRAPHY.

COME hither, while I tell a tale about a man of fame,
Known for his great philanthropy—John Howard was his name.
With wealth to meet his wishes, he through many lands did roam,
Till chance made him a captive when returning towards home.

When pining in captivity, he thought upon the pains
Of those unhappy sufferers who are bound in prison chains;
To lessen all the horrors of the captive's direful lot,
He feared nor pain nor danger, while a remedy he sought.

He travelled south, he travelled north, he entered many a cell,
Where gaunt disease and agony in prison darkness dwell.
He toil'd with ceaseless energy—his meek heart op'd the gates
Of jails and lazarettos, as full many a book narrates.

He had little of the culture which is bought in classic schools,
His teacher was fair Mercy, and he practised all her rules;
His eloquence sprung from the heart, inspired by virtue's flame,
And his manners thence acquired a grace which consecrate his name.

War's bloody banner flaunting, by a despot's hand unfurled,
May gain the conqueror laurels from a subjugated world;
But the blazon of his high emprise—the trumpet-blast of fame—
Which proclaims the victor's glory, are but trophies of his shame.

For despair, and want, and suffering, follow howling in his train,
And so loud the victor's pæan, just so loud the shriek of pain;
But the glory of John Howard—the benevolent, the mild—
Was, that misery fled before him, and where'er he went hope smiled.

And did his labours end in vain?—what followed? you inquire,
I'll tell you all his history. Sit closer round the fire.
He sent a full and true report to Britain's Parliament,
Of all the woes he witnessed in jails, where'er he went.

And patiently they listen'd to the horrible array
Of scenes in noisome dungeons, hid from the eye of day;
And speedily they seconded the good man's virtuous scheme,
Till they whom law had tortured wept with joy at Howard's name.

And from land to land he travelled, for his mission knew
no bound,
For he sought to lessen suffering, wherever it was found;
Till, when ministering to the fever-struck in Tartary afar,
He died, and found a resting-place in the empire of the
Czar.

And many a costly cenotaph was raised to honour him,—
But his high fame needs no monument, and never can
grow dim;
For as long as men revere the good, his virtues shall
endure,
And his name is deeply graven in the memories of the
pure.

JAMES MANSON.

THE CANDLEMAS KING.

"I'M sure this is Candlemas, mother, ye ken,
Then haste ye and bring me my sabbath-day claes,
Rab Russel, and Tam o' the Hazel-tree glen,
Are baith out o' sight o' the Patterton braes!
My task I ha'e learn'd, and my face I ha'e wash'd,
And I counted yestreen ilka hour that did ring,—
Wi' supping my parritch I canna be fash'd,—
O, I wish I were sure I'd be Candlemas king!

"Nae less than a shilling I've gather'd mysel',
My father has promis'd another to gi'e,
While Johnny Macfarlane, wha never can spell,
Has only a groat, if he tells na a lie."
Poor robin is happing alang the roadside,
And he crumbles his piece to the chittering wee thing,
While aft to himsel' he is saying wi' pride,
"How happy I'll be when I'm Candlemas king!"

The school he comes near wi' a heart blithe and bauld,
And as supple's an eel in the Rookin linn burn;
There's ice on the dubs, but he minds na the cauld,
Tho' blae as a blawort his rosy cheeks turn.
O! what are the best o' enjoyments that come
To gild and to gladden our autumn or spring?
Experience still whispers this truth as the sum—
"'Tis the fanciful bliss of a Candlemas king!"

GEORGE DONALD.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, and sairly forfairn?
'Tis the poor dowie laddie—the mitherless bairn!
The mitherless bairnie creeps to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, nor haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
And lithless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams hover there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kaim his dark hair!
But morning brings clutches, a' reckless and stern,
That lo'e na the looks o' the mitherless bairn!
The sister who sang o'er his saftly rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools where their mammie is laid;
While the father toils sair his wee bannock to earn,
And kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in the hour of his birth,
Still watches his lone lorn wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
Wha couthiely deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him na harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding and blesses your smile :—
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn,
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.

LET precept and example aye hand in hand be seen,
For gude advice is plenty, and unco easy gi'en ;
And bairnies in the uptak' ye ken are seldom slow,
So aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e, a gude example show.

They're gleg at imitation, as ilka ane may ken :
The lassies a' would women be—the laddies would be men ;
So lead them kindly by the hand the road that they should go,
And aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e, a gude example show.

And should you promise aught to them, aye keep your promise true,
For truth a precious lesson is that they maun learn frae you ;
And ne'er reprove a naughty word wi' hasty word or blow,
But aye, whate'er advice ye gi'e, a gude example show.

And so to home-born truth and love ye'll win ilk bonnie bairn,
For as they hear the auld cock craw, the young are sure to learn :
They'll spurn at mean hypocrisy, wi' honest pride they'll glow,
And bless the parents' watchfu' care wha gude example show.

ALEX. SMART.

BROTHERS QUARRELLING.

PARTIES.

Davie and Sandy blaming each other as being the aggressor —Both appeal to their Father, who gives them advice, and recites his feelings on the occasion of a Brother's Death.—Davie and Sandy may try to sing their complaints to "John Anderson," if they cannot find better —The Father, in his Advice, to "Logie o' Buchan"— And in Brother's Death, "On a bank of flowers."

DAVIE.

"FATHER, settle Sandy!
He's making mou's at me,
He's aye plague, plaguing,
And winna let me be;
And syne he looks so simple-like,
Whene'er he thinks he's seen,
But just as soon's you're out o' sight
He's making mou's again.

"Father, settle Sandy!
He's crying names to me,
He's aye tig, tigging,
And winna let me be;
But O sae sly, he hauds his tongue
Whene'er he kens ye're near,
And says't again below his breath,
That nane but me can hear."

SANDY.

"Father, settle Davie!
It's him that winna gree,
He's aye jeer, jeering,
And lays the blame on me;

I daurna speak, I daurna look,
I daurna move a limb,
For if I gi'e a wee bit laugh
He says I laugh at him."

FATHER.

"O LEARN to be loving, and kindly agree,
At home all as happy as brothers should be,
Ere distance may part you, or death may divide,
And leave you to sigh o'er a lonely fireside.

"The sweet look of kindness, the peace-speaking tongue,
So pleasant and lovely in old or in young,
Will win the affections of all that you see,
And make you still dearer to mother and me.

"But O! if divided by distance or death,
How sore would it grieve you till life's latest breath,
That anger or discord should ever have been,
Or aught but affection two brothers between.

A BROTHER'S DEATH.

"I HAD a brother dear who died
In childhood's opening bloom,
And many a sad and tender thought
Springs from his early tomb;
And still the sad remembrance comes,
With all its former woe,
Although my little brother died
Full thirty years ago!

"It comes with all the tenderness
Of childhood's gentle hours,
When hand in hand we roved along
To cull gay summer flowers;
Or wandered through the old churchyard,
Beneath the smiling sky,
And played among the lowly graves
Where he was soon to lie!

"I see him yet with locks of gold,
And eyes of heavenly blue,
With pale, pale brow, though ruddy cheeks—
Twin roses bathed in dew.
And when he pined in sore disease,
I thought my heart would break,
I could have laid me down and died
Most gladly for his sake.

"And well do I remember still,
Beneath the starry sky,
In childish fancy I have traced
His bright abode on high;
I knew his spirit was in heaven,
And from some lovely star
I thought his gentle eye looked down
And saw me from afar!

"In solitude, at evening hour,
I've found it sad and sweet,
To muse among the dear old scenes
Trod by his little feet;
And many an old frequented spot,
Where we were wont to play,
Was hallowed by remembrance still
In manhood's riper day.

"A bank there was with wild flowers gay,
And whins all blooming round,
Where once upon a summer day
A small bird's nest we found,
I haunted so that sacred spot,
And paced it o'er and o'er,
My well-worn footprints on the grass
For many a day it bore.

"And I have gazed upon his grave,
While tears have dimm'd my eye,
To think that one so young and fair
In that low bed should lie;

Should lie unconscious of our woe,
Of all our love and care,
Unconscious of the summer sun
That shone so sweetly there.

"And I have lingered on the spot,
When years had rolled away,
And seen his little grave upturned
To mix with kindred clay.
Cold dust alone remained of all
Our former joy and pride,
And they who loved and mourned for him,
Now slumber by his side."

ALEX. SMART.

THE SELF-WILL'D BOY.

Leaves home and becomes a cabin boy—his parents die of grief—he is shipwrecked—his Lament and Prayer—is rescued—reaches home, and, finding his father and mother dead, sinks into despondency. Better recite than attempt to sing the Narrative—The Lament will suit either the air of "O why left I my hame?" or "Auld Robin Gray."

Narrative by ALEX. SMART.

Lament by ALEX. RODGER.

NARRATIVE.

COME listen now, ye children dear!
Who live at home in gladness,
And from the lips of love, oh hear!
A simple tale of sadness;
And when you're men and women grown,
You'll prize the truths I tell you;
Nor mourn o'er loving parents gone,
When tears can nought avail you.

Poor Willie was a thoughtless boy,
Though kind and honest-hearted,
His loving parents' hope and joy,
Ere from his home he parted;
But restless thoughts on him laid hold,
A wild and wayward notion
That he would be a sailor bold,
And rove upon the ocean.

O Willie was a lightsome boy!
With cheeks like opening roses,
And eyes that sparkled bright with joy,
Like stars when evening closes;
As fleet of foot as any roe
That bounds o'er heathy mountain,
And fresh as wilding flowers that grow
Beside the gushing fountain.

But he forsook his happy home,
All friendly counsel scorning,
Far on the dangerous sea to roam,
And left his parents mourning.
And when the nights grew long and dark,
With winds in wild commotion,
They lay and thought upon the bark,
With Willie on the ocean!

They thought on many a hidden snare,
The darkness and the dangers,
The hardships sailor boys must bear
'Mong rude unfeeling strangers;
But still they hoped and prayed that HE,
Who stays the tempest's roaring,
Would shield him on the raging sea,
Their Willie home restoring.

O they had hoped to see the day!
Would fill their hearts with gladness,
When he would prove their age's stay,
In sickness or in sadness;

And then, within the narrow bed,
Released from mortal cumber,
That he would lay each weary head,
In yon churchyard to slumber.

But sickness bowed the father down—
No tidings came to cheer him—
And ere the winter wild had flown,
They to his grave did bear him :
And sad and sore his mother pined—
Oh ! how could Willie grieve her,
And break a heart so true and kind,—
But death did soon relieve her.

And you will weep the song to hear
That tells his sad disaster,
And how he mourned his parents dear,
With tears that followed faster
Than summer rain, which bathes the bloom
Of flowers all parched and fading ;
But, ah ! no tears revive the tomb,
Nor heal the heart's upbraiding !

THE LAMENT.

" O WHAT could urge me on to tempt the restless deep ?
And wring my parents' hearts, till I forced them both to weep ?
Why quit their peaceful bield for the wild tempestuous sea,
A castaway to pine in a strange countrie ?

A stubborn wilful boy—no warning would I take,
Although I saw their hearts a bursting for my sake ;
Entreaties, prayers, and tears, were lost alike on me,
Ah ! how I feel them now in this strange countrie !

"O where's the wimpling burn?—the bonnie sunny brae,
Where the minnows used to sport—the lammies frisk and play?
Nae wimpling burn is here—nae sunny brae I see,
But a' is bleak and drear in this strange countrie.

"The sea ran mountains high, our ship was dashed to wreck,
While every living thing was swept from off the deck,
And now a barren rock is all that's left for me,
To perish here unseen in this strange countrie.

"Our noble captain sank with all his crew so brave,
And every gallant heart now sleeps beneath the wave,
While I am left alone in hopeless misery,
A harder lot to mourn in this strange countrie.

"O THOU! WHOSE WORD SUPREME can bid the winds be still!
Or make the billows heave, obedient to thy will,
Thine erring child forgive—O succour send thou me!
Their broken hearts to heal in my ain countrie."

A vessel hove in sight—the sea boy reached his home,
No more to plough the deep nor from his friends to roam!
He saw his mother's face!—no mother then was she,
Her purer part had fled to a Pure Countrie!

Her heart for him had broke, his sire's had broken too,
The sea boy now was left his erring ways to rue,
A gloom came o'er his soul—a blighted bud was he,
Ah! never more to bloom in his ain countrie!

THE END.

Printed by R. & R. CLARK, *Edinburgh.*

00061203

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018